May 29, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

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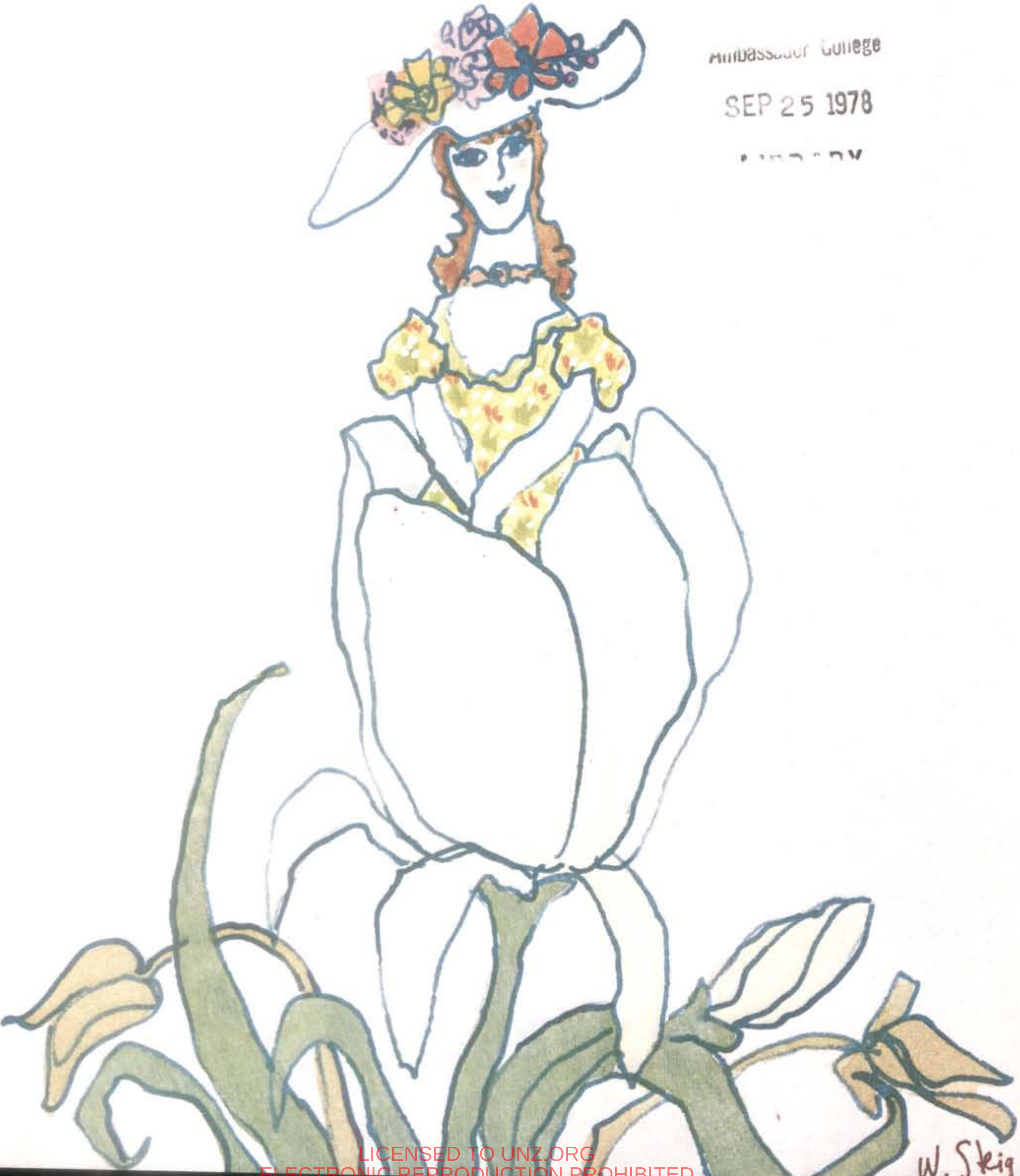

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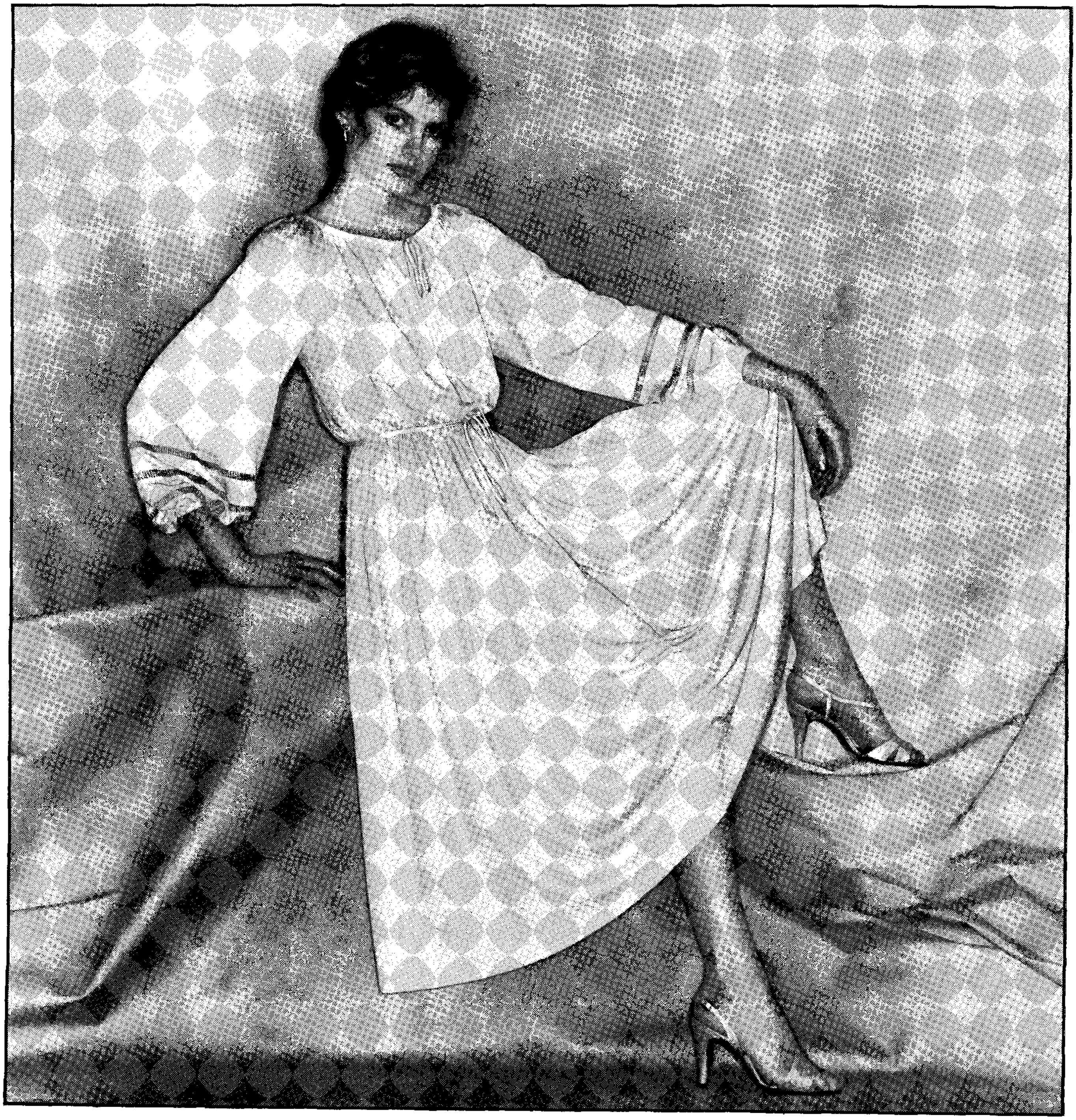

BONWIT TELLER

NEW YORK MANHASSET SCARSDALE SHORT HILLS PHILADELPHIA WYNNEWOOD JENKINTOWN CHICAGO OAK BROOK BOSTON TROY PALM BEACH BEVERLY HILLS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(Next week, some theatres, as indicated below, will rearrange their schedules because of the Memorial Day holiday, which will be observed on Monday, May 29. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—We are in a Las Vegas night club, watching a gifted performer do a series of star turns. The performer is played by Liza Minnelli and she *is* gifted, but who would want to be in Vegas? (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/77.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ain't Misbehavin'—If you can't get tickets in 1978 for this well-nigh perfect show (based on the performing career of Fats Waller), there's always 1979 and 1980. Chosen the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (5/22/78) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 24, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch, and about the political and sexual mores of our Super-State. Tommy Tune, as bright and inventive as ever, was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the melodic score and agreeable lyrics; and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the entertaining libretto. The company, under the direction of Mr. Masterson and Mr. Tune, is as proficient as it is high-spirited. With Henderson Forsythe, Delores Hall, Jay Garner, Susan Mansur, and Carlin Glynn. (5/1/78) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays, except May 30, through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 29.)

The Biko Inquest—The script of this documentary is an edited version of the transcript of the trial that followed the death in prison of the black South African leader Stephen Biko. Whatever dramatic tension there is is supplied by the fine actors assembled, notably the distinguished Fritz Weaver as the lawyer for the Biko family. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Chapter Two—A new comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Judd Hirsch plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cold Storage—Ronald Ribman's curiously divided play—the first act seems to have very little to do with the second—is an occasion for some admirable acting by Martin Balsam and Len Cariou. (1/16/78) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays, except May 30, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 29, at 3.)

Da—In this entertaining play by Hugh Leonard, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. Richard Seer, Lester Rawlins, and Sylvia O'Brien are among the other good actors in this excellent production under Melvin Bernhardt's direction. Voted the best play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, May 29, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 29, at 3.)

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Dancin'—Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Deathtrap—A thriller almost as clever as "Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Wood. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Thursday, May 25, at 11:30.)

Dracula—Frank Langella co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (10/31/77) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season is a revival of the musical COMPANY, with a score and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, and a book by George Furth. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 28. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. The results are depressing, but there are hints throughout that the script, by Dick Goldberg, is worthy of a livelier performance. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The 5th of July—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 and talk your ear off, to no discernible purpose. There are a few lively scenes here, but not enough. Lanford Wilson wrote the play, and Marshall W. Mason directed the competent performance. Very good settings by John Lee Beatty. (5/8/78) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through

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Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

HE GIN GAME—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn as occupants of an old people's home, each fiercely determined to have his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Coburn. The director is Mike Nichols. (10/17/77) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ELLO, DOLLY!—Carol Channing and this musical ought to be placed on the National Register of Historic Places. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LIFE IN THE THEATRE—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny and subtly haunting as well. With José Ferrer and James McDonnell as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (10/31/77) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

AN-WO-MAN—A pair of one-acters—subject as above. In the first, "Michael," an ironic and funny "dramatic fragment" by Ed Bullins, a worldly composer and arranger on a visit to a black college is wooed and won by an innocent-seeming student. In the second, the kaleidoscopic "Passion Without Reason," by Neil Harris, a black man and woman assume any number of male and female roles. Both plays are effective, as directed by Pat Golden and Ernestine M. Johnston, respectively, and as acted by Harold Stuart, Theresa Cecelia Marsh, Mr. Harris, and Elaine Jackson. (5/22/78) (New Heritage Repertory Theatre, 43 E. 125th St. 876-3272. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, June 11.)

OLIÈRE IN SPITE OF HIMSELF—A play adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. (3/20/78) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

N THE TWENTIETH CENTURY—Though newly composed, a dated musical version of a dated play. Robin Wagner's train set is superb. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

HE PASSION OF DRACULA—An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (10/10/77) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

.S. YOUR CAT IS DEAD!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays, except Wednesday, May 24, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

IB CAGE—A play by Larry Ketron. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, June 11.)

UNAWAYS—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties, but their proficiency at singing, dancing, and acting is unlimited. As for Miss Swados—composer, lyricist, librettist, director, and performer (on the guitar)—she is a model of proficiency, and then some. (3/20/78) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2; special matinée Wednesday, May 31.)

HE SHOW-OFF—Paul Rudd and Polly Rowles in a revival of George Kelly's comedy. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

TRAWBERRY FIELDS—A play by Stephen Poliakoff. Opens Wednesday, May 24, and will run through Sunday, June 18. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

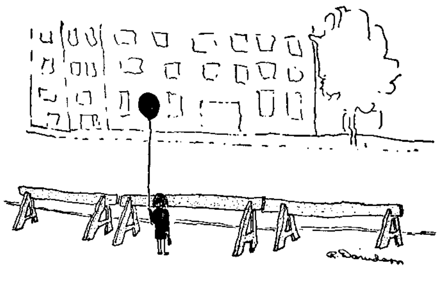
TIMBUKTU!—Geoffrey Holder has put together an all-black musical based on silly old "Kismet." Very pretty, and as loud and empty as a tribal drum. (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TRIBUTE—Jack Lemmon heads the cast of a play by Bernard Slade. Arthur Storch directed. Previews Monday through Wednesday, May 29-31. Opens officially on Thursday, June 1. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

WAITING FOR GODOT—Samuel Beckett's drama, presented by the BAM Theatre Company, with Milo O'Shea, Austin Pendleton, Sam Waterston, and Michael Egan. Opens Thursday, May 25, and will run through Sunday, June 18. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8; on Wednesday, May 31, at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

WORKING—A stunning production of a curious musical comedy based on the book of taped interviews of working people that was compiled a few years ago by Studs Terkel. The cast is exemplary, but the show fails through monotony. (Reviewed in this issue.) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—ANNIE: A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. Dorothy Loudon is marvellous as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,512 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesday, May 30, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 29, at 3.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 31, and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, May 29, at 3.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** An irresistibly tuneful Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the more pleasing for being somewhat old-fashioned. Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and suprising and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays, except May 30, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Monday, May 29, at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 24, at 2 and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, May 28, at 7:30.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey presenting their hundred-and-eighth edition. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 24, and Friday, May 26, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, May 25, at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sundays and also Monday and Tuesday, May 29-30, at 1 and 5:30; and Wednesday, May 31, at 1:30 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 24, at 8: "Irish Fantasy," "Mother Goose Suite," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Thursday, May 25, at 8: "Serenade," "Agon," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Friday, May 26, at 8: "Agon," "Ivesiana," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 27, at 2: "Who Cares?," "Afternoon of a Faun," "Duo Concertant," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Saturday, May 27, at 8: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Episodes," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 28, at 1: "Serenade," "Pas de Deux," and "Union Jack." . . . ¶ Sunday, May 28, at 7: "Mother Goose Suite" and "Dances at a Gathering." . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 30, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Chansons Madécasses," and "Vienna Waltzes." . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 31,

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 8: "Coppélia."...¶ Thursday, June 1, at 8: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Episodes," and "An Evening's Waltzes."...¶ Friday, June 2, at 8: "Serenade," "Agon," and "Firebird."...¶ Saturday, June 3, at 2: "Coppélia."...¶ Saturday, June 3, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Chansons Madécasses," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 2.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 24-25: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Pas de Deux," "Voluntaries," and "Theme and Variations."...¶ Friday evening, May 26; Saturday matinée and evening, May 27; and Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 29-30: "The Sleeping Beauty."...¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 31-June 1: "Gemini," "Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Le Sacre du Printemps."...¶ Friday evening, June 2: "La Sylphide" and "Voluntaries."...¶ Saturday matinée, June 3: "La Sylphide" and "Theme and Variations."...¶ Saturday evening, June 3: "Sphinx" and "La Sylphide." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 10.)

Trisha Brown Dance Company—"Accumulation," "Water Motor," "Splang," and "Line Up." (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday and Thursday, May 24-25, at 8.)

Rudy Perez / Men's Coalition—"Point of Departure," "Equinox Run," "According to What; *or*, Is Dance Really About Dancing?," "Countdown," and "Take Your Alligator with You." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Friday, May 26—a benefit performance—and also Saturday and Sunday, May 27-28, at 8. For tickets, call 989-6454.)

Paul Taylor Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, June 11—Tuesday, May 30, at 7:30 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 9-2236), and Thursday, June 1, and Saturday, June 3, at 8: "Cloven Kingdom," "Images," and "Airs" (première)....¶ Wednesday, May 31, at 8: "Aureole," "3 Epitaphs," "Runes," and "Esplanade."...¶ Friday, June 2, at 8: "Polaris," "Aphrodisiamania," and "Dust." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

DanceAfrica Festival—Traditional African dances, as well as adaptations of them, performed by five companies. **CHUCK DAVIS DANCE COMPANY** and **CHARLES MOORE AND DANCES & DRUMS OF AFRICA:** Tuesday, May 30, at 7:30, and Thursday, June 1, at 8....**DINIZULU AND HIS AFRICAN DANCERS, DRUMMERS, AND SINGERS** and **INTERNATIONAL AFRIKAN AMERICAN BALLET:** Wednesday, May 31, and Friday, June 2, at 8....**ARTHUR HALL AFRO-AMERICAN DANCE ENSEMBLE:** Saturday, June 3, at 8....¶ Sunday, June 4, at 2: All five companies will present their works. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—An ongoing festival of contemporary and out-there jazz. James (Blood) Ulmer, who used to play electric guitar with Ornette Coleman, leads a quartet through Saturday, May 27; on Tuesday, May 30, alto saxophonist Monty Waters will bring in a trio. Mondays are turned over to trumpeter Ted Daniel and Energy, his gangly, free-form, accessible fourteen-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—Just about the only place left in this part of town where one can see artists hanging out is in the Ballroom mural—eighteen by twelve feet, depicting Rivers, Indiana, Rudi Stern, et al. **MARTHA SCHLAMME,** a longtime interpreter of Kurt Weill and a totally convincing cabaret performer, is reciting poetry, singing contemporary tunes, and not neglecting—to the relief of many of her admirers—to include a couple of Brecht-Weill songs. Shows at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner.

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Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar—with a conscientious music policy. **AIR,** a trio of transplanted Chicago avant-gardists—saxophonist **HENRY THREADGILL,** bassist **FRED HOPKINS,** and drummer **STEVE MC CALL**—performs through Saturday, May 27; Wednesday through Saturday, May 31-June 3, Janet Lawson will sing bebop vocals with her quintet. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Two country-and-rock-influenced folkies—Jonathan Edwards and Michael Murphey—share the stage on Wednesday, May 24; Thursday through Sunday, May 25-28, **MOSE ALLISON,** the simultaneously rural and urbane blues-and-jazz singer-pianist, will perform opposite second-generation Chicago-blues specialists **BUDDY GUY** and **JUNIOR WELLS;** rock singer Henry Gross will be here on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 30-31; and on Thursday, June 1, flutist **YUSEF LATEEF** and his band will arrive along with the respected mainstream trumpeter and composer **WOODY SHAW** and his quintet. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

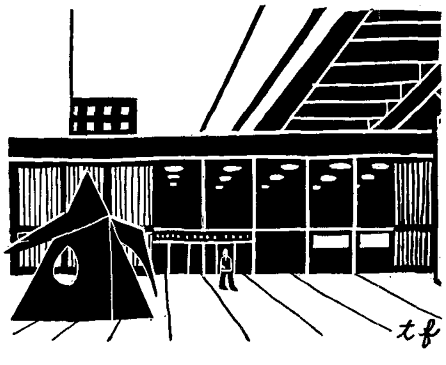
Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Q: When is the bar at Bradley's two-people deep? A: Only when it's not three-people deep. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and bassist **BOB CRANSHAW** work together through Sunday, May 28; on Monday, May 29, pianist **FRED HERSCH** will arrive with bassist **SAM JONES.** From ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BERNIE LEIGHTON** is both an expert cocktail pianist of the old school and a dazzling, driving jazz pianist who works in the single-note vineyards of Art Tatum and Nat Cole. **HOWARD COLLINS** is on guitar and **RON MARKOWITZ** on bass. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** pays tribute to the pre-Bee Gees era of popular songs with a little help from bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE** Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Singer-pianist Michael Carney appears Mondays after nine-thirty. Dinner and supper....**MARIAN MC PARTLAND** presides over the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights, from nine-forty-five to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dinner.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock bands around. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.



Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** a blues singer and songwriter who goes all the way back to the Bessie Smith era, is rocking, funny, full-voiced, and wonderful. She performs with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Al Hall, delighting her audiences Mondays through Thursdays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays, at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays, from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button Up Your Chichichi." Bassist Morris Edwards lends a hand. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Pianist **RED RICHARDS** guides a traditional trio in a corner of this large, noisy dining room, which looks like a sea of excessively high-backed Windsor chairs. Music Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty until eleven-thirty. Jambalaya, crawfish pie, and seafood gumbo.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—Singer and pianist **HUGH SHANNON,** a picture of international café-society nonchalance, tosses off tunes by Porter, Coward, and Stevie Wonder in the Aquarium Lounge. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Ed Polcer, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, May 30, trombonist George Masso and soprano saxophonist Kenny Davern will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, May 28, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will lead a swing quintet, featuring trumpeter **WARREN VACHÉ.** Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty, Sundays from eight-thirty. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays from ten to three, **AL HAIG, MORRIS EDWARDS,** and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Saturdays, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** usually holds down the fort with **JOE PUMA** on guitar, Tibor Tomka on bass, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. This foursome works from ten to three; on Sundays, they put in a walloping eight-hour session, from seven to three. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Count Basie veterans **AL GREY** and **JIMMY FORREST** slipped away from the band last year, and its trombone and saxophone sections, respectively, must still be recovering. After Basie himself and, for many listeners, Freddie Green, these two players were the stars. Grey and Forrest are now co-piloting a quintet that often relies on what sounds like scaled-down big-band arrangements—on "Satin Doll" and "You Are the Sunshine of My Life," for example. But when the two manage to let their solos take off—and they do on Jay McShann's "Jumpin' the Blues" or the obligatory "One O'Clock Jump"—one forgets all about any small-ensemble shortcomings. Through Saturday, May 27. On Monday, May 29, Canadian vibraharpist Hagood Hardy will arrive with a trio. Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one; no music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE,** the house legend, is buoyed by drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Jimmy Weston's, 131 E. 54th St. (838-8384)—**DOROTHY DONEGAN** and her sidemen bassist Arvell Shaw and drummer Ray Mosca are here through Saturday, May 27, at ten, twelve, and two. Dinner.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-

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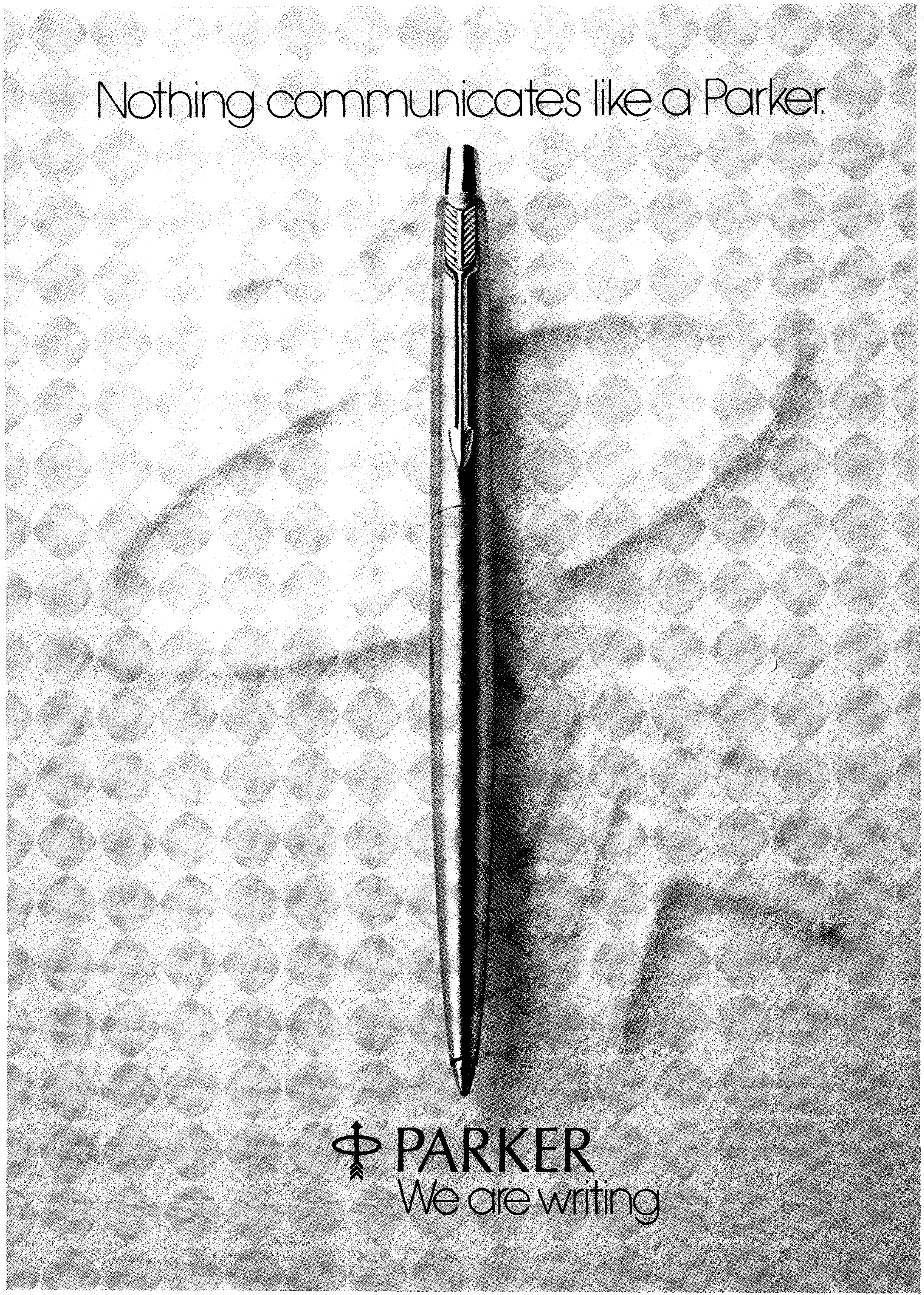
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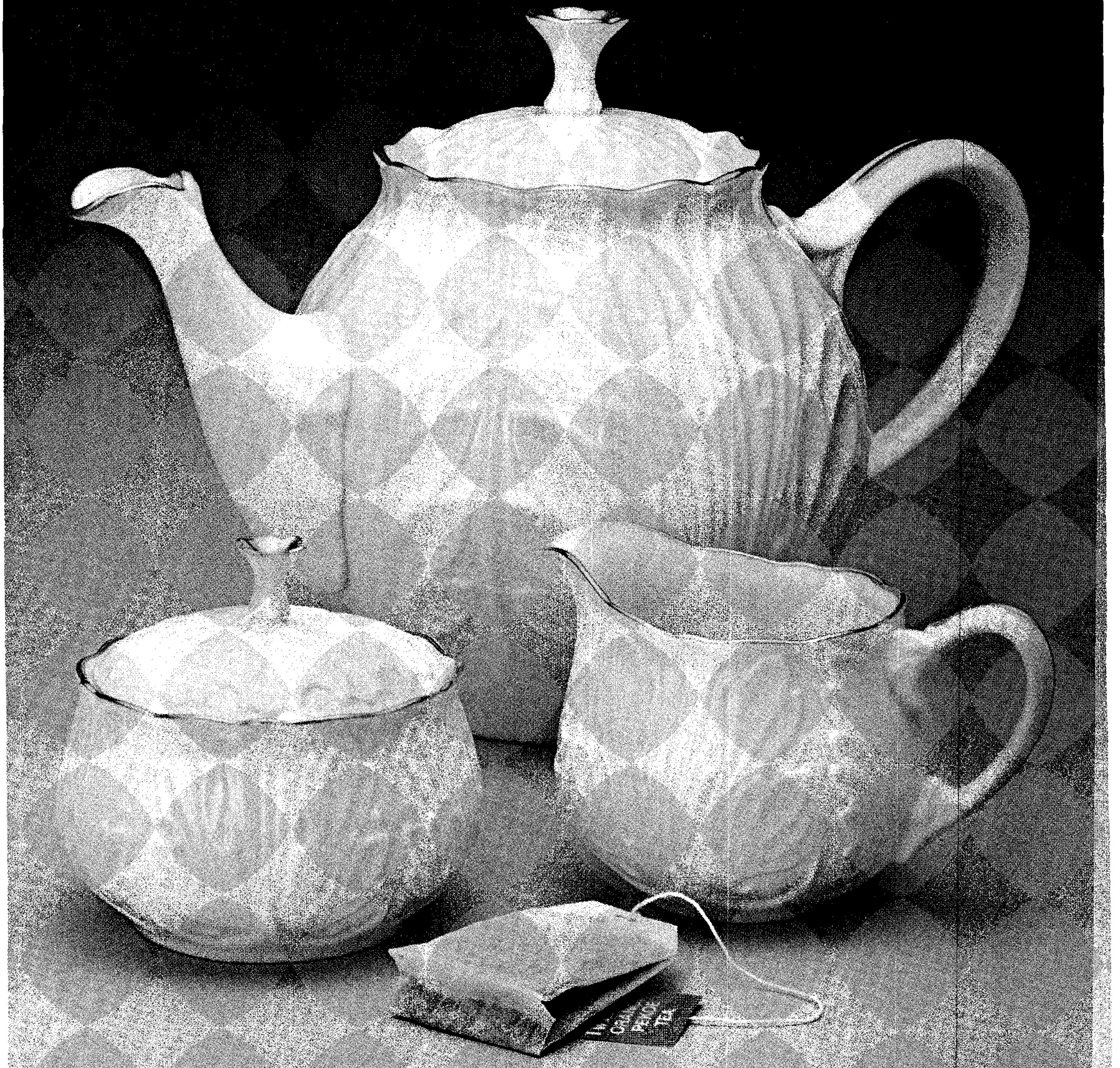

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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1664)—Mouth-numbing chili for transplanted Texans, Lone Star beer for unwary non-Texans, and, often (but not always), good, solid country and rock music. **BO DIDDLEY**, a rock-and-roll singer, guitarist, and songwriter—a pre-Presley pathfinder—in the fifties and early sixties, will be onstage Wednesday and Thursday, May 24-25. He'll probably do some of his classics—"Hey, Bo Diddley," "Bo Diddley," "You Can't Judge a Book by the Cover," and "Mona." Tuesday through Thursday, May 30-June 1, have been reserved for **RAMBLIN' JACK ELLIOTT**, who likes to deliver sleepy, alpha-wavelike monologues and to sing tunes by Louis Jordan, Woody Guthrie, and the Grateful Dead. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

MANHATTAN THEATRE CLUB CABARET, 321 E. 73rd St. (472-0600)—"Happy with the Blues," a tribute to Harold Arlen, is being given Wednesday, Thursday, and Sunday at eight-fifteen, and Friday and Saturday at eight-fifteen and ten-thirty. Through Sunday, May 28.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer and actress **CLAUDIA MC NEIL** has taken on a repertory made famous long ago by Ethel Waters. She's assisted by pianist **MICHAEL RENZI**, trumpeter **DOC CHEATHAM**, bassist **JACK SIX**, and drummer **JACKIE WILLIAMS**. Through Saturday, May 27. On Tuesday, May 30, George Melly, a former television and movie critic for the *Observer*, and his backup band, John Chilton's Feetwarmers, will begin performing jazz and blues from the forties. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A fine place to test the effects of smoke, rhythm-and-blues, and jazz on hanging plants. Dutch jazz flutist Chris Hinze heads up a quartet on Wednesday, May 24; Thursday through Saturday, May 25-27, jazz-rock organist Charles Earland will lead a septet. Music from ten until two. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The **PERSUASIONS** perform impressive a-cappella rhythm-and-blues numbers opposite folkie Bob Gibson through Saturday, May 27; Thursday through Saturday, June 1-3, will belong to folksinger Jim Dawson. Music most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room with an indoor and an outdoor view. **SY OLIVER** directs a dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dinner.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Holly Woodlawn, a torch-singing female impersonator, goes on at nine and eleven-thirty Tuesdays through Sundays. Mondays are given over to new talent. Dinner.

SIBI, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—Even before **BOBBY COLE** begins his set—when he's just doodling or playing a scale—one knows immediately that he is a pianist with a subtle, confident touch. His hoarse, raspy vocals, which don't punch and attack the way Bobby Short's do but, instead, ride the rhythm, draw on what seems at first like a fifties lounge repertoire—"Cry Me a River," "When Your Lover Has Gone," and "From This Moment On"—until he throws in a tune by the Rolling Stones or Elton John. Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE**, who seems equally at home playing advanced, out-there material as he does playing rhythm and blues with Chico Hamilton, is here with a quartet through Saturday, May 27; Sunday and Monday, May 28-29, clarinettist **PERRY ROBINSON** will lead a quartet; and on Tuesday, May 30, saxophonist Robin Kenyatta will bring in a quartet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A smudgy glass door and an unlit entranceway leads one downstairs to the action: rock-and-roll businesspersons (and regular people, too) listening to unestablished bands trying for a recording contract. It's sort of a public audition. Music every night but Sunday, provided mostly by rock bands on the way up. Sometimes well-known performers drop by: Nona Hendryx on Tuesday, May 30, and Kate Taylor on Thursday and Friday, June 1-2. Showtimes are usually at midnight and two. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs: Percussion wizard **MONGO SANTAMARIA** leads a sextet Friday through Sunday, May 26-28. Music from ten. Upstairs: Bob January guides a fifteen-piece dance band on Sundays from seven to eleven. Harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, guitarist **EDDIE BERG**, and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** perform on Thursdays from nine to midnight. Dinner.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—**MILT JACKSON**, who plays lovely, fulfilling blues on his Radio City Music Hall of a vibraharp, leads a quartet through Sunday, May 28. On Monday, May 29, composer, arranger, and jazz theorist **GEORGE RUSSELL** will return with his big band for a week's stay. The band—comprising outstanding young soloists such as **TERUMASA HINO**, **STANTON DAVIS**, **LOU SOLOFF**, and **WARREN SMITH**—will be playing Russell's recent "Vertical Form #VI for Jazz Orchestra," excerpts from "Electronic Sonata for Souls Loved by Nature," and "Cubana-Be, Cubana-Bop," which was written in 1947 for Dizzy Gillespie. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Armen Donelian. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The swing music here is provided by the **COUNTSMEN—EARLE WARREN**, **DICKY WELLS**, **DILL JONES**, **FRANKLIN SKEETE**, and **JO JONES, JR.**—through Sunday, May 28; by tenor saxophonist **BUDDY TATE** and a quartet on Wednesday, May 31; and by clarinettist Art Miller's quintet Thursday through Saturday, June 1-3. Music from nine to one-thirty. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Striking black-and-white murals, painted in the heroic style of the twenties and thirties, portraying workers of the world—farmers, stevedores, chorus girls (they're workers, too). Pianist **HAROLD DANKO** performs through Friday, May 26; beginning Saturday, May 27, **JILL MC MANUS** will take over. Music from nine to one. Closed Mondays; no music Sundays.

DISCOTHÈQUES

IPANEMA, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays; recorded disco music Thursdays through Saturdays and recorded disco and Brazilian music on Sundays. Music from nine most nights; from six on Thursdays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

RÉGINE'S, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

STUDIO 54, 254 W. 54th St. (489-7667)—This place was built in 1927 as the Fortune Opera House; now it accommodates large numbers of dancers. From ten. Closed Mondays. (Many private parties are held here; therefore, the nights on which the facilities are open to the public may vary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—The final offering in a varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536) will be by **JACK GILFORD** on Wednesday, May 24, at 5:45.

RALPH TOWNER & JOHN ABERCROMBIE and **THE BENNIE WALLACE TRIO (WITH EDDIE GOMEZ)**—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, May 26-27, at 8:30 and 11.

JAY BLACK & THE AMERICANS—With others. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, May 27, at 7 and 10.)

JOHNNY TAYLOR, TYRONE DAVIS, and **THE MANHATTANS**—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, May 27, at 7 and 11.

DON SHIRLEY—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Sunday, May 28, at 8.

ARETHA FRANKLIN—Carnegie Hall. Monday and Tuesday, May 29-30, at 7:30 and 10:30.

PAUL KNOPF—Washington Square Methodist Church, 133 W. 4th St. Wednesday, May 31, at 8. Admission by contribution.

BETTY RHODES—With David Sayh. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, June 2, at 8.)

NORMAN CONNORS & THE STARSHIP ORCHESTRA—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, June 2, at 8.

THE KINKS and **CHARLIE**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, June 2, at 8 and 11:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

KEN McINTYRE QUINTET and **CHARLES SULLIVAN'S QUARTET**—Public Theatre. Friday, June 2, at 10:30.

MELANIE and **RANDY AND MICHAEL BRECKER**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, June 3, at 8.

LONNIE LISTON SMITH and **BOBBI HUMPHREY**—Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, June 3, at 8.

LEON THOMAS & FULL CIRCLE and **HOWARD JOHNSON'S QUARTET**—Public Theatre. Saturday, June 3, at 10:30.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

VINCENZO AGNETTI—Manifestos by an Italian Conceptualist, and photographic compositions that illustrate, or at least touch upon, his major points. Through June 17. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

CAROL ANTHONY—Beach scenes on Block Island and portraits of hamburgers, done in Craypas, enamel, and pastels. Also, a new set of her life-size sculptured caricatures made of linen mâché. Through June 10. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

ELIZABETH BART—Oil paintings in which elegantly colored abstract forms are fitted together in a manner that might be called nonobjective except that the artist so patently aims to charm the beholder, which she does. Through June 16. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Saturdays.)

R. O. BLECHMAN / EDWARD SOREL—Small, lively watercolors, many involving this artist's familiar enterprising mice, plus several works that were used as covers for this magazine. / Trenchant, funny, and expertly drawn political cartoons and satirical posters. Through June 16. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

LEONORA CARRINGTON—Surrealist paintings with a touch of humor. Through Saturday, May 27. (Brewster, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

A. M. CASSANDRE (1901-68)—Posters from the twenties and thirties. Through Saturday, May 27. (Reinhold-Brown, 26 E. 78th St.)

JOSÉ LUIS CUEVAS—Ink and watercolor drawings of fantastic figures. Through June 9. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MARTHA MAYER ERLEBACHER—Oil paintings celebrating the female figure, together with several first-rate still-lifes and some liturgical paintings. Through June 9. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JEAN-MICHEL FOLON—Man trying to get his bearings in the urban maze is the theme of many of these watercolors, done in incongruously soft tones. Through Saturday, May 27. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

GEORGE GROSZ (1893-1959)—Joe Louis pounding a punching bag is one of the gentler subjects in this exhibit, which ranges from the

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artist's well-known horrors-of-war drawings to scenes of wicked prewar Berlin. Through June 10. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Budd Hopkins—A new series of wooden constructions inspired by Grecian temples; the group is called "Hera's Wall." Through Wednesday, May 31. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Muriel Kalish—Recent paintings by this self-taught artist. Through Saturday, May 27. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Suzi Malin—Jet-set figures, mostly, depicted in various forms by this versatile young English artist. Elton John, David Hockney, and Henry Geldzahler, for instance, are presented in a triptych painted with tempera on gold leaf, and British punk stars are seen in clever collages. Through June 17. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

Zero Mostel (1915-77)—Fifty drawings and paintings, many of them fairly objective studies of his own unique countenance, and a few of them abstractions in which we see the faces of audiences as they appeared to him. Through Friday, June 2. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Motherwell—Along with the large, sombre abstracts done over the last couple of years there is a new group of his familiar collages. Through Saturday, May 27. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Meret Oppenheim—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the Surrealist credited with the "Fur-Lined Teacup" (1936); first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, May 27. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—A circus scene, done partly in gouache and partly in an ink wash, showing a demure nude riding bareback around the ring, is one of the highlights in this variety show of his oils and works on paper. Through Saturday, June 3. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

John Safer / Bob Fowler—Abstract sculptures in smooth acrylics and metals. Through Saturday, May 27. / Collages in which pieces of painted steel and aluminum are bolted together into compositions that have much of the quality of paintings. Through June 10. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

The Serge Lifar Collection—Designs for ballet sets and costumes, and related drawings, by some of the biggest names in twentieth-century art—Picasso, Braque, Matisse, Modigliani, Léger, Rouault—and works by the regular Diaghilev stable, which included Bakst, Gontcharova, Larionov, Pedro Pruna, and so on. A benefit exhibition, on loan from the Wadsworth Atheneum. Through Friday, June 2. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: One of Franz Kline's black-and-white thunderclaps, ten feet tall, and a purple Jules Olitski panel nearly fourteen feet long dominate the big back room of this gallery, and the relative newcomers, like David Parrish and his motorcycles and Richard Estes and his diners, are in the front room, along with a menacing leather-jacketed life-size figure by Duane Hanson. Through June 9. . . . **BLUMHELMAN**, 13 E. 75th St: Drawings by Ellsworth Kelly, Richard Diebenkorn, and Roy Lichtenstein. Through June 20. . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: One of Francis Bacon's popes, a couple of small Magrittes, a big red Rothko, and four Dubuffets are among the highlights in this show of twentieth-century artists. Through June 7. . . . **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: Sculptures—several pieces by de Kooning, Michael Heizer, and Tony Smith, and a single work each by Bourgeois, Raymond Duchamp-Villon, Lichtenstein, and Henry Moore. Through Saturday, June 3. . . . **HUTTON**, 33 E. 74th St.: Early-twentieth-century paintings by Russian and German artists, among them Alexandra Exter, Emil Nolde, and Max Pechstein. Through Friday, June 2. (Closes at 4 on Saturdays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Peggy Bacon and Karl Schrag are two of the artists showing both paintings and prints. Through Saturday, May 27. . . . **MCKEE**, 140 E. 63rd St.: Philip Guston's 1976 "Wharf" and a Stuart Diamond triptych are among the paintings on view. Through Wednesday, May 31. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Food and drink of every sort and class are the subjects of this selection of drawings by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, George Booth, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Arthur Getz, Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, Richard Taylor, and Barney Tobey. Through July 14. . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century English paintings and drawings, heavy on the Pre-Raphaelites. Through June 30. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Small, almost photographically realistic paintings of storefronts, filling stations, and city vistas by John Parks; raw-looking paintings, thick with impasto, of Dutchess County country by Peter Dean; and abstract sculptures by Vladimir Salamun. Through Wednesday, May 31.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Nemesio Antunez—Paintings incorporating architectural forms that seem to have been inspired by science fiction. Through June 6. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Arman—Forty-five ten-gallon hats arranged in tiers form one of this artist's "tapestries." Through Saturday, May 27. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Leonard Baskin—Bronze and carved-wood sculptures, plus watercolors and drawings. Through June 9. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Seymour Boardman—Gray-pencil drawings and canvases painted white, all focussing on geometric shapes. Through June 15. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Daniel Brustlein—New paintings, mostly semi-abstract figures and landscapes, by an artist whose cartoons, signed "Alain," were often seen in this magazine before he retired to Paris to paint. Through Thursday, June 1. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Scott Burton—Four tables, one a rustic wooden table translated into bronze, another a thick slab of Italian granite perched on glittery, enamelled legs. Through Saturday, June 3. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

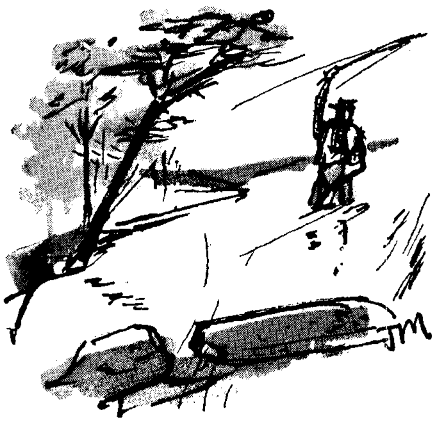
Luis Camnitzer / Barbro Ostlihn—Drawings that comment on such subjects as geometry, astronomy, Greenwich time. / Paintings involving grid patterns (they resemble caning) into which simple forms—an arch, a square, an arrow—have been worked. Through Saturday, June 3. (Multiples-Goodman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Susan Crile—Large abstract drawings in charcoal and pastel. Through June 17. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Dimitra—Abstracts involving violent color collisions. Through Saturday, May 27. (Viridian, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jim Dine—New works, most of them studies of sparkling arrays of glassware—bottles, stem glasses, jars, pitchers—occasionally interspersed with red peppers, squashes, sliced oranges. Through June 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—Paintings done in the forties and fifties, many of them caked with mud and gravel and some of them quite droll. Through Saturday, June 3. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.)



Cleve Gray / Lee Hall—Small-scale paintings of calligraphic figures set in fields of pale color. / Amorphous forms, painted with water-based acrylics that saturate the paper. Through Saturday, May 27. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Lila Katzen—Metal sculptures in a range of sizes: indoors at the Cortella, 41 E. 57th St. (through June 17), and outdoors at Fordham University's Lincoln Center campus (through Sept. 1).

Polly Kraft / Elga Heinzen—Watercolors of beets, ears of corn, leeks, and friends of the artist. / Mixed-media renditions of hawser-size, convoluted rope. Through Saturday, June 3. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Li-Lan / Peter Archer—Painstaking representations of sheets of paper, greatly enlarged—a page from a legal-size yellow pad or from a ruled notebook or from a composer's tablet of manuscript paper. / Realistically painted views of the artist's studio, room by room. Through Saturday, June 3. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bernhard Lüthi / Joel Perlman—New abstract paintings. / Abstract sculptures of painted metal. Through June 16. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 27.)

Milne Ramsey (1846-1915)—Period still-lifes on canvas and small pastoral oil sketches on wooden panels. Through Friday, June 2. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday, May 27.)

Archie Rand—New abstract paintings, and studies for murals. Through Thursday, June 1. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bridget Riley—New works in acrylic and gouache by this Optical artist. Through Friday, June 2. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Robbins / Katherine Sokolnikoff—Thirty-one small-scale seesaws set on prismatic fulcrums, strewn around the gallery floor. / Small porcelain sculptures of landscapes, some of them real and some imaginary. Through Saturday, June 3. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Judith Shahn—Paintings, drawings, and prints of interiors and landscapes. Through Saturday, May 27. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 12:30.)

Alejandro Siña—Kinetic light sculptures in a darkened gallery. Through Friday, May 26. (Portnoy, 56 W. 57th St.)

H. C. Westermann—A laminated-plywood object, and watercolors that include a series of poster studies for his current retrospective at the Whitney Museum. This show through June 30. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Jane Wilson—Small watercolors of a few grapes, a persimmon, or a couple of sardines, plus large, formal oil still-lifes, some of them based on Egyptian, Roman, and Theban motifs. Through Saturday, May 27. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Forty-three drawings by Beatrice Wood are the centerpiece of a show that also includes works, including photographs, by her associates Sheeler, Man Ray, John Covert. Through June 16. . . . **GETLER-PALL**, 50 W. 57th St.: Rosenquist, Ruscha, and other experimenters from the University of South Florida's Graphicstudio in a show running concurrently with one at the Brooklyn Museum. Through June 30. . . . **HEIDENBERG**, 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics by Karel Appel, Henry Moore, Saul Steinberg, and others. Through June 17. . . . **MARLBOROUGH**, 40 W. 57th St.: Two shows here. "Masters of Modern Sculpture" includes pieces by Rodin, Lipchitz, and David Smith; "John Marin, New York Drawings" has forty-one works. Through June 17. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Still-life and flower paintings by Julian Binford, Charles Coiner, Emlen Etting, Maurice Freedman, and Hans Moller. Through June 23. . . . **PARSONS-DREYFUSS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by abstract artists who include Richard Tuttle, Ruth Vollmer, and Susan Weil. Through June 10.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ed Baynard—Precise, larger-than-life watercolors of irises, foxgloves, nicotianas, orchids, lilies, and so on. Through June 8. (Milliken, third floor, 141 Prince St.)

Joseph Cornell (1903-72)—Collages. Through

Saturday, June 3. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Paul Feeley (1910-66)—Abstract paintings executed between 1957 and 1962. Through June 7. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Dan Flavin—Drawings and prints made by the artist between 1972 and 1975, some of them blueprints for his light sculptures, others landscapes and still-lifes. A circular white fluorescent light completes the exhibit. Through June 24. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Anatol Kovarsky—Colorful sequential paintings depicting stripteases, prizefights, parades, and so on, in a manner reminiscent of Greek-vase decorations. Through Wednesday, May 31. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Thomas Lanigan-Schmidt / Tina Girouard—A stunning iconostasis, or screen (intended, the artist says, for a small chapel in a dingy corner of a sooty city), made of metal foil, Saran Wrap, and Magic Markers, which achieves a Byzantine aura of reverence. / A wall hanging in four layers, representing war (a scrim of dollar bills and two small bullets), play (an arrangement of rubber balls), work (two crosscut saws), and rest (a gaudy bedspread). Through Wednesday, May 31. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Terence La Noue / Juan Gonzalez—Semicircular wall hangings made of Rhoplex, tobacco cloth, rubber, metallic powder, and acrylics that have been cast—almost like plaster—on a fiberboard and then peeled off. / What seem to be collages involving filmy cloth, antique illustrations, prints of doves, matches, surveyor's plumbs, and the like are really meticulous drawings with colored pencils. Through Thursday, June 1. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

David Novros—Massive color-field paintings. Through Saturday, June 3. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Angelo Savelli—Two shows in adjacent galleries: Three huge white constructions, one eighteen feet tall, on the gallery's first floor, and, in the basement, a vast, dazzling, snowy environment, studded with eighty-four frosted tree stumps. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.) . . . ¶ White-on-white paintings. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.) Both shows through June 10.

Alan Shields—Large canvas wall hangings painted in gypsy colors, along with constructions employing handmade paper or wire grids clotted with paint. Through Saturday, June 3. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Drawings for Animated Films—A survey of this genre which includes drawings and cels from films done by studio artists (from Disney, Warner Brothers, Hubley) as well as by independent artists. Of special note are the very first Mickey Mouse and ten pen-and-ink drawings from Winsor McCay's 1914 "Gertie the Dinosaur." Through June 10. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Show—An exhibition of contemporary masks by seventeen artists includes a larger-than-lifesize (and lifelike) lobster costume, by Ralph Lee; forty-two casts of her own visage, in varying moods, by Theodora Skipitares; and several knitted masks—a dog, Medusa, a fire-breathing monster—by Nicki Edson. Through Saturday, June 3. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Walter Feldman—Abstract paintings (on unstretched canvas) based on a grid. Through Saturday, May 27. (47 Bond Street Gallery, one block north of Bleecker St., between Broadway and the Bowery. Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Ann Freilich—A retrospective of works on paper and constructions spanning a fifty-year period. Through Saturday, May 27. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

David Rabinowitch—Pencil drawings, all of circles. Through Thursday, June 1. (Bellamy, 333 Park Ave. S., at 25th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5.)

Krzysztof Wodiczko / Roberta Allen—Distorted slide projections that explore the art in propaganda and, conversely, the propaganda in art. / A deliberately confusing arrangement of directional arrows intended for an empty swimming pool. Through June 10. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

New Work/ New York—A group show of local artists who haven't been seen much—Susan

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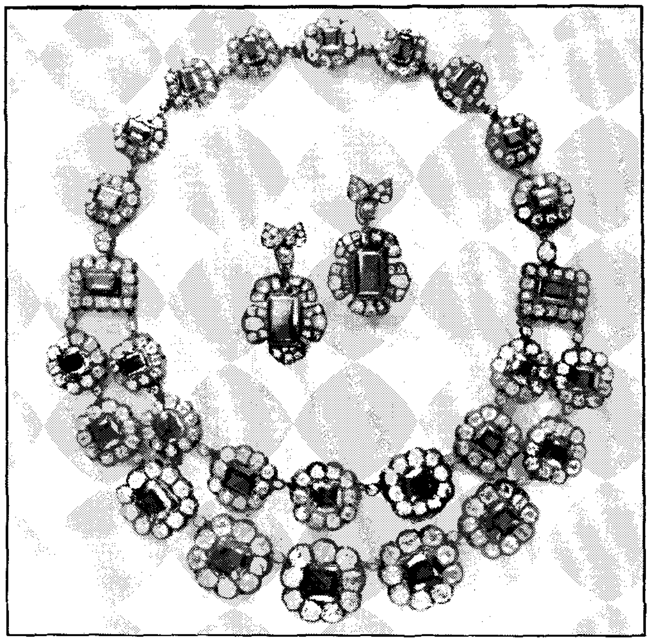

Superb antique emerald and diamond necklace and a pair of antique emerald and diamond ear-pendants. Sold in Geneva on April 27 for $762,000.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Dallas, Lynne Elton, Steve Keister, David Middaugh, Fred Smith, and Jeff Way. Through July 8. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8. Closed Friday through Monday, May 26-29.)

Constructions—The Organization of Independent Artists has mounted an exhibit devoted entirely to three-dimensional wall pieces in a variety of styles and mediums. More than fifty artists have contributed one work apiece. Through Tuesday, May 30. (The Bleecker Renaissance, 644 Broadway, at Bleecker St. Opens at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bruce Barnbaum—Nature scenes; first one-man show in New York. Through June 10. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Jerry Dantzic—Color prints of mesas, buttes, bridges, each about six feet across and made with a Victorian rotating view camera, in a show now current at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Julian B. Hyman—Color photographs. Through Saturday, May 27. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Clarence John Laughlin—This Louisiana photographer is showing pictures of deserted ante-bellum mansions on the banks of the Mississippi, as well as a set of prints depicting Victorian architecture in Chicago, Milwaukee, and cities in the Southwest. Through June 17. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Phillip Leonian / Lynn Lennon—Pictures of people walking, by a photographer who has been obsessively watching walkers for the last ten years. / Self-portraits. Through June 17. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Peter Mauss—Palladium contact prints of covered bridges, barns, a smokehouse, and a still-life of a bowl of berries. Through Saturday, May 27. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

Linda McCartney—Fourteen silk-screen prints mostly of rock-music personalities (including her husband, Paul), plus ten landscapes and still-lifes in black-and-white. Through Saturday, June 3. (Bayard, a new gallery at 456 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Martin Munkacsi (1896-1963) / **Peter Magubane**—A retrospective of works by this Hungarian photographer. / Photographs by a black South African photojournalist. Through Sunday, May 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Stephen Shore—The Yankees in spring training by a photographer whose last previous assignment was to document Monet's gardens at Giverny for the Metropolitan Museum. Through June 24. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jean-Pierre Sudre—Still-lifes; first one-man show in New York. Through June 9. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Edmund Teske / Anton Bruehl—Sepia-toned solarizations and multiple images. / Portraits (of Peter Lorre, Marlene Dietrich, Edward G. Robinson); a series on Mexico in the thirties; and color prints made for advertisements. Through June 24. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Alfred Stieglitz and His Circle—Two exhibits: On display at the Metropolitan Museum, a hundred and seventy-five prints by Stieglitz's contemporaries Strand, Steichen, Käsebier, and de Meyer, and about forty-five others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ Works by photographers and painters who exhibited at Stieglitz's last gallery, An American Place, between 1929 and 1946. Stieglitz himself is represented in this show by thirty-five silver prints (including his cloud studies and pictures made at Lake George). Through Saturday, June 3. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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28	29	30	31	1	2	3

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit of eighty-one paintings that Claude Monet did of his surroundings at Giverny. Through July 9. . . . ¶ "The Arts Under Napoleon" is an exhibit that outlines the influence of Napoleon on French craftsmen of the period, with objects ranging from furniture and firearms to silk and silver. Through July 30. . . . ¶ Fifteenth-century Italian drawings, many of them shown in sixteenth-century frames, from the Robert Lehman Collection. Through June 18. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. Through Aug. 27. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Prints made by colleagues of Alfred Stieglitz and collected by him. Through July 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

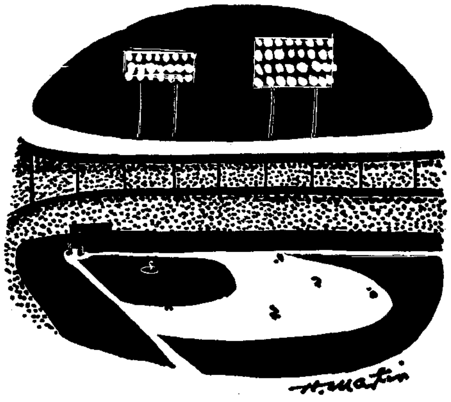
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and eighty twentieth-century American and European drawings (School of Paris to Abstract Expressionism) recently acquired by the museum from the Joan and Lester Avnet Collection. Through July 4. . . . ¶ A survey of Mexican art. Through June 29. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Color landscapes by Jerry Dantzic. Through July 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the oil paintings of Attilio Salemme. Through July 4. . . . ¶ Works in a variety of mediums by thirteen young American artists. Through June 16. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans (Calder and Archipenko are the exceptions; Léger, Bombois, and Matisse are some of the painters), from the *Evelyn Sharp Collection.* (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Monday, May 29, from 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A Saul Steinberg retrospective of watercolors, drawings, collages, and other works. Through July 9. . . . ¶ The retrospective of H. C. Westermann contains his familiar sculptures combining disparate materials, and also drawings, watercolors, and letters. Through July 16. A complementary show is at the Allan Frumkin Gallery, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6. Starting Tuesday, May 30, it will assume its summer schedule: Tuesdays through Fridays, 2 to 9; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; Tuesday evenings after 6, admission free.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of prints by Jim Dine, Lee Friedlander, Adja Yunkers, and others, made under the auspices of the University of South Florida's Graphicstudio. Through July 16. A complementary show is at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Monday, May 29, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—An exhibit called "Ice Age Art," installed in a new gallery on the third floor, contains, for instance, prehistoric implements and a rock engraving as well as replicas of carvings done as early as 35,000 B.C. and photomurals of cave paintings at Altamira and Lascaux. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays and Monday, May 29, from 11 to 5.)



American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of works by newly elected members and by recipients of this year's awards. Manuscripts and scores by, among others, Donald Barthelme, John Malcolm Brinnin, Jacob Druckman, Renata Adler, Peter Taylor, and John Peck. Also paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Marisol, Robert Rauschenberg, Clyfford Still, and others. Through June 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, commissioned from Indian artists primarily by British and other European colonists, that portray the landscape and customs of India between 1760 and 1880. Through June 4. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Album leaves, hanging scrolls, rank badges, and three dragon robes from the Sung, Ming, and Ch'ing dynasties constitute an exhibit entitled "Embroidery of Imperial China." Through Sunday, May 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—New York in literature is the theme of an exhibit that brings together books and manuscripts by such authors as Washington Irving, Henry James, Edith Wharton, Edmund Wilson, Ralph Ellison, and Ruth McKenney. Through Saturday, June 3. (Open daily except Sundays and Monday, May 29. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A display of Japanese genre folding screens on loan from the Suntory Museum of Art. Panoramic views of public festivities cover many of the screens; one simple pair is devoted solely to kimonos carefully placed on racks. Starts Thursday, May 25. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of seventy works (paintings, manuscripts, album leaves), medieval in aspect and all produced by an unknown artist called the Spanish Forger, who might have lived as recently as 1900. . . . ¶ A drawing of four demons by Luca Signorelli and a large study for the Delacroix altarpiece "Jacob Wrestling with the Angel" are two of the drawings in the exhibit "Devils, Demons, and Fantastic Creatures." . . . ¶ Books and manuscripts dating from 1400 to 1950 (first editions include "Treasure Island," "Cecilia," and "Charles Grandison") from the collection of Miss Tessie Jones. (Open daily, except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All shows through July 29.

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, quilts, weathervanes, furniture, and other articles either recently acquired or from the permanent collection. Through June 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—An encyclopedic accounting of footwear (chopines, high-button shoes, Indian moccasins, Japanese clogs, sneakers). Through June 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

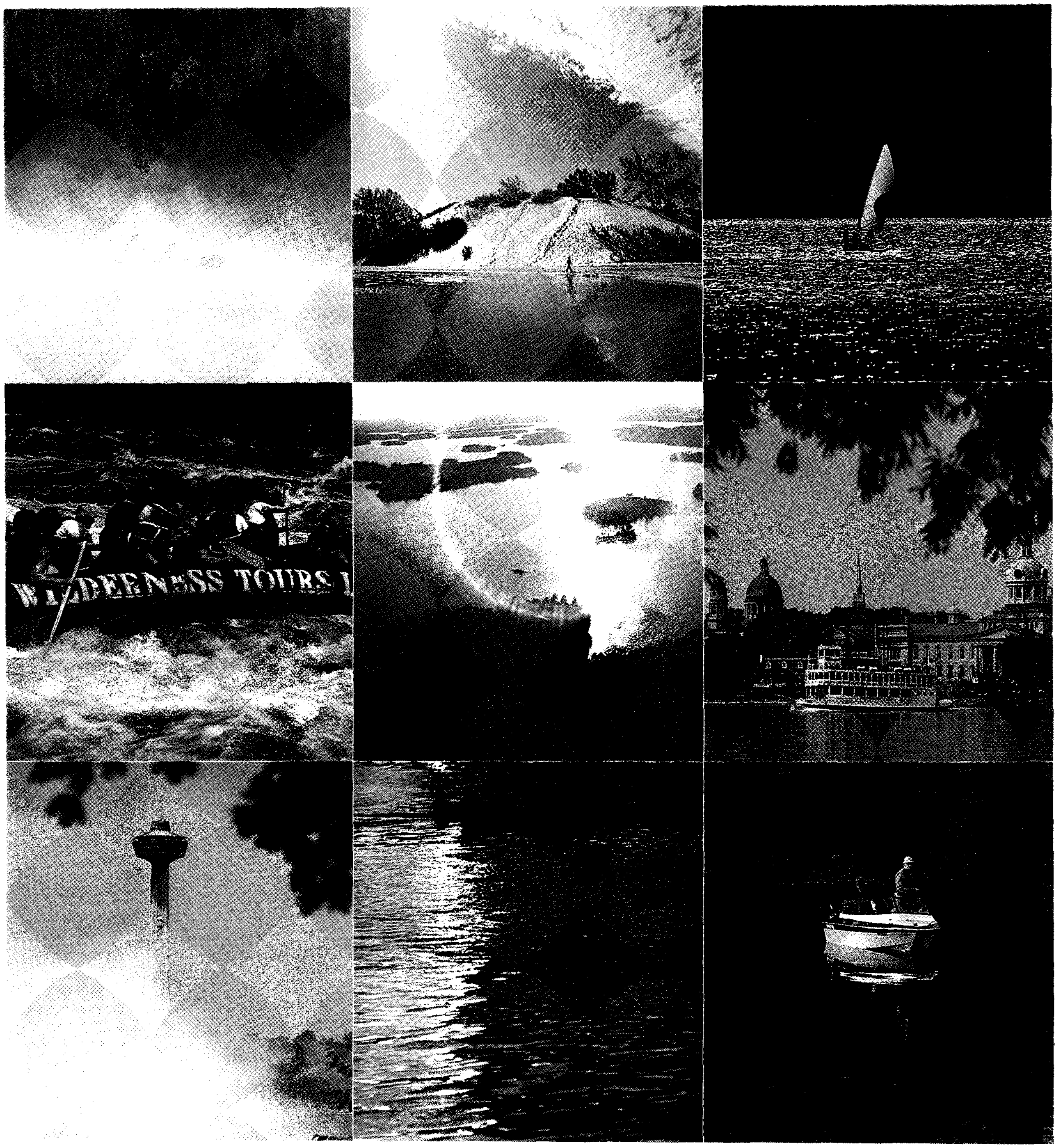
Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A retrospective of the oils and drawings of Beauford Delaney, a Tennessee-born artist who worked in Paris between 1953 and 1971. Through July 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic Promenades—Andre Kostelanetz conducting "Promenade in Vien-



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na," with Carole Farley, soprano. The final performances of the "Promenades" season. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, May 24—a benefit performance; for information about tickets, call TR 9-8415—and Thursday through Saturday, May 25-27, all at 8:30.)

Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam—At Carnegie Hall, Bernard Haitink conducting the last three in a series of concerts presenting all the Beethoven symphonies and piano concertos. Thursday and Friday, May 25-26, at 8: With Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 27, at 8: With Ruth Falcon, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Jacque Trussel, tenor; Samuel Ramey, bass-baritone; and the University of Maryland Chorus.

Senior Concert Orchestra of New York—Emil Kahn conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 24. at 2:30.)

Newark Boys Chorus—Terence Shook directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 24, at 8.)

Canticum Novum Singers—Harold Rosenbaum directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, June 3, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Chamber Music at the Y—The last in a series of concerts, this one an all-Schumann program, played by Jaime Laredo and Ani Kavafian, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Emanuel Ax, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 24, at 8.)

Joseph Fuchs and James Gemmell—The last in a series of recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 25, at 8.)

Bodil Frolund—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall, Thursday, May 25, at 8.)

Canadian Brass—A brass quintet. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday, May 31, at 7; Thursday and Friday, June 1-2, at 8; Saturday, June 3, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, June 4, at 3.)

Amiram Rigai—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 31, at 8.)

Roman Romanov—Baritone, in a program of Russian Gypsy songs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, June 3, at 2:30.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—The final concert of the season. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, June 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

MISCELLANY

Philip Glass—A program of his works, including music from "Einstein on the Beach," performed by Mr. Glass on the electric organ, with his ensemble and the Gregg Smith Singers. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, June 1, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Cleveland, Wednesday and Thursday, May 24-25, at 8. . . . ¶ Toronto, Friday, May 26, at 8; Saturday, May 27, at 2; and Sunday, May 28, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Baltimore, Wednesday, May 31, at 8, and Thursday, June 1, at 2. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. St. Louis, Monday, May 29, at 5:35 (twi-night doubleheader), and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 30-31, at 8:05. . . . ¶ San Diego, Friday and Saturday, June 2-3, at 8:05.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 1-3.)

Marathon Race (F.)—L'eggs Mini Marathon, of ten thousand metres, with more than a thousand women participating, will start at eleven on Saturday, June 3, at Central Park West at 64th St., and finish at W. 67th St., near the Tavern-on-the-Green.

Racing—At BELMONT: Daily, except Wednesday, May 31, at 1:30, from Wednesday, May 24, through Saturday, July 29. The Shuvee Handicap, Wednesday, May 24; the DeWitt Clinton, Thursday, May 25; the Acorn, Saturday, May 27; the Peter Pan, Sunday, May 28; the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 29; and the Hempstead Handicap, Saturday, June 3. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Tuesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Monday, May 29, between 11 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays and Monday, May 29, at 11:35.)

Soccer—At GIANTS STADIUM, the Meadowlands: Cosmos vs. Rochester. (Sunday, May 28, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.) . . . CLOSED-CIRCUIT TV AT MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Five elimination matches for the World Cup soccer championship, televised from Argentina. West Germany vs. Poland, Thursday, June 1, at 2, in the Arena. . . . ¶ France vs. Italy, Friday, June 2, at 12:45, in the Arena. . . . ¶ Hungary vs. Argentina, Friday, June 2, at 6:15, in the Arena. . . . ¶ Spain vs. Austria, Saturday, June 3, at 12:45, in Felt Forum. . . . ¶ Peru vs. Scotland, Saturday, June 3, at 3:45, in Felt Forum. (Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 8. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15, except Monday, May 29, when post time will be 2:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

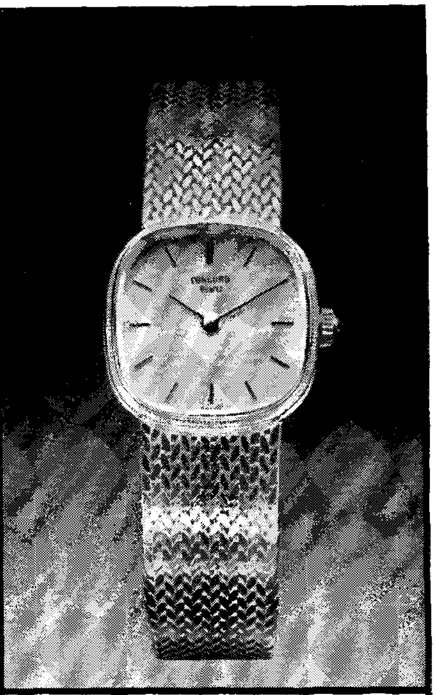
ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—A benefit program including readings by John Ashbery, Allen Ginsberg, Larry Rivers, and Taylor Mead; a showing of a twenty-minute film of Haiti by Rudy Burckhardt; and solo performances by dancers Dana Reitz and Kenneth King. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. Wednesday, May 24, at 8:30. Admission by contribution.)

The Great Outdoors—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view Saturday through Monday, May 27-29; Saturday and Sunday, June 3-4; and Saturday and Sunday, June 10-11, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ On Saturday, May 27, at noon, a bicycle marathon (sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company) around Central Park will get under way at Fifth Avenue and 72nd Street. It will finish at the same place twenty-four hours later. For information, call 347-8195. . . . ¶ On Sunday, May 28, at 5, the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Richard Woitach and with Benita Valente, soprano, will give a concert on the Central Park Mall. . . . ¶ The roadways in Central Park are closed to automobiles in favor of strollers and bicyclists from 10 to 4 Mondays through Fridays, and from 7 to 11 Monday through Thursday evenings, as well as all day Saturdays, Sundays, and Tuesday, May 30.

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except May 27, from 10 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, May 24-25, at 2: Jewelry, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Friday, May 26, at 10:15 and 2: African, Oceanic, and pre-Columbian art; from the collection of the late Dr. Emanuel Klein and from other sources. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 31, at 10:15 and 2: European ceramics, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 31, at 8: A benefit auction of paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by such artists as Renoir, Louise Nevelson, and Ansel Adams, plus a selection of African and Chinese art; from many owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 25. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 1, at 10:15 and 2: Renaissance and later works of art and tapestries; from several collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 25. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, May 25, at 10:30: Indian miniature paintings, from a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 31, at 10:30: English and Continental furniture, objects of art, tapestries, and rugs; from various owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 25.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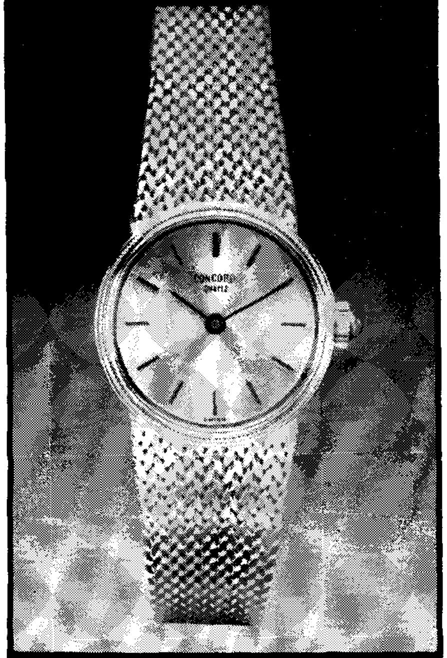
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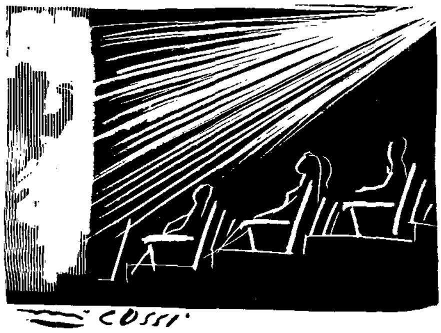
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"House Calls."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 30: "The Fury."
From May 31: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"House Calls."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Thank God It's Friday."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"An Unmarried Woman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Greek Tycoon."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"F.I.S.T."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Dear Detective."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Coming Home."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Madame Rosa."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The End."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pretty Baby."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Cat and Mouse."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nunzio."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"We Will All Meet in Paradise."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"House Calls."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"If Ever I See You Again."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 30: "The Fury."
From May 31: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Coming Home."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"House Calls."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Thank God It's Friday."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Greek Tycoon."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"F.I.S.T."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through May 25: "High Anxiety."
From May 26: "American Graffiti."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coming Home."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "High Anxiety."
Theatre 2: Through May 25: "Word Is Out."
From May 26: "American Graffiti."
Theatre 3: "Annie Hall."
Theatre 4: Through May 25: "Allegro Non Troppo" and "The Betty Boop Scandals."
From May 26: "A Woman of Paris."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Here Come the Tigers."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Fantasia."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Last Waltz."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Annie Hall."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 30: "The Fury."
From May 31: To be announced.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Chess Players."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 25: "A Woman of Paris."
From May 26: "Pirosmani."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Turning Point."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Coming Home."
Theatre 2: "High Anxiety."
Theatre 3: Through May 25: "The Turning Point." From May 26: "American Graffiti."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
May 24: "Joseph Andrews."
From May 25: "Come Back, Africa."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 30: "The Fury" and "The Sentinel."
From May 31: "Annie Hall" and "Where's Poppa?"

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 24: "Memories of Underdevelopment" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea, with Sergio Corrieri; and "Blood of the Condor" (1969), in Spanish and Quechua, directed by Jorge Sanjines.
May 25: "Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye" (1950), directed by Gordon Douglas, with James Cagney, Barbara Payton, Luther Adler, and Ward Bond; and "White Heat" (1949), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, and Margaret Wycherly.
May 26-27: "Twentieth Century" (†); and "His Girl Friday" (1940), directed by Howard Hawks, with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.
May 28: "The Magic Flute." (†)
May 29: "The Touch" (†) and "Face to Face." (†)
May 30: "La Guerre Est Finie" (†); and "Grand Illusion" (1937), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.
May 31: "Nazarin" (†) and "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe." (†)
June 1: "Fata Morgana" (1971) and "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970), both films in German, directed by Werner Herzog.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 24: "The Pawnbroker" (1965), directed by Sidney Lumet, with Rod Steiger, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Brock Peters, and Jaime Sanchez; and "The Shop on Main Street" (1964), in Czech, directed by Ján Kadár and Elmar Klos, with Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska.
May 25: "Sally of the Sawdust" (1925), a silent film, directed by D. W. Griffith, with W. C. Fields and Carol Dempster; and "The Crazy World of Laurel & Hardy" (1967), a film made up of excerpts from their old movies.
May 26: "Cabaret" (†) and "Lenny." (†)
May 27: "The Importance of Being Earnest" (1952), directed by Anthony Asquith, with Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Edith Evans, and Margaret Rutherford; and "The Horse's Mouth." (†)
May 28: "La Ronde" (†); and "Liebelei" (1932), in German, directed by Max Ophuls, with Wolfgang Liebeneiner, Magda Schneider, and Luise Ullrich.
May 29: "The Memory of Justice." (†)
May 30: "Odd Man Out" (†); and "The Informer" (1935), directed by John Ford, with Victor McLaglen and Wallace Ford.
May 31: "Kings of the Road" (1976), in German, directed by Wim Wenders, with Rudiger Vogler and Hanns Zischler.
June 1: "Salt of the Earth" (1953), directed by Herbert Biberman, with Will Geer; and "Blow for Blow" (1972), in French.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 25: "My Night at Maud's" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "La Collectionneuse" (1967), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer.
May 26-27: "The Cocoanuts" (1929) and "Monkey Business" (1931), both with the Marx Brothers.
May 28-29: "Black and White in Color" (1977), in French, directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud, with Jacques Spiesser; and "A Brief Vacation." (†)
May 30: "Tonight for Sure" (1968), directed by Francis Ford Coppola; and "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider (X-rated).
May 31-June 1: "The Umbrellas of Cherbourg" (†) and "A Man and a Woman." (†)

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; opens at six, Mondays through Fridays.)
Through May 29: "New Faces" (1954), directed by Harry Horner, with Ronny Graham, Eartha Kitt, and Robert Clary.
May 30-31: "The Graduate" (1967), directed by Mike Nichols, with Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross; and "Don't Drink the Water" (1969), directed by Howard Morris, with Jackie Gleason and Estelle Parsons.
From June 1: "The Conjugal Bed" (†) and "Casanova '70." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
May 24: "Shake Hands with the Devil" (1959), directed by Michael Anderson, with James Cagney, Don Murray, Dana Wynter, and Glynis Johns; and "The Whisperers" (1967), directed by Bryan Forbes, with Edith Evans, Eric Portman, Ronald Fraser, and Leonard Rossiter.
May 25-27: "Elmer Gantry" (1960), directed by Richard Brooks, with Burt Lancaster, Jean Simmons, Shirley Jones, and Edward Andrews; and "Bird Man of Alcatraz" (1962), directed by John Frankenheimer, with Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden, and Thelma Ritter.
May 28-30: "Red River" (†) and "The Misfits." (†)
From May 31: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (†) and "The Fugitive Kind." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through May 25: "Kiss of Death" (1947), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Victor Mature, Richard Widmark, Coleen Gray, and Brian Donlevy; and "Pickup on South Street" (1953), directed by Samuel Fuller, with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter.
May 26-27: "Summertime" (1955), directed by David Lean, with Katharine Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi, Darren McGavin, and Isa Miranda; and "Quality Street" (1937), directed by George Stevens, with Kath-

arine Hepburn, Franchot Tone, and Cora Witherspoon.

May 28-29: "Beauty and the Beast" (†) and "Orpheus." (†)

May 30: "La Femme Infidèle" (†) and "This Man Must Die." (†)

May 31-June 1: "Out of the Past" (†) and "Nightmare Alley." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 24: "Rules of the Game" (1939), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "Pépé le Moko" (1937), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Jean Gabin, Mireille Balin, and Marcel Dalio.

May 25: "Reunion in Vienna" (1933), directed by Sidney Franklin, with John Barrymore, Diana Wynyard, Frank Morgan, and May Robson; and "Devil May Care" (1929), directed by Sidney Franklin, with Ramon Novarro, Dorothy Jordan, and John Miljan.

May 26-27: "Nothing Sacred" (1937), directed by William Wellman, with Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Walter Connolly, and Charles Winninger; and "My Man Godfrey" (1936), directed by Gregory La Cava, with Carole Lombard, William Powell, Mischa Auer, and Alice Brady.

May 28: "Twentieth Century" (†) and "It Happened One Night." (†)

May 29: "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944), directed by Preston Sturges, with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken; and "The Beautiful Blonde from Bashful Bend." (†)

May 30: "Just Imagine" (†) and "The Floradora Girl." (†)

May 31: "The Seven Year Itch" (†) and "How to Marry a Millionaire." (†)

June 1: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" (1944), directed by Arthur Lubin, with Maria Montez, Jon Hall, Andy Devine, and Fortunio Bonanova; and "Arabian Nights." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 25 at 2:30: "Central Bazaar" (1976), directed by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ May 25 at 6: A program of films by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ May 25 at 8:30: "Hindered" (1974), in German, directed by Steve Dwoskin; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 26 at 2:30: "Death and Devil" (1973), in German, directed by Steve Dwoskin; English subtitles. . . . ¶ May 26 at 6: "The Princess and the Plumber" (1930), directed by Alexander Korda, with Charles Farrell and Maureen O'Sullivan. . . . ¶ May 27 at noon: "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" (1939), directed by Alfred L. Werker, with Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce, and Ida Lupino. . . . ¶ May 27 at 2:30: "Angels Over Broadway" (1940), directed by Ben Hecht and Lee Garmes, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Rita Hayworth. . . . ¶ May 27 at 5: "As You Like It" (1936), directed by Paul Czinner, with Laurence Olivier and Elisabeth Bergner. . . . ¶ May 28 at noon: "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.". . . ¶ May 28 at 2:30: "Laughter" (1930), directed by Harry D'Arrast, with Nancy Carroll and Fredric March. . . . ¶ May 28 at 5: "Man Hunt" (1941), directed by Fritz Lang, with Walter Pidgeon, Joan Bennett, George Sanders, John Carradine, and Roddy McDowall. . . . ¶ May 29 at noon: "Treadle and Bobbin" (1954), directed by Wheaton Galentine; "Chess: The Passionate Pastime" (1956), directed by Hans Richter; and "Sonambients: The Sound of Harry Bertoia" (1971), directed by Jeffrey Eger. . . . ¶ May 29 at 2:30: "Angels Over Broadway.". . . ¶ May 29 at 6: "The Arrangement" (1969), directed by Elia Kazan, with Kirk Douglas, Faye Dunaway, and Deborah Kerr. . . . ¶ May 30 at noon: "Treadle and Bobbin," "Chess: The Passionate Pastime," and "Sonambients: The Sound of Harry Bertoia.". . . ¶ May 30 at 2:30: "China Strikes Back" (1937); and "The Four Hundred Million" (1939), directed by Joris Ivens and John Ferno. . . . ¶ May 30 at 6: "Friday Night Adventure" (1975), directed by Frank Vitale, and "A Comedy in Six Unnatural Acts" (1975), directed by Jan Oxenberg; not recommended for children. . . . ¶ June 1 at 2:30: "Once Upon a Hunt" (1972), in French, directed by Francis Mankiewicz, with Guy L'Ecuyer and Marcel Sabourin; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 1 at 6: "J. A. Martin, Photographe" (1977), in French, directed by Jean Beaudin, with Monique Mercure and Marcel Sabourin; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 1 at 8:30: "The Vultures" (1975), in French, directed by Jean-Claude Labrecque (who will be present), with Gilbert Sicotte and Monique Mercure; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through May 28: A program by Alfons Schilling. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (Saturday, May 27, at 3, the filmmaker will be present). . . . ¶ Starting May 30: "Suite California Stops and Passes, Parts I and II" (1978), directed by Robert Nelson. Showings Tuesdays through Fridays at 3, 5, and 7; and Saturdays and Sundays at noon, 2, and 4. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Bouhours, Warhol, Ramous, Deren, Hanoun, and others. Showings May 24 at 7; May 25 at 7 and 9; May 26 at 7; May 27 at 2:30 and 8; May 28 and 30-31 at 8; and June 1 at 7 and 9.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—May 25-28: "How Much Wood Would a Woodchuck Chuck: Observations on a New Language" (1978) and "La Soufrière" (1977), both films directed by Werner Herzog. ("La Soufrière" was reviewed in our issue of 5/22/78.). . . ¶ Starting June 1: "A Geisha" (1953), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:45.

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)—"Thieves Like Us" (1974), directed by Robert Altman, with Keith Carradine, Shelley Duvall, John Schuck, and Bert Remsen. Showings Fridays at 8 and 10; Saturdays at 3, 6, 8, and 10; and Sundays at 3, 6, and 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

THE ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE (1954)—Luis Buñuel's color version of the Defoe novel is free of that deadly solicitude that usually kills off classics. The film is a simple, unsentimental account of Defoe's basic themes: a man alone face to face with nature; then a man terribly alone, unable to confront lack of love and friendship; and finally, after the lacerations of desire, a man ludicrously alone. Buñuel used Dan O'Herlihy, a fine actor with a beautiful voice, and photographed him in the jungle of Manzanillo, near Acapulco. In the delirium sequence, Buñuel is the same startling director who made film history. When Crusoe shouts to the hills in order to hear the companionable echo, and when he rushes to the sea in desperate longing for a ship, loneliness is brought, in sudden shocks, to a pitch of awe and terror. Crusoe's eventual meeting with Friday (James Fernandez) changes the tone to irony. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 31.)

ALLEGRO NON TROPPO—An animated film by Bruno Bozzetto. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through May 25.)

AMERICAN GRAFFITI (1973)—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting May 26.)

ANNIE HALL (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Quad Cinema, and Festival. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting May 31.)

ARABIAN NIGHTS (1942)—Part of what makes the Universal-Maria Montez movies camp classics is that they're elaborately produced, yet every word and every plot device is stamped Grade-B. In this sumptuous comedy-extravaganza, Sabu scampers about as Ali the acrobat, muscle-bound Jon Hall is Caliph Harun al-Rashid, and the blankly sensuous Maria Montez is Scheherazade (not a storyteller in this version, but only a dancing girl). The picture is filled with harem cuties, horses, Technicolor Arizona scenery, and blissfully dumb lines. But then, perfection belongeth only to Allah the Most High. Directed with complete lack of conviction by John Rawlins. With plump-cheeked, slit-eyed Turhan Bey, and for slapstick, Billy Gilbert (who has a drag sequence), and Shemp Howard (one of the Three Stooges) as Sinbad. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 1.)

THE BEAUTIFUL BLONDE FROM BASHFUL BEND (1949)—It's hard to believe that Preston Sturges wrote, produced, and directed this botched parody Western, but he was trying to recoup after the shattering critical and box-office failure of his most sophisticated slapstick comedy—the 1948 "Unfaithfully Yours"—and he seems to have lost his bearings totally. A hot-tempered barroom singer (Betty Grable) takes a shot at her rival for the affections of a card shark (Cesar Romero) and accidently hits a judge (Porter Hall) in the rear end. She escapes from prison and goes to Snake City (populated with many of the Sturges regulars), where she pretends to be a schoolteacher named Hilda Swandumper. Sturges tries for the frantic comic atmosphere he got in "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek," but everything is mistimed and so appears to be broadly overplayed. The film was such a disaster that he was finished in Hollywood. His career as an American writer-director began and ended in the forties. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 29.)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (1946)—Jean Cocteau's first full-length movie (he wrote and directed it) is perhaps the most sensuously elegant of all filmed fairy tales. As a child escapes from everyday family life to the magic of a storybook, so, in the film, Beauty's farm, with its Vermeer simplicity, fades in intensity as we are caught up in the Gustave Doré extravagance of the Beast's enchanted landscape. In Christian Bérard's makeup, Jean Marais is a magnificent Beast; Beauty's self-sacrifice to him holds no more horror than a satisfying romantic fantasy should have. The transformation of the Beast into Prince Charming is ambiguous—what we have gained cannot quite take the place of what we have lost. (When shown the film, Greta Garbo is reported to have said at the end, "Give me back my Beast.") The delicate Josette Day is, quite properly, Beauty. With Marcel André as the father and Michel Auclair as the brother; music by Georges Auric. In French. (Thalia; May 28-29.)

THE BETTY BOOP SCANDALS (1973)—A cross-section of the animated films of the Max Fleischer studio, including excerpts from such series as Out of the Inkwell, Talkartoons, the Bouncing Ball shorts, and Betty Boop. (Quad Cinema; through May 25.)

A BRIEF VACATION (1975)—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a resentful, beaten-down Calabrian factory worker in Milan. Sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, she discovers art and spirituality, and from then on it's all swoony romanticism. In Italian. (Cinema Village; May 28-29.)

CABARET (1972)—A great movie musical, made, miraculously, without compromise; taking its form from political cabaret, it's a satire of temptations. In a prodigious balancing act, Bob Fosse, the choreographer-director, keeps the period—Berlin, 1931—at a cool distance. We see the decadence as garish and sleazy, yet we also see the animal energy in it—everything seems to become sexualized. The movie does not exploit decadence; rather, it gives it its due. With Joel Grey as our devil-doll host—the master of ceremonies—and Liza Minnelli (in her first singing role on the screen) as exuberant, corruptible Sally Bowles, chasing after the life of a headliner no matter what; she has such gaiety and electricity that she becomes a star before our eyes. The metallic songs, by John Kander and Fred Ebb, have a distinctive acrid flavor. Adapted for the screen by Jay Allen, with the assistance of Hugh Wheeler, from Christopher Isherwood's "Berlin Stories," the play and movie of "I Am a Camera," and the Broadway musical "Cabaret." With Michael York, Helmut Griem, Marisa Berenson, and Fritz Wepper. Cinematography by Geoffrey Unsworth. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 26.)

Casanova '70 (1965)—Marcello Mastroianni playing a womanizer and racing tactfully through a comedy whose theme is scarcely more than a single prolonged blue joke. The resourceful director was Mario Monicelli and the setting is, of course, Italy. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; starting June 1.)

Cat and Mouse—Lelouch at his most tricksy and fake lyric, making a thriller with the inappropriately intelligent and beautiful Michèle Morgan as the wife of a film producer and high-rise builder. The plot involves rude and rich servants, an insurance man who turns up at a race track, and a charming, rotten detective, played by Serge Reggiani. His attempts at being keen-eyed are rather slothful, for what he really wants to be is a novelist. The film is spoiled by a moony benevolence. In French. (5/22/78) (Cinema I.)

The Chess Players—The great Satyajit Ray making his first picture in Urdu (with some English) after a career of directing in Bengali. The hero is the king of the remaining portion of the princely state of Oudh, in 1856; he is a man given to ruling, but his crown was taken away from him in 1851 for the Great Exhibition and is now about to be taken away from him again by the British, represented by an intelligent-spoken British Resident played by Richard Attenborough. Alongside this hapless battle goes a leisurely chess game played endlessly between two plump noblemen. They will play anywhere: in their regal rooms, in a mustard field, in a house offered by a little boy who has remained in a lonely town to see the British redcoats take over. The last twenty minutes of this magnificent film, which exactly catches the relationship between Indians and British, are piercing about the ends of things, about managing on less and less. (5/22/78) (Little Carnegie.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Come Back, Africa (1960)—Cinema journalism on what it's like to be black in South Africa. Lionel Rogosin's film centers on a man who has left his farm and is trying to make a living in Johannesburg. Clumsy, but some rarely seen material. (New Yorker; starting May 25.)

Coming Home—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (Trans-Lux East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Conjugal Bed (1963)—An account, at once anguished and hilarious, of what happens to a forty-two-year-old Don Juan when a chaste virgin consents to marry him. With Ugo Tognazzi and Marina Vlady, directed by Marco Ferreri. In Italian. (8th St. Playhouse; starting June 1.)

Dear Detective—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (5/1/78) (Sutton.)

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Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

The End—With Burt Reynolds, Dom DeLuise, and Sally Field; directed by Mr. Reynolds. (Baronet.)

Face to Face (1976)—Ingmar Bergman's relentless chronicle of the edging toward breakdown of a woman psychiatrist (Liv Ullmann). Her skill lies in hauling others out of nightmares without falling prey to them herself. Why, then, does she take a near-fatal overdose of sleeping pills? Bergman makes it seem no enigma that this apparently reposeful woman is within reach of the long arm of blight. The film is a marvellously vivid and thoughtful—and, surprisingly, witty—record of an unhappy mind's oscillation between ease and agitation. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 29.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and the film—a grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring;" garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Music Hall.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—This Claude Chabrol film is an exquisitely detailed, impeccably acted, stunningly directed suspense story about adultery and passion among the bourgeoisie. Yet there isn't a breath of life in it. You observe Michel Bouquet's foxy little performance as the cuckold, the glossy beauty of Stéphane Audran (she looks like a rich, chic Jeanne Hébuterne), and Maurice Ronet's assured professionalism as the seducer, and you see the points being made about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. But the expertise is so tired, so masterly and perfectly slick, that the film looks as if Chabrol polished it until he ran out of spit. With Michel Duchaussoy. In French. (Thalia; May 30.)

F.I.S.T.—A long-winded film set between the thirties and the fifties, directed by Norman Jewison, about a fictional union called the Federation of Interstate Truckers, presumably based on the Teamsters. The man who rises to its head, called Johnny Kovak, is played by Sylvester Stallone, a sleepy presence with moments of primitive intensity. Johnny Kovak's corruption grows with his power, and he is eventually brought to trial by Rod Steiger, as a senator. There is a charming performance by Elena Karam as Johnny's Lithuanian mother-in-law-to-be. We should be grateful, heaven knows, for any Hollywood film that takes us into the public domain, but this one seems unwittingly right-wing. (5/8/78) (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

The Floradora Girl (1930)—Marion Davies as a member of a "Floradora" sextette in what used to be called the Gay Nineties. She falls in love with a millionaire (Lawrence Gray) and sticks by him when he loses his fortune. A lavish production, with a large cast including Ilka Chase, Walter Catlett, Claude Allister, and Anita Louise when she was a beautiful child. Harry Beaumont directed; the story is by Gene Markey; the gowns are by Adrian. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 30.)

The Fugitive Kind (1960)—Written by Tennessee Williams, directed by Sidney Lumet. See the film, although the combination of talents accentuates the florid in both men and suppresses poetry. Marlon Brando is a nomadic guitar player, Anna Magnani is the starved wife of a cross invalid in a spiteful Southern community. (Regency; starting May 31.)

The Fury—Brian De Palma's visionary science-fiction thriller. The script (John Farris's adaptation of his novel) is cheap gothic espionage occultism involving two superior beings—spiritual twins (Andrew Stevens and Amy Irving) who have met only telepathically. But the film is so visually compelling that a viewer seems to have entered a mythic night world; no Hitchcock thriller was ever so intense, went so far, or had so many "classic" sequences. With Kirk Douglas, Carrie Snodgress, and John Cassavetes. (3/20/78) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; through May 30.)

The Greek Tycoon—With Anthony Quinn and Jacqueline Bisset, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, and Loews Ciné.)

La Guerre Est Finie (1966)—Yves Montand as Diego, a Spanish professional (i.e., paid) revolutionary, a courier in the Communist underground, who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. Alain Resnais directed this attempt at an elegy on the themes of exile and of living on old ideals—living in the past. The courier is like a weary commuter who has been through it all so many times that he can see what's coming; past and future are one. It's easy to satirize force of habit—as W. C. Fields demonstrated when he blew the head off an ice-cream cone. But Resnais, although he allows most of Diego's associates to appear ridiculous, protects Diego very tenderly. He isn't presented as a Party hack or a tool—he's noble. His melancholy is glamourized, and when he goes to bed with his mistress (Ingrid Thulin) he has such high-quality sex that we actually hear the soprano vocalizing of a heavenly choir. The film, from a script by Jorge Semprun, is ambivalent and smooth and chic, with an overexposed semi-abstract sex scene between Diego and a pouting kitten (Geneviève Bujold) and anticipatory flash-forwards. The political material has been subjected to the French equivalent of Hollywoodization; it's soaked in romantic defeatism, in existentialism used decoratively to make a hero of a numb, apathetic man. With Michel Piccoli and Jean Dasté. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 30.)

Here Come the Tigers—With Richard Lincoln, directed by Sean S. Cunningham. (Guild.)

High Anxiety—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs: all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through May 25.)

The Horse's Mouth (1958)—Joyce Cary's painter hero, Gulley Jimson, is a fabulous, lewd creation: the modern artist as a scruffy, dirty little bum. Gulley's antic self-destructiveness is partly based on the behavior of Cary's friend Dylan Thomas, and his approach as a painter is derived from the tradition of William Blake. Alec Guinness's sly, likable Gulley isn't all that one might hope for (Guinness lacks passion and innocence and the real fire of insolence), and the movie is too literal-minded—it's a conformist movie about nonconformity—but, with that said and out of the way, let's admit how marvellously enjoyable it is. With Ernest Thesiger as Hickson; Renée Houston as wily old Sarah; Kay Walsh (less successful) as Coker, the conscience-ridden barmaid; and Michael Gough (wretched) as the sculptor. Ronald Neame directed Guinness's adaptation; paintings by John Bratby. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 27.)

House Calls—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (Art, Gramercy, 68th St. Playhouse, and U. A. East.)

How to Marry a Millionaire (1953)—Marilyn Monroe, Betty Grable, and Lauren Bacall working their terrific varied resources up to the hilt in a funny Jean Negulesco comedy about getting themselves three stinking-rich beloveds. The Nunnally Johnson script epitomizes something about the Hollywood of the time: professional, slick, very like the best of the knowing TV commercials that we see now. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 31.)

If Ever I See You Again—With Joe Brooks, Shelley Hack, and Jimmy Breslin; directed by Mr. Brooks. (Loews Tower East.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—No one has ever fully explained what gives this basically slight romantic comedy its particular—and enormous—charm. It's no more than the story of a runaway heiress (Claudette Colbert) and a fired newspaperman (Clark Gable) who meet on a long-distance night bus and fall in love. Yet the film (which neither of its stars wanted to appear in) caught on with the public and made audiences happy in a way that only a few films in each era do; in the mid-thirties, the Colbert and the Gable of this film became Americans' idealized view of themselves—breezy, likable, sexy, gallant, and maybe just a little harebrained. (It was the "Annie Hall" of its day—before the invention of anxiety.) Frank Capra directed, from Robert Riskin's script, based on Samuel Hopkins Adams' short story "Night Bus." With Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Alan Hale, Ward Bond, Arthur Hoyt, and, as the jilted bridegroom, Jameson Thomas. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 28.)

Joseph Andrews—Tony Richardson, who made a fine and lively film of Fielding's "Tom Jones" fifteen years ago, has directed an equally spirited version of Fielding's "Joseph Andrews." Ann-Margret plays Lady Booby, a luscious upstart whose dress and manner are copied by her splendidly slipshod maid, Mrs. Slipslop (Beryl Reid). John Gielgud plays a doctor, and Michael Hordern plays a parson. Everything is blithe, exact, and eager. (4/24/78) (New Yorker; May 24.)

Just Imagine (1930)—Perhaps the only sci-fi musical comedy ever made, this is set in New York fifty years in the future, which is now just around the corner—1980. It's an oddly tacky concoction: papier-mâché skyscrapers soar into the painted heavens, stop-and-go signs refer to the traffic of airplanes, J-21 (John Garrick) and RT-42 (Frank Albertson) are both suitors for the hand in marriage of LN-18 (Maureen O'Sullivan), and J-21 pilots a rocket ship to Mars. This picture was fairly shameless in what it threw together; what helped to make it a hit were the painfully broad antics of the Swedish-accented yokel comic El Brendel in the role of Single O, a Rip van Winkle character who had died in 1930 and was revived in 1980. The script and the songs are by Lew Brown, B. G. De Sylva, and Ray Henderson; David Butler directed; Seymour Felix choreographed. With Mischa Auer, Marjorie White, and Hobart Bosworth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 30.)

The Last Waltz—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare. (5/1/78) (Ziegfeld.)

Lenny (1974)—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for those who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before his time. Working from a weak script by Julian Barry, Fosse accepts the view that Bruce's motivating force was to cleanse society of hypocrisy, and, having swallowed that, he can only defuse Bruce's humor. So when you hear Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Despite the fluent editing and the close-in documentary techniques and the sophisticated graphics, the picture is a later version of the one-to-one correlation of an artist's life and his art which we used to get in movies about painters and songwriters. It makes a serious, honorable try, but Hoffman's Lenny is a nice boy, whereas Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice; the movie turns a teasing, seductive hipster into a putz. As Honey, Valerie Perrine does a dazzling strip and gives an affecting, if limited, performance. With Gary Morton, Jan Miner, and Stanley Beck. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 26.)

Madame Rosa—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew, who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Plaza.)

The Magic Flute (1975)—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. He emphasizes the theatricality of the piece, using space as stage space but with the camera coming in close. We get the pixilated feeling that we're near enough to touch the person who is singing; we might be dreamers sailing invisibly among the guests at a cloud-borne party. It's blissful. The English translation of Bergman's adaptation of the text has considerable grace, and the story comes across even more directly than when you hear the opera sung in English. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 28.)

A Man and a Woman (1966)—Claude Lelouch's popular romance about people with swinging occupations: Jean-Louis Trintignant is a racing-car driver, Anouk Aimée a script girl, Pierre Barouh a stunt man. The cinematographer-director specializes in lyrical blur and mist. In French. (Cinema Village; May 31-June 1.)

The Memory of Justice (1976)—Centering on the definitions of war crimes formulated at the Nuremberg Trials, Marcel Ophuls examines the atrocities committed in Vietnam and other places; he attempts nothing less than an investigation of the nature of war guilt, and the film runs four hours and thirty-eight minutes. Striving for complexity, Ophuls extends his inquiry in so many directions that he loses his subject; despite some remarkable footage, the film is chaotic, plodding, and excessively self-conscious. (10/11/76) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 29.)

The Misfits (1961)—An erratic, sometimes personal in the wrong way, and generally unlucky picture that is often affecting. With Marilyn Monroe as a lonely young divorcée, Clark Gable as an aging cowhand, and Montgomery Clift as an accident-prone cowhand. Written by Arthur Miller and directed by John Huston. With Eli Wallach and Thelma Ritter. (Regency; May 28-30.)

Nazarin (1958)—The hero is a gentle Mexican priest—a Candide who is robbed and cheated—in this simple, masterly, ambiguous film by Luis Buñuel which is (perhaps in spite of his intention) his most tender. With Francisco Rabal. In Spanish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 31.)

Nightmare Alley (1947)—A tough-minded treatment of telepathy. It starts in the carnival world, where the ultimate in how low a man can sink is represented by the Geek, who bites the heads off live chickens; shuddering dipsomaniacs take the job, for a bottle a day. We know that this is what is in store for the smart, smiling young climber Stan (Tyrone Power); the shrewd, absorbing movie is about how he gets to that point. Stan eagerly and ruthlessly learns everything he can from the plump mind reader Zenna (Joan Blondell, in a rich, intensely likable performance); using her tricks, he becomes a headliner in a Chicago night club and begins to sample the possibilities of spiritualist rackets. William Gresham's novel has been toned down slightly, but Jules Furthman's script has some daring hard edges. The film loses its imaginative energy once it moves out of the ripe, sleazy carny milieu, and the technique of the director, Edmund Goulding, is conventional, even a little stodgy. Still, the material is unusual and the cast first-rate. Power, who persuaded Twentieth Century-Fox to let him play this doublecrossing heel-charlatan, puts his black-Irish good looks to ambivalent effect. With Ian Keith, Coleen Gray, Helen Walker, Taylor Holmes, and Mike Mazurki. (Thalia; May 31-June 1.)

Nunzio—With David Proval, directed by Paul Williams. (Cinema II.)

Odd Man Out (1946)—Wounded at noon, the Irish rebel Johnny MacQueen (James Mason) stumbles through the streets of Belfast until midnight—the object of an intense, widespread manhunt. The tormented, delirious man, bleeding to death, seeks (but does not find) refuge on his way to the grave. Despite the reservations we may feel about his final denunciation of a world without charity, it's a memorable scene. Though the director, Carol Reed, doesn't quite succeed in creating a masterpiece (the inflated ideas in the script don't allow him to), there are bravura visual passages, the sound is often startlingly effective, and the film provides an experience that can't be shrugged off. Mason isn't only a resourceful actor; he's also a superb camera subject, and Reed and the cinematographer, Robert Krasker, draw us so close to his Johnny MacQueen that we want to save him to save ourselves. With Kathleen Ryan, W. G. Fay, Maureen Delany, Denis O'Dea, F. J. McCormick, William Hartnell, Dan O'Herlihy, Fay Compton, Cyril Cusack and, regrettably, Robert Newton, in a badly misconceived performance in a badly misconceived role—the drunken mad painter Lukey. F. L. Green's novel was adapted by Green and R. C. Sherriff. Score by William Alwyn. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 30.)

Orpheus (1949)—A masterpiece of magical filmmaking. Though it is a narrative treatment of the legend of Orpheus in a modern Parisian setting, this film, written and directed by Jean Cocteau, is as inventive and as enigmatic as a dream. Orpheus (Jean Marais), the successful poet who is envied and despised by younger poets, needs to renew himself; he tries to push beyond the limits of human experience, to reach the unknowable—the mystery beyond mortality. Dark, troubled, passionate Maria Casarès is his Death: attended by her roaring motorcyclists,

the hooded messengers of death, she is mystery incarnate. The jazzy modern milieu has pulse and urgency, and Cocteau uses emblems and images of the then recent Nazi period and merges them with more primitive images of fear—as, indeed, they are merged in the modern consciousness. This gives the violence and mystery of the Orpheus story a contemporaneity that, in other hands, might seem merely chic; Cocteau's special gift was to raise chic to art. With Marie Déa as the sickly-sweet Eurydice, François Périer as Heurtebise (part chauffeur, part guardian angel, he suggests the ferryman Charon), and Edouard Dermithe and Juliette Greco. Music by Georges Auric, cinematography by Nicolas Hayer. In French. (Thalia; May 28-29.)

Out of the Past (1947)—A thin but well-shot suspense melodrama, kept from collapsing by the suggestiveness and intensity that the director, Jacques Tourneur, pours on. It's empty trash, but you do keep watching it. Kirk Douglas, a gangster, hires Robert Mitchum to find Jane Greer, who has run away from him. Predictably, she gets Mitchum (at his most somnolent-sexy droopy-eyed) in her clutches, and there are several killings before matters are resolved. The screenplay is by Geoffrey Homes (a pseudonym of Daniel Mainwaring), from his novel "Build My Gallows High." With Rhonda Fleming. (Thalia; May 31-June 1.)

Pirosmani—Directed by Georgi Shengelaya. In Russian. (Cinema Studio; starting May 26.)

Pretty Baby—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district is about to be shut down. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Coronet.)

Red River (1948)—A Howard Hawks film. John Wayne plays the heavy, and a magnificent young actor called Montgomery Clift is the stepson in a cattle Western full of stampedes and bang-bang battles with Indians. Hawks worshippers claim much too much for this film, but Clift is elating. He glitters with audacity and talent. (Regency; May 28-30.)

La Ronde (1950)—Love makes the world go 'round in Max Ophuls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the heyday of its art-house fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 28.)

Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler). With Karen Lynn Gorney; directed by John Badham. (12/26/77) (D. W. Griffith, and Waverly.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

The Sentinel (1977)—With Chris Sarandon and Cristina Raines, directed by Michael Winner. (Olympia; through May 30.)

The Seven Year Itch (1955)—All that most people remember of this labored farce is the sequence with Marilyn Monroe standing on a New York subway grating when a train whooshes by; the air sends her skirt swirling up to her shoulders. The director, Billy Wilder, and George Axelrod reshaped Axelrod's Broadway hit about the summertime flirtation of a shy married man (Tom Ewell) in order to build up Monroe's role. Wilder flails away at such gags as a plumber (Victor Moore) dropping a wrench in a bathtub occupied by Monroe, who has caught her toe in the faucet. With Evelyn Keyes, Sonny Tufts, Robert Strauss, Oscar Homolka, Carolyn Jones, and Doro Merande. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 31.)

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A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—As Blanche DuBois, Vivien Leigh looks and acts like a destroyed Dresden shepherdess. Shakespeare must have had a woman like her in mind when he conceived Ophelia. Blanche's plea "I don't want realism . . . I want magic!" is central to "Streetcar." When Marlon Brando, as the realist Stanley Kowalski, cuts through her pretensions and responds to her flirting with a direct sexual assault, the system of illusions that holds her together breaks down, and he is revealed as a man without compassion—an infantile brute. The sets look stagy, and the arrangement of actors is frequently too transparently "worked out," but who cares when you're looking at two of the greatest performances ever put on film, and listening to some of the greatest dialogue ever written by an American? The director, Elia Kazan, places his skills at Tennessee Williams' service—he doesn't muck up the play. Academy Awards: Best Actress (Leigh), Best Supporting Actress (Kim Hunter), Best Supporting Actor (Karl Malden), etc. But at the time theatre managers complained that more customers left than came in. It took a while for this movie to reach its audience. (Regency; starting May 31.)

Thank God It's Friday—With Donna Summer and Hilary Beane, directed by Robert Klane. (Bay Cinema, and Loews Orpheum.)

This Man Must Die (1969)—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father (Michel Duchaussoy) who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son. The opening is powerful, and one looks forward to the storytelling of a celebrated craftsman famous for his perfectly controlled camera movement, but Chabrol's technique sags, and the movie is so hush-hush quiet, so unhurried and unoriginal, that it dies on the screen. As the uncouth villain, Jean Yanne is the only person in the film who has any vitality. From Nicholas Blake's novel "The Beast Must Die." In French. (Thalia; May 30.)

The Touch (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period. The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. The film is the best that Bergman has ever made about certain kinds of love—exact and very touching. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 29.)

The Turning Point—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through May 25.)

MOTOR INN
Restaurant

Twentieth Century (1934)—A first-rate hard-boiled farce about theatrical personalities. John Barrymore was a great farceur, and his performance as the egomaniac producer Oscar Jaffe is a roaring caricature of theatrical drive and temperament. It was Carole Lombard's performance as Jaffe's protegée, Lily Garland (née Mildred Plotka), who has become a movie star, that established her as a comedienne. Lombard's talents here are not of the highest, but her spirits are, and in her skin-tight satins she incarnates the giddied glamour of thirties comedy. Most of the action takes place on the crack train of the title—the Twentieth Century, going from Chicago to New York—which represented the latest thing in speed and luxury. The script, by Hecht and MacArthur from their play (which was a reworking of Bruce Milholland's play "Napoleon on Broadway"), is freely, carelessly irreverent, with affectionate, corny ethnic humor and wisecracks about religion. Howard Hawks directed in a fast, entertaining style—punching up the lines. With Ralph Forbes, and a batch of character actors whose faces were once as familiar to audiences as the faces with great names: Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Charles Levinson, Etienne Girardot, Edgar Kennedy, Edward Gargan, and Herman Bing. (The material serves as the basis of the current Broadway musical "On the Twentieth Century.") (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 26-27. . . . ¶ Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 28.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A sweetly sung tale of young love unable not to lose its way. Credit for this fearlessly sentimental triumph goes to Jacques Demy, who wrote and directed it, and Michel Legrand, who composed the score. The lovers are played by Catherine Deneuve and Nino Castelnuovo. In French. (Cinema Village; May 31-June 1.)

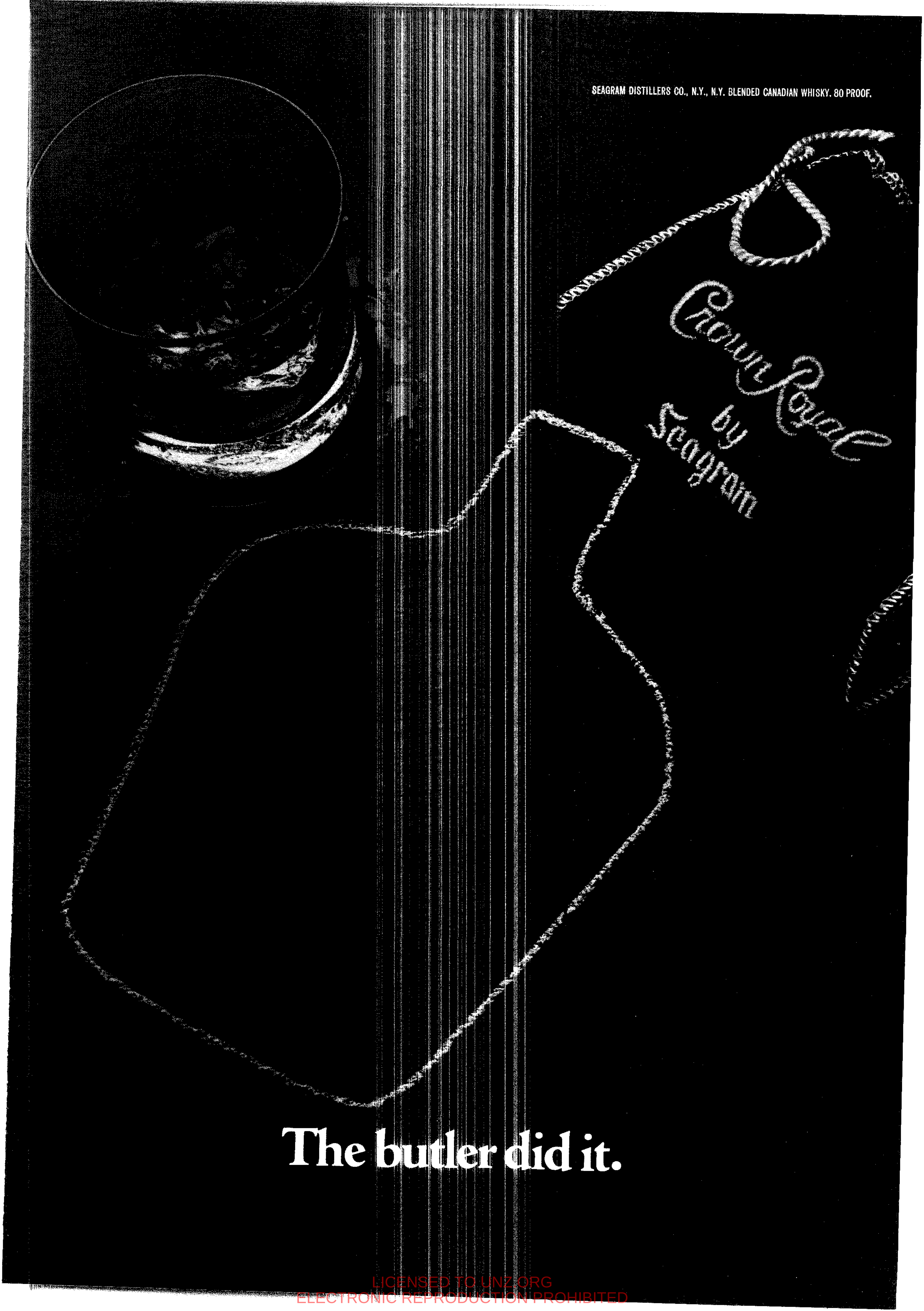
An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Cinema 3, and Paramount.)

We Will All Meet in Paradise—With Jean Rochefort, Claude Brasseur, Guy Bedos, and Victor Lanoux; directed by Yves Robert. (Columbia II.)

Where's Poppa? (1970)—This Carl Reiner comedy about a lawyer (George Segal) who can't get loose from his mother (Ruth Gordon) doesn't completely work—maybe because the mother has been made into a senile psychopath instead of a sly, possessive witch, and so the satirical point gets confused. But it has so much energy that it's intermittently very funny, and Reiner has directed some graceful scenes between Segal and the charming Trish Van Devere. (Olympia; starting May 31.)

A Woman of Paris (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). The film has a sense of comedy that is debonair, elegant, bitterly close to truth. Chaplin withdrew it from circulation in the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. (4/17/78) (Cinema Studio; through May 25. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting May 26.)

Word Is Out—A documentary based on conversations with twenty-six homosexual men and women. (Quad Cinema; through May 25.)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HONGKONG

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

DICK CAVETT recently invited three publishers and a literary agent to appear on his evening talk show, and during the conversation he asked them what they thought about the practice of paying large advances for books written by the Watergate defendants. One of those who answered was Richard Snyder, the president of Simon & Schuster, which published "Blind Ambition," by John Dean. History was well served by having all points of view on the Watergate story available, Mr. Snyder said, and he added that "weighty First Amendment questions" were involved. We tried to imagine what some of these might be. Snyder's thought seemed to be that a failure to publish books by the Watergate defendants would in some way compromise their right of free speech. He seemed to have construed a legal right as a legal order—as though the Constitution, instead of *safeguarding* the expression of *any* point of view, *required* the expression of *all* points of view. If that were so, of course, the First Amendment might really oblige publishers to publish books by the Watergate defendants (although it would hardly oblige them to offer enormous advances in competitive bidding). The law that now requires television stations in many cases to give a fair hearing to what are often called "responsible opposing points of view" (irresponsible opposing points of view are out of luck) would then require the same thing of publishers.

Carrying this line of thinking to its logical conclusion, one arrives at an entirely new interpretation of First Amendment rights—an interpretation in which the right of the individual to say what he wants to say is replaced by the right of the public to hear what it wants to hear. In the traditional interpretation of First Amendment rights, each publisher was free to exercise his own judgment about what to publish, and a diversity of views was supposed to generate itself in the community as a whole. In the new interpretation, the role formerly played by the whole community is assigned to each publisher, and diversity becomes an individual responsibility. Free speech thus becomes, to a certain extent, compelled speech, for the purveyors of public opinion, instead of being merely free, are formally charged with a public obligation. Several attempts have actually been made to impose such an obligation on the press. Vice-President Spiro Agnew, for one, used to complain that newsmen were unelected—a criticism implying that facts could perhaps be *voted* into or out of existence. The reaction from the press to Agnew's remarks was largely unfavorable, but the principle underlying them—the principle that published opinion should be representative—gained ground in publications anyway, in the form of "op-ed" pages, in which newspapers put aside their own editorial views and give the views of their communities a general airing. On these new battlegrounds of opinion, every view must be matched by a counterview. If someone thinks that cigarette smoking is bad for your health, someone has to be found who thinks that cigarettes are good for you; if someone opposes flammable pajamas, someone has to be brought forward who favors flammable pajamas. Sometimes the two opposing views are presented within a single, self-annihilating article. By implication, a strange corollary to the democratic ideal of the equality of all men emerges: the ideal of the equality of all opinions. In its most advanced form, the op-ed principle produces the op-ed mind. Then we see the community's war of opinion taking place not on a single page but in a single brain, which, in the interests of a misconceived fairness, ends up searching out the midpoint between every available pair of clashing opinions and calling that opinion its own. When this happens, the original purpose of free speech is lost—not through government repression but through the disintegration of individual points of view.

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Biko's Friend

"WHEN I escaped from South Africa into Lesotho, the government there gave me a United Nations safe-passage document. It's quite a handsome document—in the place where most passports list which nations they are valid for travel in, this says simply 'the World'—and I've grown quite accustomed to it. I'm very conscious now of being a citizen of the world, and I must say I've been made very welcome these past four months in many parts of it. In my capacity as world citizen, moreover, I've discovered things I never knew before—that in Australia, for instance, the kangaroo is a real traffic hazard, and that in northern Scandinavia automobiles not infrequently collide with moose. It has been an ironic time for me. Being banned in South Africa means, among other things, that one may not legally travel, write, or make speeches. Since January, I have travelled more than eighty-five thousand miles, have written more words than I ever wrote as a journalist, and have done so much talking—a good deal of it, naturally, against apartheid—that I'm surprised this editor from Hicksville still has any voice."

These words were addressed to us the other day, in a commendably strong voice, by Donald Woods, formerly the editor of the East London, South Africa, *Daily Dispatch*. Mr. Woods, white, was in New York to mark the publication of the American edition of "Biko," his book about his friend Stephen Biko, black, now also dead.

"The contrast between my old life and my present one is fantastic," Mr. Woods went on. "Up to the time I knew Steve Biko, my circumstances were exceedingly agreeable. My wife, Wendy, and I had our fifth child six years ago, and at about that time I reached a stage of life where I was thoroughly settled into a comfortable rut, writing an anti-apartheid piece every second day or so, playing lots of golf and chess. Then, in 1973, I met and befriended Steve Biko, and my life inevitably turned inconvenient. Whenever I got a phone call that he had been arrested again, I knew I wouldn't be going to the golf club but, rather, would be dashing off somewhere to rustle up bail for him. It was a strain on my fat-cat existence. Even so, last July my brother and I went on a golfing holiday to Britain, to play St. Andrews and Carnoustie and Sunningdale and the other legendary courses; and we took in the cricket matches at Lord's; and if anybody had said to me then that I would be *living* in Britain six months afterward I'd have said he was stone crazy.

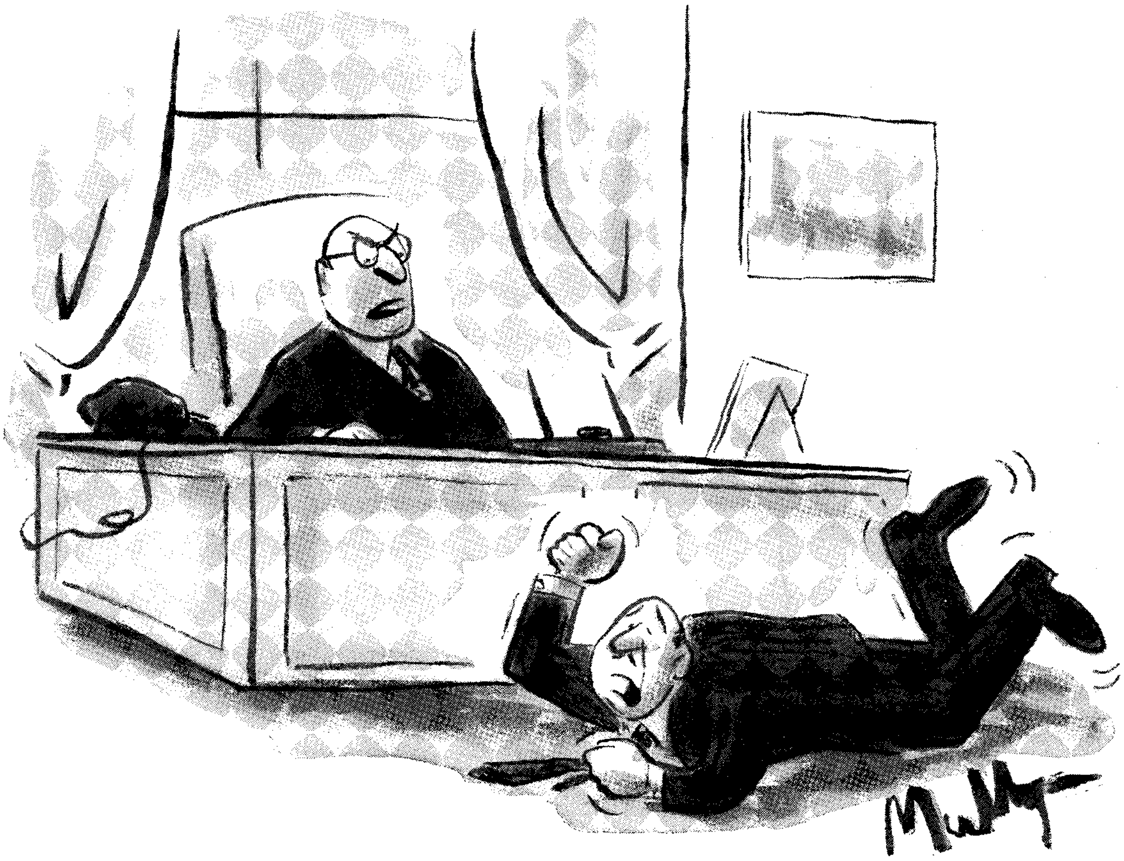
"But the night last September when I heard that Steve was dead, everything really changed. I was reminded then of what one Afrikaner politician said when his Nationalist Party took over our government, in 1948: 'Even the trees look different.' For me, the entire foundation of things had suddenly been cut away. While Steve was alive, I kept hoping that the situation in South Africa could be sorted out by logic. I never was and am not now in complete agreement with everything Steve stood for—I was nowhere near as radical as he—but he was my *friend*. In London the other day, I was addressing a meeting of the Royal Society, and someone said in the question period, 'A reader of your book finds it hard to accept that anyone could have been as good as you say Biko was.' I replied that I would have included Steve's warts if I'd known of any but that I couldn't manufacture them. Then Sir Robert Birley, the stately old ex-headmaster of Eton, hauled himself to his feet and leant on his stick and said, 'I'm happy to be able to bear out that I knew Steve Biko and that he was indeed a remarkable man. When Dennis Healey was going to South Africa as Secretary of State for Defense, I told him that it was most important that he seek out Biko, because that young man would assuredly someday be Prime Minister of South Africa.' Steve was still in his early twenties at that time; that was long before *I* met him. If the impact he had on me comes through in my book like too much of a good thing, that's because he was a rare human being.

"Well, after Steve's death I sort of hit the campaign trail, speaking out against the government. One chap listening to a talk of mine in Cape Town told me later that he'd said to his wife, 'They'll never let him get away with it.' But I didn't think the authorities would do much against a journalist. I thought they might eventually attempt to prosecute me under, say, their law about incitement to racial hostility, but I didn't think I'd ever be banned. If they got hold of me today, incidentally, they could sentence me to death under the broad terms of their Suppression of Terrorism Act, for advocating international sanctions against the government. In October, I was at the Johannesburg airport, about to board a plane for the United States, where I was supposed to take part in a conference, when three security men stopped me at passport control and said that I'd been banned and that they had orders from the Minister of Justice to escort me straight back to East London. As they were leading me away, I saw a couple of people I knew, and I wanted to run over to them and say, 'Hey, you know what's happening to me?' At the airport security office, my escorts went through my suitcase, and seemed disappointed to find nothing more than a couple of books on cricket and rugby. 'What are you looking for?' I asked. 'Firearms,' they said. I expected that they would fly me to East London—it's almost five hundred miles from Joburg—but they said no, they couldn't wait for a plane, their instructions were to get me on the road at once."

In September, Mr. Woods will be moving from London to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Harvard has offered him a Nieman Fellowship. That should come in handy, because the Woodses managed to take only seven hundred rand—a bit over eight hundred dollars—out of South Africa. (His family had left the country before the alarm was raised.) "Not much when you have five children," the paterfamilias told us. "But, what with writing and lecturing, I hope to get by. I feel intellectually at home in the United States. I especially admire the openness of Americans. When I was in Washington, on an earlier visit, talking to your Vice-President in the White House, Mr. Mondale took me into the Oval Office to meet the President, and Mr. Carter was kind enough to urge me to feel welcome over here. My own government, I'm afraid, is particularly mad at me these days—the Afrikaans press has taken some nasty swipes, once even referring to a secretary at the *Dispatch* whom I hardly knew as 'his female friend'—but people I meet in the States or Australia, or wherever, do not generally perceive me to be a wild-eyed revolutionary. My children miss their friends in South Africa, and the sunshine, but the whole experience has been something of an adventure for them. In England, they saw snow for the first time, and they went quite bonkers throwing snowballs at one another. I miss my native land, too, but being a banned person there is no way to live. I was captain of the East London chess-club team, for instance, and when the colonel in charge of the local security-police office was explaining the do's and don'ts of banning to me—you're not permitted to talk to more than one person at a time, outside of your immediate family—and I asked him if I could play at the chess club, he said only if I didn't have any tea or coffee, because if I did and somebody else did simultaneously, that would constitute a common social purpose, which was taboo. To please my sense of humor, I did once go to my golf club—security policemen do not patrol golf courses—and walk into the bar and order a drink. There were three kinds of reaction: some members made a point of moving over and standing next to me; some shrank away; and the rest pretended that I was not there at all."

We asked Mr. Woods when he had last had any personal contact with Prime Minister Vorster.

"I went to dinner about three years ago at his official residence, Libertas, in Pretoria," Mr. Woods replied. "He was entertaining twenty-seven editors, and while we were having our pre-meal whiskeys he said to me—we spoke Afrikaans exclusively that evening—'Man, why do you go on and on and *on* day after day after *day* about apartheid?' I replied rather lamely that he should be grateful that there was some editor around who was letting him know how most blacks felt about his government. 'My God, with friends like you, who needs enemies?' he said. To make sure no editor would seem to be favored over any other, we drew lots for our places at the table, and, as luck would have it, I ended up at Mr. Vorster's right. 'Oh, my God, you're next to me!' he exclaimed—but not unhumorously. At the end of the evening, I could not help noticing that when he bade farewell to his guests, I was one of only two—the other was Petrus Cillié, the doyen of the Afrikaans press—whom he addressed by their first names. I suppose you could safely say that since that evening my relationship with the Prime Minister has deteriorated."



"Nobody likes a crybaby, Rosewater."

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Ice Age

OVER at the American Museum of Natural History, a lot of people are in a regular swivet about the Upper Paleolithic, or last Ice Age. The first major exhibition of Ice Age art ever to be presented in America opens this week at the museum, in a series of cavelike galleries on the third floor, where examples of many important surviving artifacts of the Upper Paleolithic (c. 35,000 to 10,000 B.C.) Cro-Magnon hunting cultures of Europe can be seen, either in the original, in reproduction, or in photographs: flint and bone tools, weapon points, personal ornaments, amulets, and spear-throwers; female "Venus" figures; the splendid animal paintings from Lascaux, Altamira, and other famous decorated caves; and also—sensation!—the remarkably lifelike "portraits" of Ice Age men and women which have just recently come to light in France and Italy. The archeology of the Upper Paleolithic is a fairly hot item in Europe right now, and several of the museum's normally non-wagering types are quietly betting that as a result of the show it will soon become a fairly hot item here as well.

Henry Gardiner, the museum's exhibit-design chief, is an old friend of ours, and we persuaded him to let us come around last week while everybody was in a last-minute rush to get ready for the opening. He introduced us to Margaret Cooper, the show's organizer, who had proposed the exhibition more than a year and a half ago after reading a piece in the *Times* on prehistoric art. "One of our trustees had already spoken to me about the same idea," Gardiner told us. "At first, we planned a rather modest exhibition, but as we all talked about it, it got bigger. David Hurst Thomas, the head of our anthropology department, had been working independently with Alexander Marshack—a research associate at Harvard's Peabody Museum and one of the leading authorities on the Upper Paleolithic—on some American Indian pictographs out West; he suggested that Marshack be brought in as a scientific consultant, and Marshack, in turn, made us aware of the tremendous scope of Ice Age art, which extends all the way across Europe and into Russia and Siberia. He's really been a powerhouse at getting material together."

"While it's primarily an art exhibit," Margaret Cooper said, "this is a natural-history museum, after all, so we've tried to stress, too, the conditions that produced the art—the ecological and climatological and social context. We wanted to call it 'The Early Early Show,' but the trustees wouldn't go along."

Much of the material for the show comes from other museums, in this country and abroad; a shipment from the Soviet Union, dispatched on March 6th, was being anxiously awaited when we were there last week. Some of the most interesting material, however, was discovered in the cavernous storerooms of the American Museum itself. A large painted reproduction of the central section of the "Bison Ceiling" at Altamira turned up during a routine inventory of the Anthropology Department two months ago; it had been made by the Frobenius Institute, in Frankfurt, in 1937 and presented to the museum in 1938, and then stored away and forgotten. Gardiner turned up a large chunk of rock with the figure of a horse scratched on it; the rock had been unearthed in the Dordogne more than sixty years ago by Henry Fairfield Osborn, the museum's long-time president, and it dates from the right period—about 20,000 B.C.

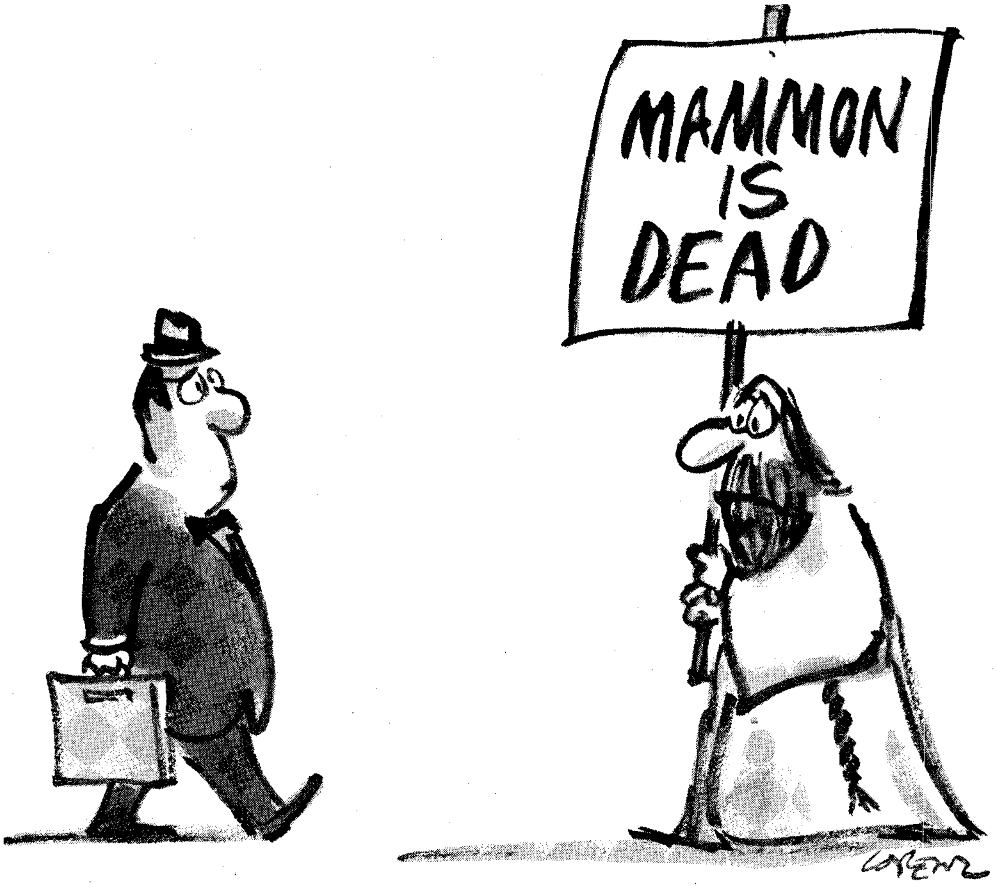
There being as yet little to see in the exhibition area, we went upstairs to the design department's offices and workshop, where Marshack soon joined us. Marshack is an impressive man—tall, white-haired, with a resonant voice and a somewhat oracular manner. He spent five months in the Soviet Union last year, as a guest of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, and told us he had just finished writing a detailed scientific report on his findings about Ukrainian Ice Age art. "They're beginning to discover art in Siberia that seems to be earlier than any found in France," he said. "No scholarly articles on this art have been published yet, but it appears that such material was widespread. The Soviets have found a percussion orchestra of six instruments in an excavation at the Ukrainian site of Mezin. It's a set of painted mammoth bones, each of which provides a different timbre and tone. They've also found a flute, at another site, with four holes on top and two underneath. A percussion orchestra and a flute prove that there was music in Russia in the Ice Age. In the British Museum, I had previously seen a flute dating from the same period in France and with the same four holes on top and two below. Now, a six-stop flute is a musical instrument, not a whistle. So I think we can conclude that Ice Age rituals and ceremonies were conducted to real music. These were not primitive people, you see."

When we asked about the newly discovered "portraits," Marshack produced a large volume entitled "Les Gravures de la Marche, Vol. II—Les Humains," and began flipping through its illustrated pages. "We've known for a hundred years of some Ice Age human-figure drawings—usually cartoonlike figures on the walls of caves or on bones," he said. "But in general it's been believed that while the Ice Age artists made exquisite idealized female figurines—the so-called 'Venus' carvings—and very beautiful pictures of animals, they did not draw one another. Then, in 1976, the French archeologist Léon Pales published these studies of some stone engravings at the excavation site of La Marche, north of the Dordogne, in France. They're engraved faces—mostly faces, and mostly in profile—of many different types: young and old, beautiful and ugly, bearded, mustached, fat and pregnant, dancing, praying, wearing gowns and caps and wearing beads in their hair, and so on. You almost have the feeling of looking at an artist's sketchbook—which it isn't, of course. They've been published only in France, and they've never been exhibited anywhere. We'll have a whole panel of them in the show, in Pales's hand-drawn copies—a whole series of faces of people who could be sitting in a bar in Paris right now. Look at that rounded chin and that uptilted, almost Irish nose—that's the same face you see in the Dordogne today. And it's so fascinating because it shows that these people, when they wanted to, could be exquisite realists with the human face. They didn't want to! What this means, I don't know."

"Which I like," Margaret Cooper said. "I think it's great when nobody can explain these things."

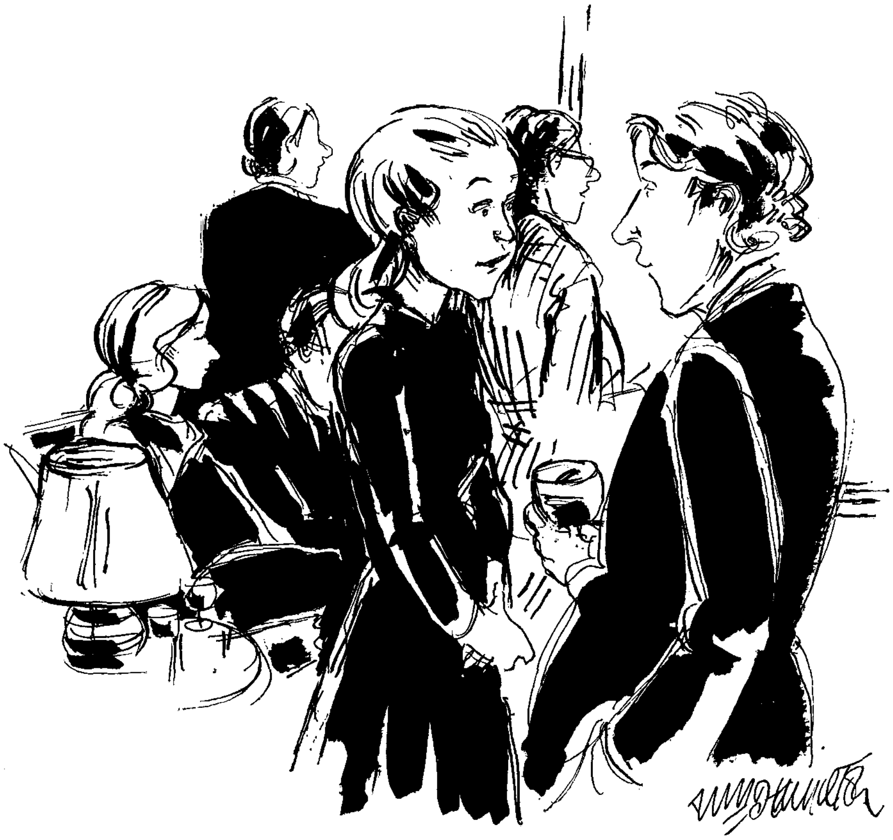
"Look at this," Marshack said, putting the book aside and showing us a photograph of a skeleton. The skeleton was that of a woman who had been ceremonially buried in a costume sewn with thirty-five hundred mammoth-ivory and bone beads, he said, and it had been dug up rather recently in Sungir, east of Moscow. Soviet archeologists were able to reconstruct the costume she was wearing, and, according to Otto Bader, the head Soviet archeologist at the site, it was an exact prototype of clothing worn today by Arctic peoples—a pullover shirt of animal skin, trousers with moccasins attached, a mantle over these, and a cap.

"Ninety-nine per cent of the American archeologists who come to this show will never have seen this material," Marshack said. "It's really a very complicated show as well as a beautiful one. The cave paintings are only one aspect of it. In the same period as the Lascaux paintings, Mongoloid people in Siberia were doing art as fine as any Paleolithic art in Europe. And these were the people who walked into the Americas, carrying their traditions with them. This *is* the native-American tradition, and in 14,000 B.C., as you can see, it was already on a very high level."



Noun

BARRY FARBER, the silver-tongued radio talk-show host and occasional politician—he ran for mayor last time around and, some will recall, did not win—has conceived a scheme to pay off his campaign debts by selling shredded pigmeat and soggy coleslaw in a bagel restaurant in Times Square. Roughly, this is how it is supposed to work: About once a week, a three-hundred-pound man called Fuzzy Nelson, who owns a barbecue joint in Madison, North Carolina, packs fifty pounds of hickory-cooked shredded pork shoulder in a box, freezes it, and ships it by air freight to New York City. Upon its arrival at LaGuardia, it is transferred to a taxi and delivered to One Times Square, formerly known as the Allied Chemical Tower, where there is a fast-food restaurant on the ground floor called—remember, this is New York City—Café de la Bagel. One Times Square and the Café de la Bagel are owned by Alex Parker, the real-estate man, who has turned over the restaurant operation to a Greek immigrant named Nick Evangelinos. Nick also runs a pizza place at Fifty-second and Lexington, but he can handle bagels with ease and deals heavily in plain bagels, onion-flavored bagels, sesame bagels, salt bagels, pumpernickel bagels, and—this one seems unfortunate—cinnamon bagels. Anyway, for



"I think you're an amateur in the best sense of the word."

the past few weeks the Café de la Bagel has been offering a product called Barry Farber's Authentic North Carolina Wood Cooked Pit Barbecue. It is pork on a hamburger bun, with a topping of finely chopped ketchup-soaked coleslaw, and sells for a dollar seventy-five. We had two of these sandwiches the other day in the company of the eponymous Farber, who, ready or not, eats the stuff at noon. As we sat down with him, he explained that Nick Evangelinos would not be selling shredded pork alongside the cream cheese if he himself hadn't accumulated about thirty-four thousand sandwiches' worth of campaign debts.

"I feel morally obligated to pay this off personally, and I'll be the first New York politician ever to do it," said Farber. "As far as the idea of bringing barbecue to New York is concerned, I've had it in mind now for twenty-one years. I've been begging someone to steal the idea. Now I've finally had to bring the barbecue here myself. After the campaign, we were sixty thousand dollars in the hole, and I went to Alex Parker—he'll be down to join us in a minute; he eats here every day—and said, 'You ever heard of barbecue?' He said, 'Oh, sure, we've got one in the back yard.' I told him, 'Go into meditation, and when you've got a clean mental blackboard call me back.' The problem is that in New York people think 'barbecue' is an adjective—you know, barbecue ribs, barbecue chicken. In Texas, they think it's a verb—you go barbecue a side of beef. But in North Carolina, where I come from, we know it's a *noun*. Until I was eighteen years old, I thought there was a marvellous animal in the forest with bright-orange tail feathers called a barbecue, who rolled around in brambleberry bogs all day long trying to get more delicious."

A customer walked by and, having eaten well, raised a triumphant fist in Farber's direction. "Thank you, pal," Barry said. "Thanks a bunch." Then he turned back to us. "Where was I?" he said. "Oh, yes, so finally Alex Parker said, 'Let's have some for lunch,' and I said, 'Fine, but we've got to go to North Carolina to get it.' So the next day we flew down there, and when Alex ate his first bite I knew we were in business. He got a sandwich that was all soggy and drippy, the way it's supposed to be. If it dries out, you've got to throw it away. The bun has to be right, too—warm. And it should be a *plain* bun, not the bun with sesame seeds they've been serving here. We need to change that. You give a seeded bun to a Carolinian and you'll have Fort Sumter all over again."

Farber looked down at his empty plate. "I'm starting to go through withdrawal," he said. "Let's have a couple more."

As he waited for the sandwiches, we could hear him tell a counterman, "*Warmer, warmer*. The bun should be warm." When he returned, he said, "I just can't take it when I say 'warm' and they ask whether I'd like it 'toasted.' There's no such thing as toasted. When it comes to something like this, it's vital to remember that you can't give a Northerner an option. You've got to lead him by the hand."

A few moments later, Alex Parker joined us. He brought a sandwich with him and, between bites, talked business. "Three weeks ago, I went down to see Fuzzy Nelson," he said. "He's been real concerned. He says, 'You sure that stuff tastes O.K. when it gets thawed out up there in Times Square?' I assured him it does. Then I told him, 'Fuzzy, would you believe, though, people come in and want to order barbecue on a bagel?' I thought that would get to him. But you know what he said? He said, 'What's a bagel?' "

After finishing his sandwich, Parker, a man who often wears a Mickey Mouse-patterned necktie and who enjoys thinking of himself as an optimist, ran through a quick account of how he intends to build his barbecue empire in New York City: seven and a half million residents, twenty million tourists in town each year, *x* number of them walking through Times Square, *x* number of those people dropping by the Café de la Bagel, *x* number of Barry Farber's Authentic North Carolina Wood Cooked Pit Barbecue sandwiches sold at the counter, eventually more and more outlets opening up, hickory-burning barbecue pits blooming in Harlem and the South Bronx, et cetera, et cetera.

We listened to all this and then, with some temerity, offered a marketing suggestion—that the white Styrofoam plates and orange plastic trays that the sandwiches are now served on might not be exactly suited to the product.

"Oh, you're absolutely correct," said Farber. "We've already thought of that. Give us time and we'll be serving what I call a combination. The food will come out on red-white-and-blue oblong plates that have been divided into three sections. Each plate will be shaped like the state of North Carolina. The way I see it, we'll put coleslaw in the coastal plains, hush puppies in the mountains, and barbecue in the Piedmont area."

MORE THAN TOUCAN DO

IT is now more than eleven years since I posed in these pages the question "Who couldn't push a dead cat over a waterfall?" and the time seems ripe to ask "Who was mobbed in 1848 by curl-crested toucans?"

To the earlier poser I was in a position to give a categorical reply, and did so—perhaps mistakenly, since it robbed the reader of the intellectual satisfaction of coming up with the answer himself. That mistake, if such it was, I am not in danger of repeating. What gives to the present inquiry its peculiar zest is that the solution is at the time of writing unknown to the propounder. The ball is in anyone's court. Let the best man, with time on his hands, a love of research, some interest in birds, beetles, nineteenth-century scientific exploration, and the correct wear for collecting specimens up the Amazon—plus rather more enthusiasm than I have for digging back to source material—let him go right ahead and send his findings to me in due course, but without including a stamped self-addressed envelope that might encourage a continuation of the correspondence.

Some hints I am prepared to give. Indeed, all the information I have been able to gather without exerting myself and such deductions as I have so far made from it are at the reader's disposal. All that is required is to move on from there and answer the straightforward question "Was it A who was mobbed or was it B?" Or, to come right out into the open: "Was it Alfred Russel Wallace or Henry Walter Bates?"

Unavoidable Preliminary Notes

These two young Englishmen, each destined to play a distinguished part in the formulation of the evolutionary theories that culminated in Darwin's "Origin of Species," first met at Leicester in 1844, when Bates was nineteen and Wallace only a couple of years older, and soon found themselves drawn together by a shared interest in natural history. In April of 1848, with typical Victorian élan, a capital of one hundred pounds, and the intention of collecting enough specimens to cover (at fourpence each) the expenses of the expedition, they set off for Brazil in a barque of one hundred and ninety-two tons burden, little dreaming, one dare guess, of the curious encounter that was to set *The New Yorker* readers by the ears a hundred and thirty years later. They were joined soon after their arrival by Alfred Wallace's rather nebulous brother Herbert and a couple of stray botanists picked up by him en route.

The party of five stayed for a while at Pará, near the mouth of the Amazon, and then moved upriver to Santarém, where one of them (ah, but which?) was so soon to be menaced by some of the most formidable beaks in the continent. Butterflies and beetles abounded hereabouts, strange plants delighted the botanists, and even Herbert "was struck in one village by the sight of a pig so black that, in certain lights, it looked blue." (The pig is not strictly relevant to our inquiry but is put in to round out the narrative.)

It Was Wallace

Bates has said so. In his classic "The Naturalist on the River Amazons" (which I have not got), he gives a full account of the mobbing and points the finger unerringly at his friend as the victim of the attack. I know that because Mrs. Amabel Williams-Ellis, in her admirable biography of Alfred Russel Wallace entitled "Darwin's Moon" (which I *have* got), relates the "odd incident of which Bates tells at length," though she herself keeps it moderately short.

"Toucans," she writes, "are, Bates says, bold and fearless birds which croak like frogs and walk with a sly, magpie gait. It was, as usual, necessary for the two zoologists of the party to collect specimens of as many kinds of toucan as possible. One day they crept up on a feeding flock of a comparatively small species, the Curl-Crested Toucan (*Ptaeglossos beauharnais*), whose head-feathers have been modified into thin, horny plates and whose beaks are less preposterous than those of some of their larger relations. One bird from the flock of these toucans was shot but not killed, and the wounded bird did not just croak, it screamed. Wallace picked it up, whereupon the rest of the flock attacked him like furies."

hand-made
POTTERY

What could be clearer than that? And to put the matter, one might think, beyond all doubt, there is pictorial evidence to add to the written evidence just quoted. "The picture used here as a frontispiece," says Mrs. Williams-Ellis (i.e., as a frontispiece to "Darwin's Moon"), "belongs to this time. It also forms the frontispiece to Bates's one book, and, although Bates does not say so, it is clear that the tall spectacled figure in the foreground can only be Alfred Wallace." She also adds at the end of her description of the alarming encounter, "It would be interesting to know which member of the party produced the sketch, for it is clearly an excellent likeness of Wallace when dressed for the rain-forests."

And here, before my very eyes, is the frontispiece, boldly titled in small capitals: "WALLACE IN THE BRAZILIAN JUNGLE ATTACKED BY TOUCANS (p. 47)." It is a closeup sketch, showing only the top half of the naturalist, who is wearing a plain shirt with largish buttons at front and wrist, a shallow-crowned wide-brimmed hat, and, as one would expect in a man dressed for the rain-forests, a neckerchief knotted loosely at his throat. His right hand holds the wounded toucan upside down, his left grasps his gun by the stock, while at or above the level of his hat four more markedly curl-crested birds menace him with cruelly gaping beaks. He has side whiskers but no mustache, an unobtrusive pair of spectacles, and an expression in the eyes which, although Mrs. Williams-Ellis does not say so, is surprisingly mild and quizzical, almost roguish, for a young explorer in such a predicament.

So why all the fuss? To Wallace, and Wallace alone, must go the credit for being perhaps the first Victorian zoologist ever to be attacked by curl-crested toucans.

Or Perhaps Not

There, indeed, the matter would rest, were it not that I also have on my shelves a book called "Victoria's Subjects Travelled," subtitled "An Anthology from the Works of Explorers and Travellers Between the Years 1850-1900," and published, in case the point is relevant, in 1951, some fifteen years before the appearance of "Darwin's Moon" and eighty-eight after that of Bates's book. It falls open, by no means for the first time, at a full-page illustration facing page 32 and entitled, no less boldly than the

"Is he well enough to lose?"

• •

frontispiece we have had under review, "HENRY WALTER BATES BEING MOBBED BY CURL-CRESTED TOUCANS [See page 22]."

Tableau!, as the Victorians used to say.

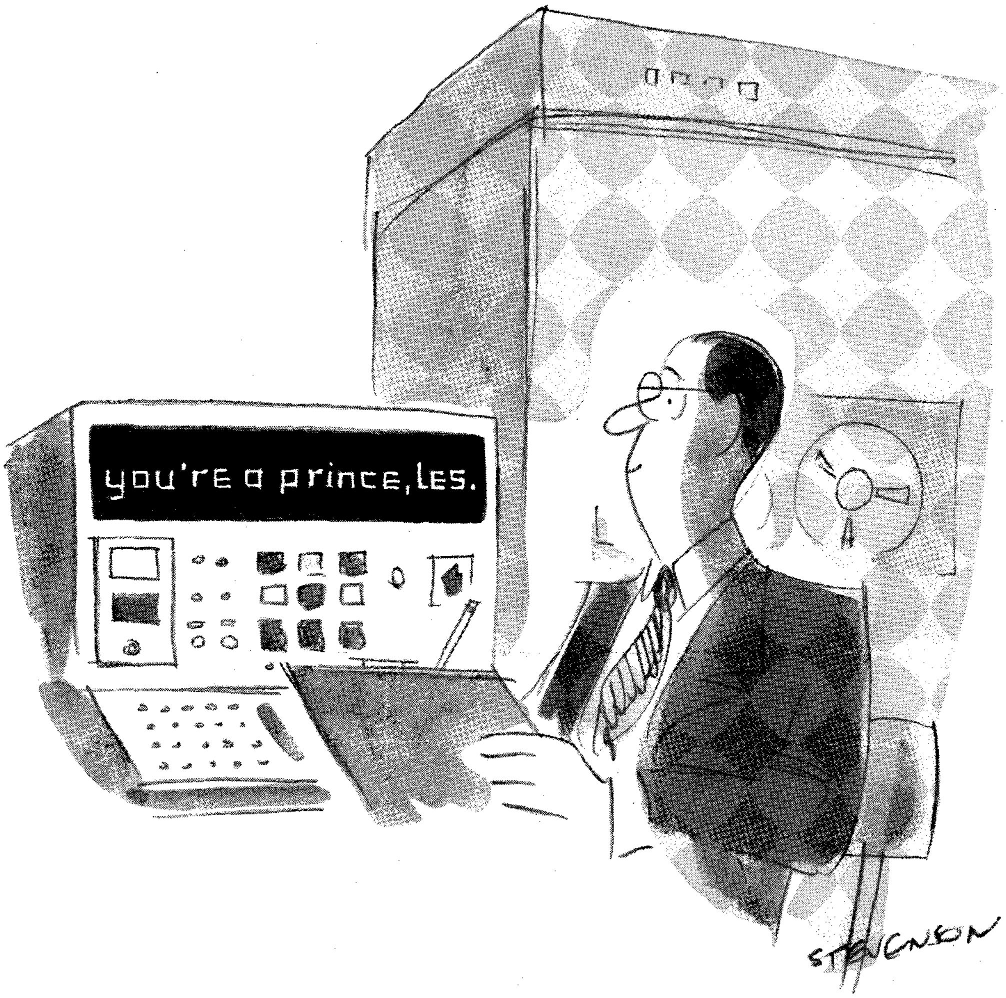
Obviously, our first step, as soon as we have recovered from the sensation of having the coconut matting pulled from under our feet, must be to see page 22, where, as expected, we find an extract from Bates's "The Naturalist on the River Amazons." Rather oddly, though, the chosen piece has nothing to do with mobbing or toucans but is about "The Tucúna Indians," a tribe whose members, despite the similarity of the name and a habit of ornamenting themselves with feathers, neither croak like frogs nor walk with a sly, magpie gait. Is it possible, then, that the illustration got in here by mistake, the name of Bates being substituted at a late stage for that of Wallace by some harassed editor determined to lend a veneer of relevance to the picture's otherwise total inapplicability?

No such facile solution will, I fear, pass muster, as a closer look at the drawing makes clear. The figure in the foreground is at least three-quarter length, showing that the trousers are supported at the waist by a dressing-gown cord altogether too ornate for Wallace's sober tastes. The toucan held in the right hand is not so much inverted as semi-horizontal in attempted flight; the gun is held not by the stock but by the barrel; the shirt is checked, not plain, and buttoned at the throat, no neckerchief being worn; there is a palpable mustache; and the eyes behind their dark-rimmed glasses glare upward in alarm, rather than demurely sidelong—and no wonder, for above the man's head no less than thirteen toucans screech and croak from a tangle of tropical vegetation. Only the floppy broad-brimmed hat is identical in the two pictures.

Clearly, we are faced (literally, in my own case) with two distinct drawings of two different men. Apart from the discrepancies of detail, the whole expression and attitude of the two figures are at variance; in the one we have the intrepid young Englishman at his best, in the other something more nearly resembling the late Groucho Marx being menaced by Mrs. Rittenhouse. The reader will by this time surely agree that we have unearthed a formidable crux in the history of nineteenth-century scientific exploration.

So Where Do We Go from Here?

Well, as a matter of fact, we turn to the very end of "Victoria's Subjects Travelled," where, among some excerpts from Alfred Wallace's own writings, we find an illustration of "A DYAK BEING ATTACKED BY AN ORANG-UTAN." This comparatively humdrum incident, which occurred during the naturalist's later expedition to the East Indies, is not of importance in itself; what matters is that this drawing is undoubtedly by the same hand as that showing "Henry Walter Bates" among the toucans. It bears in the bottom-right-hand corner the same initials (they look like "J.W." to me, try as I will to make them out to be "A.W."), and it is explicitly stated to be "An illustration from Alfred Russel Wallace's 'Malay Archipelago.' " Now, although the provenance of the other drawing is not given, I think we may deduce from the employment of the same artist


you're a prince, Les.

(whether Wallace himself or another) that it originally appeared in an earlier work of Wallace's, "A Narrative of Travels on the Amazon and Río Negro" (which I have not got). This deduction, besides being as neat a piece of investigative scholarship, short of actually taking any trouble, as you could hope to find, must mean that Wallace includes in *his* book on the Amazon expedition a totally different account of the toucan affray, with a totally different protagonist, from that given by Bates.

A Clutch of Improbabilities

The reader is now in possession of all the information I am able to provide. The rest is up to him—and if it be felt that I ought perhaps to have delved a little more deeply, read rather more widely, before throwing this bone of contention into the hitherto untroubled waters of Amazonian exploration, allow me to observe that *complete* knowledge is the death of speculation, and that "I am a firm believer that without speculation there is no good and original observation." Charles Darwin wrote that in a letter to Wallace, and what is good enough for him is good enough for me.

On the facts as known to me I therefore speculate as follows:

1. Wallace was mobbed, as implied by Bates in "The Naturalist on the River Amazons," but did his best in "A Narrative of Travels on the Amazon and Río Negro" to make Bates the hero of the encounter. This is characteristic of Wallace, who later let Darwin have all the credit for the theory of natural selection, which both had hit upon independently. The difficulty is, though, that Wallace published his book in 1853, Bates his not till ten years later.

2. Bates was mobbed, but thought his picture undignified and tried to shift the leading role to Wallace. Chronologically better, but unlike Bates, who was, by all accounts, a thoroughly dependable naturalist not given to distorting scientific facts.

3. Wallace and Bates each shot and wounded a toucan and, in the resulting confusion, could not clearly remember which of them was mobbed. Perhaps it was both.

4. Note, however, as a corollary to 1, 2, and 3, that both must have used the same hatter.

5. Wallace was mobbed first and, thinking it rather fun, handed his gun and the wounded bird to Bates with a cheery cry of "Now *you* have a go!" He also lent Bates his hat, for better protection. Or, of course,

6. Vice versa, though personally I rather lean toward

7. It was actually the nebulous pig-fancier *Herbert* Wallace who was attacked, but, as he died on the expedition not long afterward, neither Bates nor brother Alfred cared to furnish him with so bizarre a memorial. Each took what seemed to him the gentlemanly way out.

Consoling Conclusion

Many more solutions of the problem may well present themselves to the reader when he has acquainted himself with all the available source material. For further reading, in addition to the titles mentioned, I recommend any or all of Alfred Wallace's nineteen other publications (because you never know what may turn up where—though you might perhaps skip "Is Mars Habitable?" and "The Revolt of Democracy") and, if obtainable, the sales records of Leicester hatters in the eighteen-forties. Meanwhile, to end on a happily noncontroversial note, here (as recounted by Mrs. Amabel Williams-Ellis) is an incident belonging to Wallace's last years in retirement, at Broadstone, Dorset:

"He was sitting with a book on the lawn under an oak tree when suddenly a large creature alighted upon his shoulder. Looking round, he saw a fine ring-tailed lemur, of whose existence in the neighbourhood he had no knowledge. It seemed appropriate that the animal should have chosen the one person in the district who would not be alarmed."

This seems to me odder, in its way, than any number of curl-crested toucans. And, what is more, there can be no dispute about whose shoulder it was. Bates had been dead for years.

—H. F. Ellis

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With the engine warm and idling, after removing air filter, put a cold rag over the sensor and watch the damper door closes, remove the rag. If the door does not open, replace the sensor. If the door did not close when the rag was in place, you the vaccum motor. If this doesn't dot the trick, since you have already had the dwell adjusted and replaced the plugs, you may need to have a mechanic clean and repair the carburetor.—"*Car Questions" in the Dallas Morning News.*

Better *start* by getting a mechanic.

COMPANY

"Do you know, you get on my bloody nerves, you do," Albert said. His black-and-white dog ran between his feet, making him scuffle out of the way in case he should tread on it. "You've got on my bloody nerves all day."

It was almost dark when they set out for the golf course. A cool wind carried a whiff of hay from large square bales scattered about the field like tank traps in the war, when, as a youth in the Home Guard, Albert used to run from one to another with a rifle in his hand. It smelled good, the air did. He hadn't noticed in those distant days whether it had smelled good or not. Or perhaps he didn't remember. But you could tell it had been a hot day today, because even though the wind had a bit of an edge to it the whiff of hay was warm. "You do. You get on my bloody nerves."

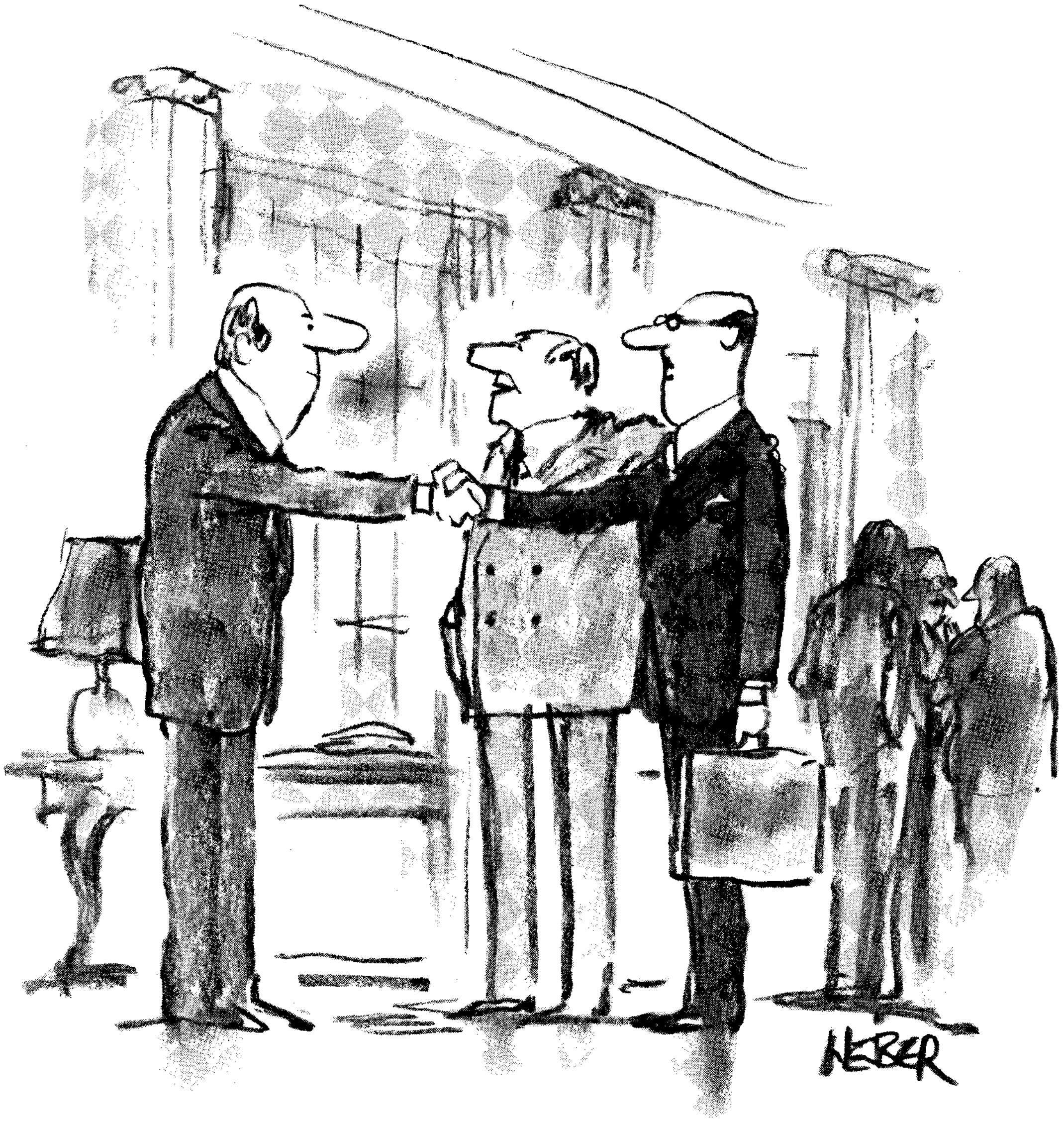
The dog quickened its pace, as if a bit more liveliness would mend matters. And Albert lengthened his stride, not in response to the dog but because he always did when he made the turning in the lane and saw the wood's dark shape abutting the golf course. His dog anticipated this further increase of speed: having been pulled in off the street a couple of years ago when it was starving, it couldn't afford not to. "Get away from my feet, will yer?" Albert's voice was little more than a sharp whisper because they were so near. The "will yer"—which he added with a certain amount of threat and venom—caused the dog to rub against his trousers. "You'll drive me up the pole, yer will," Albert said.

It wasn't a cold evening, but Albert wore a dark-blue overcoat, a white nylon scarf, and a bowler hat—more because he was familiar with them than to keep warm. He felt protected and alive inside his best clothes, and in any case he usually put them on when he left the house in the evening, out of some half-surfaced notion that if anything happened so that he couldn't get back home at least he'd be in clothes that would last a while, or fetch a bob or two at the rag shop if he had to sell them. The adage that if you dressed smart you did well was about the only useful advice his father had ever given him, though it was so obvious a truth that it would have made no difference had he kept his trap shut, especially since neither Albert nor his father had ever done well at anything in their lives.

"Here we are, you aggravating bogger." He stopped at the fence, then turned to the dog, which, as always at this point, and for reasons best known to itself, hung back. "Don't forget to follow me in."

The hole in the fence wasn't visible in the dark, but Albert knew exactly where it was. He got down on his haunches, shuffled forward, and lifted up a strand of smooth wire. The dog saw him vanish. When Albert stood up in the total blackness of the wood, he heard the dog whine. It showed no sign of coming through to join him, even though it was a job so much easier for a dog than a man. At least you might have thought so, but the animal was as deaf as a haddock when it came to listening to orders. It hesitated so long that Albert at last put his pale, bony hand under the fence, grabbed it by the collar—you had to give the damned thing a collar or else somebody might take it in—and yanked it through, briars and all. It didn't yelp. Whatever happened was no more than it expected.

Albert hadn't felt right since his mother died, three years ago. He had been unable to work after losing her, finding that nobody would take him on anyway, because they saw in his face that the guts had been knocked out of him. That's what he thought it was, and when he told them at the welfare that he felt he was on the scrap heap, they gave him money to keep the house and himself going. It wasn't very



"Señor Hidalgo, here, is one of the top bananas in one of the banana republics."

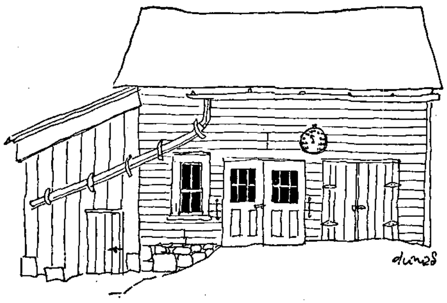
much. The dog was eating him out of house and home. Every time he had a slice of bread and marmalade, he had to cut some for the dog as well. Same when he poured a cup of tea—he had to put a saucerful on the floor. He had to do something to earn a few bob extra, so here he was.

Albert could do this zigzag walk without cracking twigs, but the dog rustled and sniffled enough for both of them, biting leaves as if there was a rat or ferret under every bush. There was a bit of light in the wood, now they'd got used to it, and he saw that the moon was coming up. It wasn't much of one, but it would be a help, without being too much of a hindrance. The sand-pit holes in the golf course beyond glowed like craters. The dog ran into a bush and came out more quickly than Albert had expected, nudging his leg with something hard in its jaws. Albert bent down and felt cold saliva as he took it and put it into his pocket. "That's one, anyway. Let's hope there'll be plenty more." Occasionally, when they found one so early it ended up a bad harvest. But you never knew. He had visions of coming across more lost golf balls than he could carry—pyramids that would need a wheelbarrow to carry away. In his vision, though, the golf balls seemed soft and warm in his fingers as he slipped them into his topcoat pocket.

The dog brought another while Albert smoked a fag, but then ten minutes went by without any more. "All right," he said, "we'd better go and see what we can find. Best not get too close to the clubhouse: the boggers sometimes stay up boozing late." His dog agreed, went through the fence this time even before Albert had finished muttering, and seemed glad to be in the open again.

The neighbors next door had said that Albert's mother had to die sometime. Not much else they could say, being as she was nearly eighty. She used to talk to him about his father, who had gone to work one day some twenty-five years ago complaining of pains in his stomach and had not come back alive. Something about a ruptured ulcer, or maybe it was cancer. There was no point in caring, once it had happened. The doctor had been kind but told them nothing—a man who looked at you with the sort of glittering eyes that didn't expect you to ask questions. Then *she* went as well. He bent down one morning to look, and saw that she'd never wake up. He sat with her a few minutes before going to get the doctor, not realizing till he got out of the door that he'd been with her ten hours in that long moment, and that dusk was beginning to glow up the cold street.

He was glad to be on the golf course proper, because the wood was full of nettles and brambles twisting all over the place. Stark moonlight shone on the grass so that it looked like frost. Even before Albert had gone five yards, the dog came leaping back to him and pushed another ball into his hand, the sand still gritty on its nose. That was three already, so maybe a jackpot night was coming up, though he didn't like to think so, in case it wasn't. The best thing was, like always, not to forecast anything, and see what happened.



Every golf ball meant fifteen pence in his pocket from the secondhand shop, and some weeks his finds added up to a couple of quid on top of his social security. He earned more by it than when he used to hang around caddying as a youth of fourteen, before the war. Every little bit had helped in those far-off days, but there had been too many others at it. Things had altered for the better when he'd got taken on at Gelding Pit, because as well as getting work he was exempted from the Army.

After the funeral he sat in the house wearing his best suit and wondering

SHAD-TIME

Though between sullen hills,
Flat intervales, harsh-bristled bank and bank,
The widening river surface fills
With sky-depth cold and blank,

The shadblow's white racemes
Burst here or there at random, scaled with red,
As when the spitting fuse of dreams
Lights in a vacant head,

Or as the Thracian strings,
Descending past the bedrock's muted staves,
Picked out the signatures of things
Even in death's own caves.

Shadblow—in farthest air
Toss three unsettled birds; where naked ledge
Buckles the current, a green glare
Of moss at the water's edge,

And, in this eddy here,
A russet disc of maple pollen spins.
With such brave poverties the year
Unstoppably begins.

It is a day to guess
What wide-deploying motives of delight
Concert great fields of emptiness
Beneath the mesh of sight

So that this boulder, this
Scored obstacle atilt in whittling spray,
This swarm of shadows, this abyss
In which pure numbers play,

Though cloudily astrew,
As rivers soon shall be with scattered roe,
Instant by instant chooses to
Affirm itself and flow.

—RICHARD WILBUR

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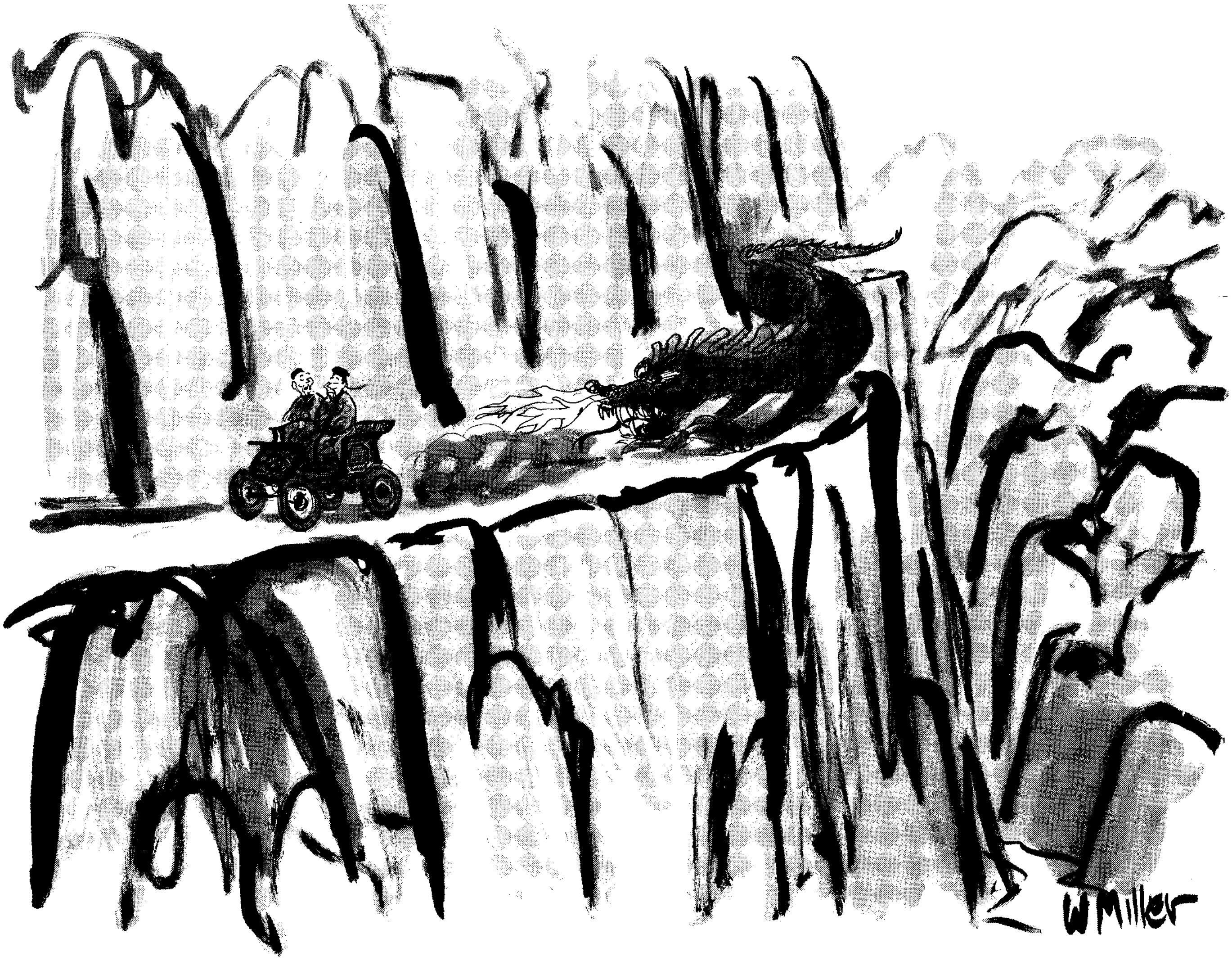


"The sad thing, if it catches us, is that no one will know we invented the motorcar in 1327."

• •

what would happen to him now. Going for a walk in the milk-and-water sunshine, he wandered near the golf course one day and saw a ball lying at his feet when he stopped to light a cigarette. He picked it up, took it home, and put it in a cut-glass bowl on the dresser. Later he went back looking for more.

Albert ran his fingers over the hard, indented pattern, brushing off sand grains and grass blades as they went along. It turned out to be an ordinary night, after all, because they found no more than four. "Come on, then, you slack bogger," he said to the dog. "Let's be off."

"IT'S a good dog," he said, sitting at a table with his half pint of ale. "But it gets on my nerves a bit too much at times." The others in the pub wondered what nerves he had to get on, such an odd-looking, well-wrapped-up fifty-year-old whose Jack Russell dog had followed him in. One of the railwaymen at the bar jokingly remarked that the dog was like a walking snowball with a stump of wood up its arse.

Albert sat brushing his bowler hat with his right-hand sleeve, making an anticlockwise motion around the crown and brim. Those who'd known him for years could see how suffering had thinned his face, lined his forehead, and deepened the vulnerable look in his eyes. Yet they wouldn't have admitted that he had anything to suffer about. Hadn't he got house, clothes, grub, half pint, and even a dog? But whatever it was, the expression and features (by now you couldn't tell where one ended and the other began) made him seem wiser and gentler than he was—certainly a different man from the knockabout young collier he'd been up to not long ago.

Albert gestured toward the dog. "He's got his uses, though."

The railwayman held up a crisp, and the animal waited for it to drop. "As long as it's obedient," he said. "That's all you want from a dog."

"It'll have your hand off, if you don't drop that crisp," Albert told him. The railwayman took the hint and let it fall under a stool.

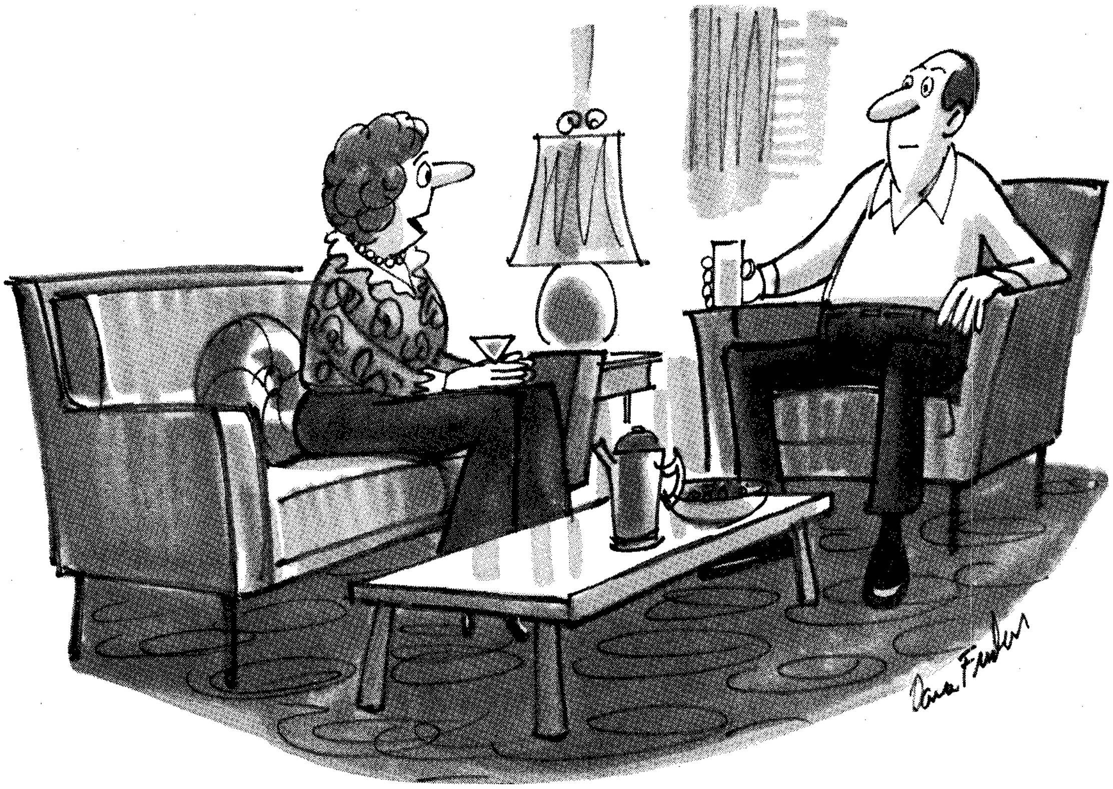
"As long as it's faithful, as well," a woman at the next table put in. "A dog's got to be faithful to its owner," she said. "It'll be obedient, all right, if it's faithful."

"It's a help to me," Albert admitted, "even though it does get on my nerves."

"Nerves!" she called out. "What nerves? You ain't got *nerves,* have you?"

"I'm not mental, if that's what you mean." Since he didn't know from her voice whether she was friendly or not, he looked at her more closely.

The dog came back from its crisp. "Gerrunder!" he told it harshly, to



"I dreamt I was sitting in on a National Security Council meeting, and guess what. Liza Minnelli and Halston were there, too!"

• •

prove that his nerves were as strong as the next person's.

Her laugh let him know that such a thing as strength might certainly be possible with him, after all. She had a short drink of gin or vodka in front of her, and a large flat white handbag. There was also an ashtray at the table at which she flicked ash from her cigarette, even when there seemed to be none, as if she were trying to throw the large ring on her finger into that place as well. Her opened brown fur coat showed a violet blouse underneath. He'd always found it hard to tell a woman's age, but from the short, graying hair fluffed up over her head he guessed she must be about fifty.

"Let him know who's boss," she said.

He felt the golf balls in his overcoat pocket. "I expect he wants his supper. I'll be getting him home soon."

Her hard jaw was less noticeable when she spoke. "Don't let him run your life."

"He don't do that. But he's fussy."

He observed that she had mischief in her eyes as well as in her words. "*I'll* say he is. Are you a local man?"

"Have been all my life," he told her.

She stood up. "I'll have another gin before I go. Keeps me warm when I get to bed."

He watched her stop at the one-armed bandit, stare at the fruit signs as if to read her fortune there, then put a couple of shillings through the mill. Losing, she jerked her head, and ordered two drinks, then said something to the men at the bar that made them laugh.

"You needn't a done that," Albert said when she set a pint of best bitter down for him. "I never have more than half a jar."

He needed it, by the look of him, this funny-seeming bloke whom she couldn't quite fathom—which was rare for her when it came to men. It was obvious a mile off that he lived alone, but he tried to keep himself smart, all the same, and that was rare.

She pushed the jar an inch closer. "It'll do you good. Didn't you ever get away in the Army?"

"No."

"Most men did."

The dog nudged his leg, but he ignored it. Go on the floor if you've got to. He'd leave when he was ready. "I was a collier, and missed all that."

She drank her gin in one quick flush. "No use nursing it. I only have a couple, though. I kept a boarding house in Yarmouth for twenty years. Now I'm back in Nottingham. I sometimes wonder why I came back."

"You must like it," he said.

"I do. And I don't." She saw the dog nudge him this time. "Has it got worms, or something?"

"Not on the hasty pudding he gets from me. He's a bit nervous, though."

He hadn't touched his pint.

"Aren't you going to have that?"

"I can't sup all of it."

She thought he was only joking. "I'll bet you did at one time."

When his face came alive, it took ten years off his age, she noticed. He laughed. "I did, an' all!"

"I'll drink it, if you don't."

"You're welcome." He smiled at the way she was bossing him, and picked up the jar of ale to drink.

SOMETIMES, when it was too wet and dreary to go to the golf course, he'd sit for hours in the dark, the dog by his side to be conveniently cursed whenever it scratched or shifted. At such times he might not know whether to go across the yard for a piss or get up and make a cup of tea. But occasionally he'd put the light on for a moment and take twenty pence from under the tea caddy on the scullery shelf and go to the pub for a drink before closing time.

If he had cashed his social-security check that day and he saw Alice there, he'd offer to get her a drink. Once, when she accepted, she said to him afterward, "Why don't we live together?"

He didn't answer, not knowing whether he was more surprised at being asked by her or at the idea of it at all. But he walked her home that night. In the autumn, when she went back to his place with him, she said, "You've got to live in my house. It's bigger than yours." You couldn't expect her to sound much different after donkey's years landladying in Yarmouth, Albert said to himself.

"My mother died here." He poured her another cup of tea. "I've lived all my life at 28 Hinks Street!"

"All the more reason to get shut on it."

That was as may be. He loved the house, and the thought of having to leave it was real pain. He'd be even less of a man without the house. Yet he felt an urge to get out of it, all the same.

"So if you want to come," she said, not taking sugar, because it spoiled the taste of her cigarette, "you can. I mean what I say."

She wondered when he was going to put the light on, whether or not he was saving on the electricity. He hadn't got a telly, and the old wireless on the sideboard had a hole in its face. A dead-looking tube had dust on it. Dust on all of us. She'd picked a winner all right, but didn't she always? The place looked clean enough, except it stank of the dog a bit.

"There's not only me, though," he said. "There's two of us."

She took another Craven A from her handbag and dropped the match in her tea saucer, since it seemed he didn't use ashtrays. "You mean your dog?"

He nodded.

Smoke went toward the mantelshelf. "There's two of *us*, as well."

Here was a surprise. If she had a dog they'd have to call it off. He was almost glad to hear it. Or perhaps it was a cat. "Who's that, then?"

"My son, Raymond. He's twenty-two, and not carat gold, either. He's a rough diamond, you might say, but a good lad at heart."

She saw she'd frightened him, but it was better now than later. "He's the apple of my eye," she went on, "but not so much that *you* can't come in and make a go of it with me. With your dog as well, if you like."

"The dog's only a bit o' summat I picked off the street, but I wouldn't part with him. He's been company, I suppose."

"Bring him. There's room. I've always wanted a man about the house, and I've never had one." Not for long enough, anyway. She told him she might not be much to look at (though he hadn't properly considered that yet) but that she *had* been at one time, when she'd worked as a typist at the stocking factory. It hadn't done her much good, because the gaffer had got her pregnant. Oh, yes, she'd known he was married, and that he was only playing about, and why not? It was good to get a bit of fun out of life, and was nice while it lasted. He'd been generous, in the circumstances. A lot of men would have slived off, but not him. He'd paid for everything and bought her a house at Yarmouth (where he'd taken her the first weekend they'd slept together: she didn't hide what she meant), so that she could run it as a boarding house and support herself. The money for Raymond came separate—monthly, till he was sixteen. She saved and scraped and invested for twenty years and had a tidy bit put by, though she'd got a job again now, because she didn't have enough to be a lady of leisure, and in any case everybody should earn their keep, so she worked as a receptionist at a motoring school. She liked having a job. Raymond worked at the Argus Factory on a center lathe—not a capstan lathe, because anybody could work one of them after an hour—but a proper big center lathe. She'd seen it when she went in one day to tell the foreman that Raymond would be off for a while with bronchitis and to collect his wages. He was a clever lad at mechanics and engineering, even if he had left school at sixteen. He made cigarette lighters and candlesticks and doorknobs on the Q.T.

He could see that she liked to talk, to say what she wanted out of life, and to tell how she'd got where she was—wherever that was. But he liked her, so it must be somewhere. When she talked she seemed to be in some other world, but he knew she wouldn't be feeling so free and enjoying it so much if he hadn't been sitting there to take it in. It was a change hearing somebody else, instead of his own old record.

"There's a garden for your dog, as well, at my place. He won't get run over there. And a bathroom in the house, so you won't have to cross the yard when you want to use it, like you do here."

He'd guessed as much, looking at it from the outside when he'd walked her home. It was a bay-windowed house at Hucknall with a gate and some palings along the front.

"It's all settled then, duck?"

"I'll say yes." It felt like jumping down a well you couldn't see the bottom of. He couldn't understand why he felt so glad at doing it.

She reached across to him. He had such rough hands for a man who took all night to make up his mind. Still, as long as there was somebody else to make it up for him there'd be no harm done.

"Every old sock finds an old shoe!" She laughed.

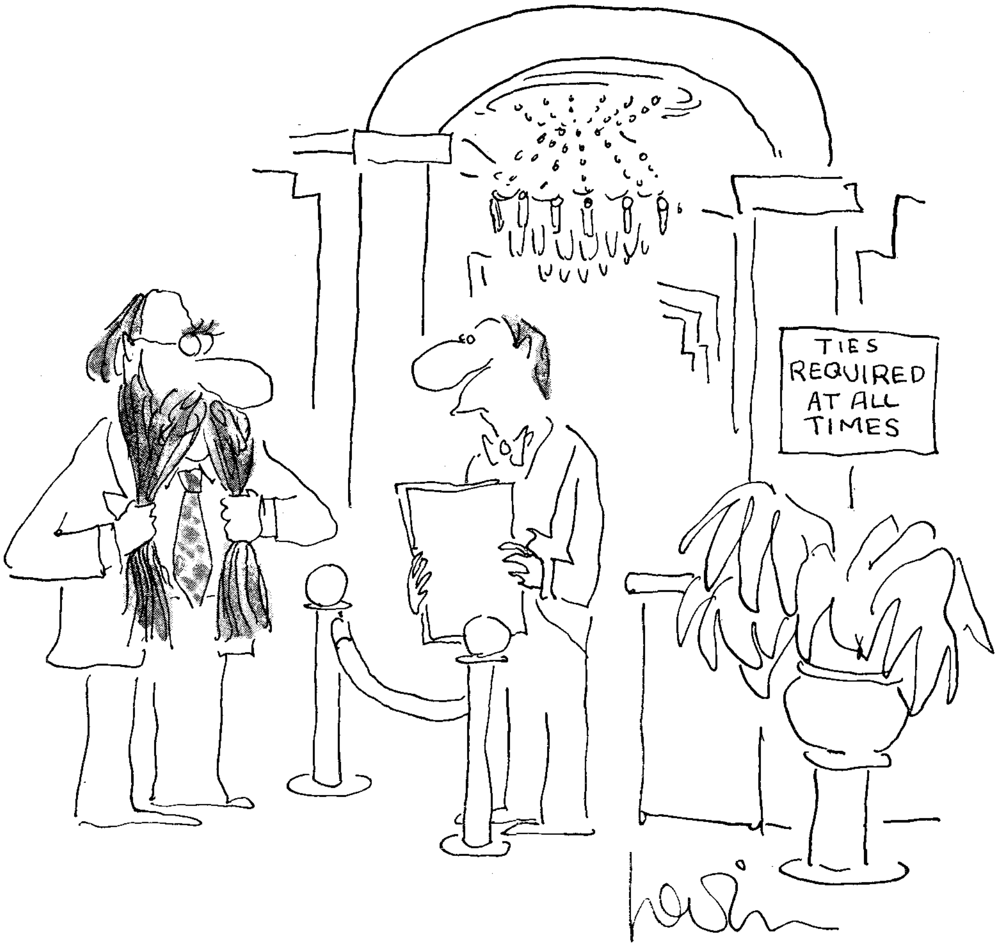
"A damned fine way of putting it!"

"It's what a friend at work said when I told her about us."

He grunted.

"Cheer up! I was only joking. As far as I'm concerned we're as young as the next lot, and we're as old as we feel. I always feel about twenty, if you want to know the truth. I often think I've not started to live yet."

She liked how easy it was to cheer



him up, which was something else you couldn't say for every chap.

HE polished his black boots by first spreading a dab of Kiwi with finger and rag—front, back, sides, and laces—then by plying the stiff-bristled brush till his arms ached, which gave the shoes a dullish black-lead look. He put them on for a final shine, lifting each foot in turn to the chair for a five-minute energetic buffing, so that he could see his face in them. You couldn't change a phase of your life without giving your boots an all-round clean, and in any case his face looked more interesting to him reflected in the leather than staring back from the mirror over the fireplace.

A large van arrived at half past eight from the best removal firm in town. She knew how to do things—he'd say that for her. Your breakfast's ready, she would call, but he might not want to get up, and then where would they be? Dig the garden, she'd say, and he'd have no energy. What about getting a job, she'd ask. Me and Raymond's got one, and you're no different to be without. I'm having a bit of a rest, he'd say. I worked thirty years at the pit face before I knocked off. Let others have a turn. I've done my share—till I'm good and ready to get set on again. She was the sort who would buy him a new tie and expect him to wear it whether he liked it or not. He stood on the doorstep and watched the van come up the street. There was no doubt that it was for him. His thinning hair was well parted, and he held his bowler hat on his forearm. He hoped the van would go by. After a night of thick dreams that he couldn't remember, he'd been up since six, packing a suitcase and cardboard box with things he didn't want the removal men to break or rip. He'd been as active as a bluebottle that spins crazily to try and stop itself dying after the summer's gone.

When you've moved in with me we'll have a honeymoon, she'd joked. Our room's ready for us, though we'll have to be a bit discreet as far as our Raymond's concerned. They would, it was true. He'd only kissed her in fun the other night, but it had knocked Raymond all of a heap for the rest of his short stay at the house. He'd seen that she was a well-made woman, and that she'd be a treat to sleep with. He hadn't been with anyone since before his mother died, but he felt in need of a change now. I'll have to start living again, he told himself, and the thought made him feel good.

The dog's stomach and all four paws touched the slab of the pavement as if for greater security on this weird morning. "Now don't start getting on my bloody nerves," Albert said as the van pulled up. The animal ran into the house, then came out again. "That's the last thing I want."

He wondered if it would rain. Trust it to rain on a day like this. It didn't look like rain, though wasn't it supposed to be a good sign if it did? What was he doing, going off to live in a woman's house at his age? Yet he had never wanted to do anything so much in his life before. It was as if he had woken up from a dream of painful storms into a day where, whatever the weather, the sun shone and he could breathe again. He smiled at the clouds, and put his hat on.

"This is it, George," the driver called to his mate in the cab. "I'll pull onto the pavement a bit. Less distance then to carry his bits of rammel."

Albert heard that remark but supposed they'd say it about every house unless it was some posh place up Mapperley or West Bridgford. Maybe the dog caught it as well, for it stood stiffly as the cab door banged open and they came toward the house.

It didn't take long. The men didn't even pull their jackets off when they

"Not yet, stupid!"

came in for the preliminary survey. It was a vast contraption they’d brought to shift him to Hucknall, and they had clearly expected more than two chairs, a table, a wardrobe, and a bed. There had been more when his mother was alive, but he’d sold the surplus little by little to the junk shop for a bob or two at a time. It was as if he’d broken off bits of himself like brittle toffee and got rid of it till there was only the framework of a midget left. That was it. His dream had been about that last night. He remembered being in a marketplace, standing on a stage before a crowd of people. He had a metal hammer with which he hit at his fingers and hand till the bits flew, and people on the edge of the crowd leapt around to grab them, clamoring for more. This pleased him so much that he continued to hammer at his toes and arms and legs and—finally—his head.

Bloody fine thing to dream about. All his belongings were stowed aboard, but the terrified dog had slid in back of the gas stove and wouldn’t come out. “You get on my *bloody* nerves, you do,” he called. “Come on, come away from there.”

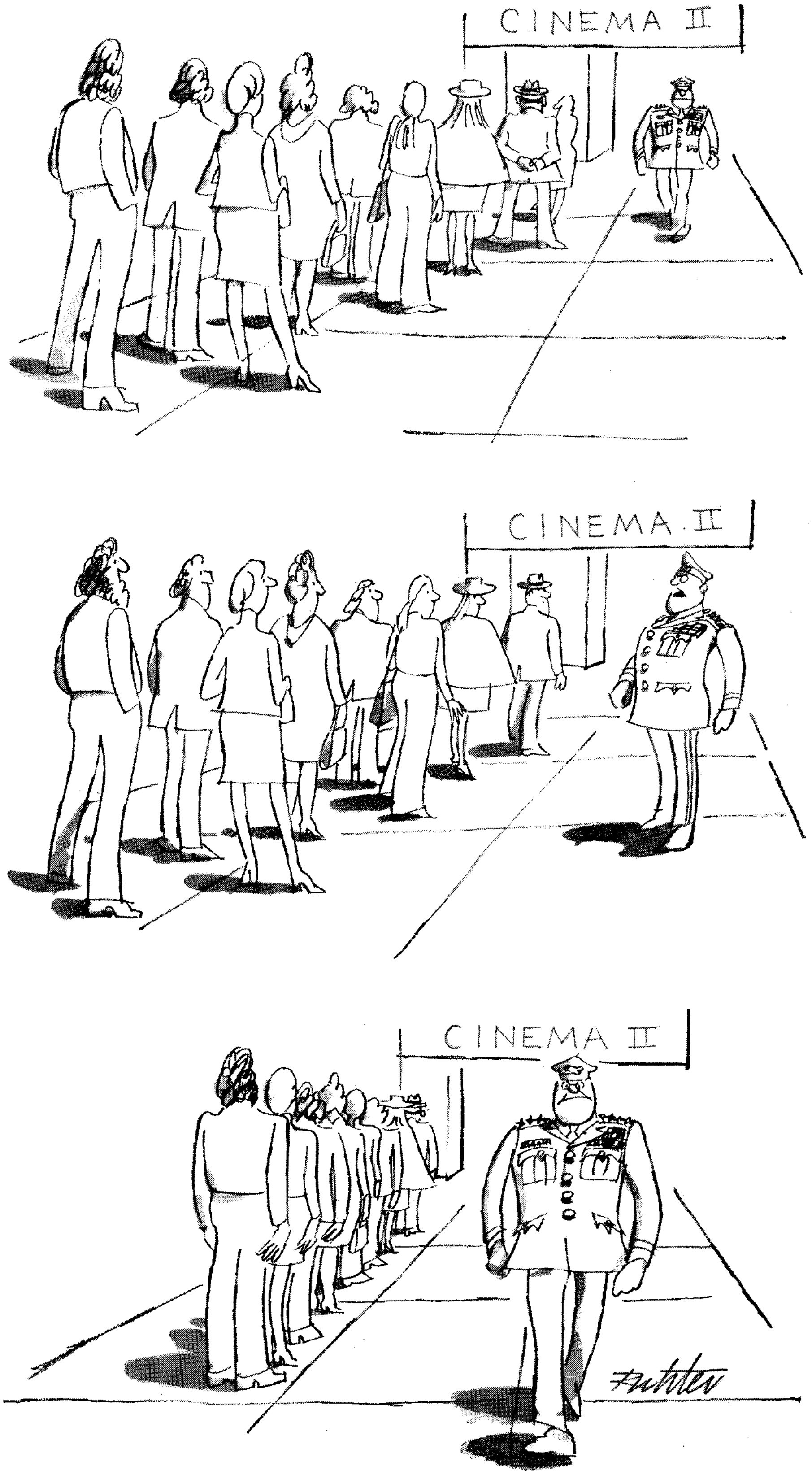
It was dim, and in the glow of a match he saw the shivering flank of the dog pressed against the greasy skirting board. He looked for an old newspaper to lie on, not wanting to get his overcoat grimy if he had to drag it out.

“Come on, mate,” the van driver called. “We’ve got to get cracking. Another job at eleven.”

There wasn’t any newspaper, so Albert lay on his overcoat, and spoke to the dog gently: “Come on, my old duck, don’t let me down. There’s a garden to run in where you’re going. Mutton bones as well, if I know owt. They’ll be as soft as steak!”

The men in the van shouted again, but he took no notice, his eyes squinting at the dim shape of the dog in back of the stove. It looked so settled, so finally fixed, so comfortable that he almost envied it. He wanted to diminish in size, and crawl in to join it, to stay there in that homely place forever. They would eat wood lice and black clocks and the scrapings of stale grease till they got old together and pegged out, or till the knockdown gangs broke up the street and they got buried and killed.

His hand shot out to grab it, as he’d pulled it many a time through the hedge by the golf course. A sudden searing rip at his knuckles threw them back against his chest.



“Leave it, mate,” the man in the doorway said, laughing. “You can come back for it. We ain’t got all day.”

Standing up, he banged his head on the gas stove.

“Smoke the bogger out,” the driver advised. “That’ll settle its ’ash.”

He’d thought of it, and considered it, but it would smoke *him* out as well. Whatever he did to the dog he did to himself.

“It’s obstinate, in’t it?” the younger one observed.

“Go on, fume it out,” urged the driver. “I’d bloody kill it if it was mine. I’d bloody drown it, I would.”

Albert leaned against the opposite wall. “It ain’t yourn, though. It’s got a mind of its own." It was an effort to speak. I'll wring its neck, he said to himself.

"Some bloody mind," remarked the driver, cupping his hand to light a cigarette, as if he were still in the open air.

"I can't leave it," Albert told them.

"What we'll do, mate, is get your stuff to Hucknall, and unload it," the driver said. "You can come on later when you've got your dog out. And if I was you, I'd call in at a chemist's and get summat put on that bite while you're about it. Or else you'll get scabies."

"Rabies," his mate said. "Not bleeding scabies."

"Scabies or rabies or bleeding babies—I don't care. But he'd better get summat purronit, I know that bloody much!"

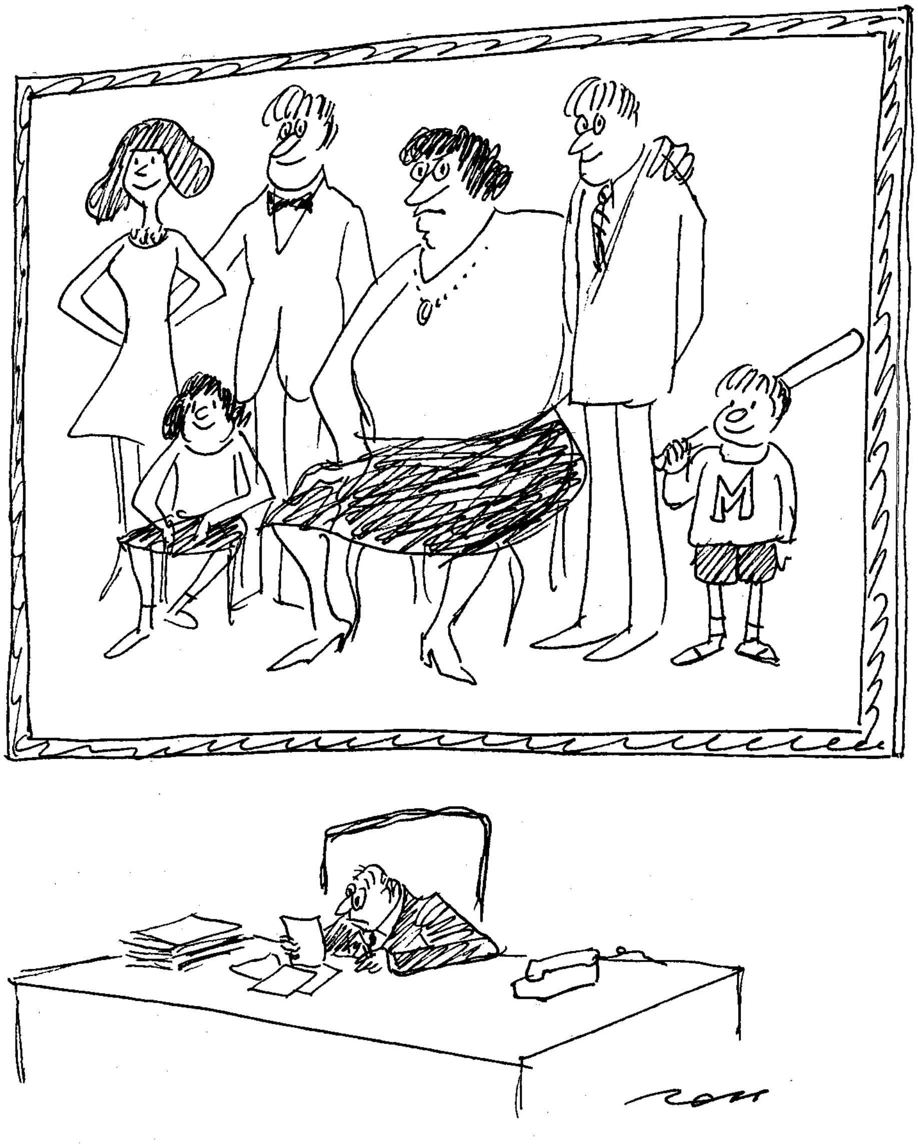
Albert heard the tailgate slam, the linchpins slot in, the cab doors bang, and all he owned driven away down the street. There wasn't even a chair to sit on, not a stick, nothing on the walls—nothing, only himself and the dog, and that crumbling, decrepit gas stove that she'd said he could leave behind because it wouldn't be needed.

He sat on the floor against the opposite wall, feeling sleepy and waiting for the dog to emerge. "Come on, show yourself."

It was daylight, but it felt as if he were sitting in the dark. The dog hadn't stirred. It didn't want to leave. Well, nobody did, did they? *He* didn't want to leave, and that was a fact, but a time came when you had to. You had to leave or you had to sink into the ground and die.

"Come on out, you daft bogger!" When it did he'd be half-minded to kick it for biting him like that. He wrapped his clean handkerchief around the throbbing wound, spoiling white linen with the blood. She'd asked if it was faithful when they'd first met in the pub. "It'll be obedient, all right, if it's faithful," she had said. Like hell it was. If you don't come from under that stove I'll turn the gas on. Then we'll see who's boss.

"No, I won't, so don't worry, my owd duck," Albert said. He lay down again near the stove and extended his leg underneath to try and push the dog out. He felt its ribs against the sole. What a damned fine thing! It whined, and then growled. He drew his boot away, not wanting the trousers of his suit ripped. He sat again by the opposite wall. It's *my* head I'll put in the gas oven, not the dog's, he thought.



"I'll kill yer!" He leapt to his feet. "I'll kill yer! I'll spificate yer!" He looked for some loose object to hurl at the obstinate dog.

His hat was placed carefully on the least gritty part of the floor, and his hand drew back from it on realizing that if he put it on he would walk out and leave the dog to die. He had really pulled back the hand to wipe the tears from his face.

He spun, almost dancing with rage. Feeling deep into his pocket, he took out a golf ball that he hadn't known was there, because it had slipped through a hole into the lining. He dropped onto his knees and hurled it at the dog under the stove with all his strength: "I'll kill you, you bleeder!"

It missed and hit the skirting wood. It ricocheted, shooting back at an angle to the wall near the door. The dog leapt for it with tremendous force, propelled like a torpedo. Its paws skidded on the linoleum as the ball clattered away from the wall and made a line under its belly. Turning nimbly, it chased it across the room in another direction, trying to corner it as if it were a live thing. Finally, the dog got the ball in its teeth. It came back to Albert, nudging his legs to show what it had found.

He bent down to take the gift of the ball from its mouth but then stopped. No, don't take it, he told himself. You don't know what it'll get up to if you do. He straightened up, and walked to the door. "Let's get after that van; it's got all our stuff on board." He raised his voice to its usual pitch: "Come on, make yer bloody 'eels crack, or we'll never get everything done."

With the golf ball still in its mouth, there was no telling where it would follow him. To anyplace on earth, he didn't wonder, though the earth had suddenly got small enough for him not to be so afraid of it anymore, and to follow himself there as well.

—ALAN SILLITOE

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CHEWING GUM

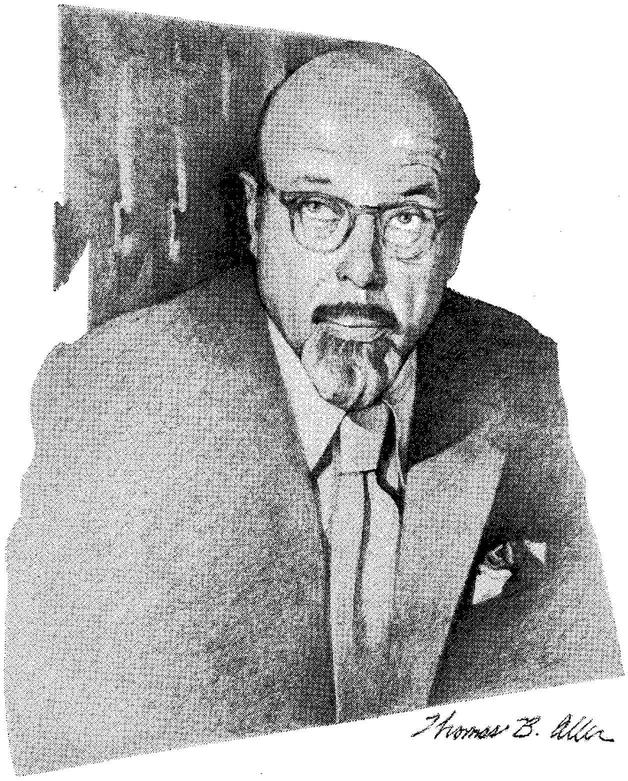
Chewing gum was patented by coastline and extends inland from 50 to 100 miles.

—*Peoria Journal Star.*

Depending on the tides.

PROFILES

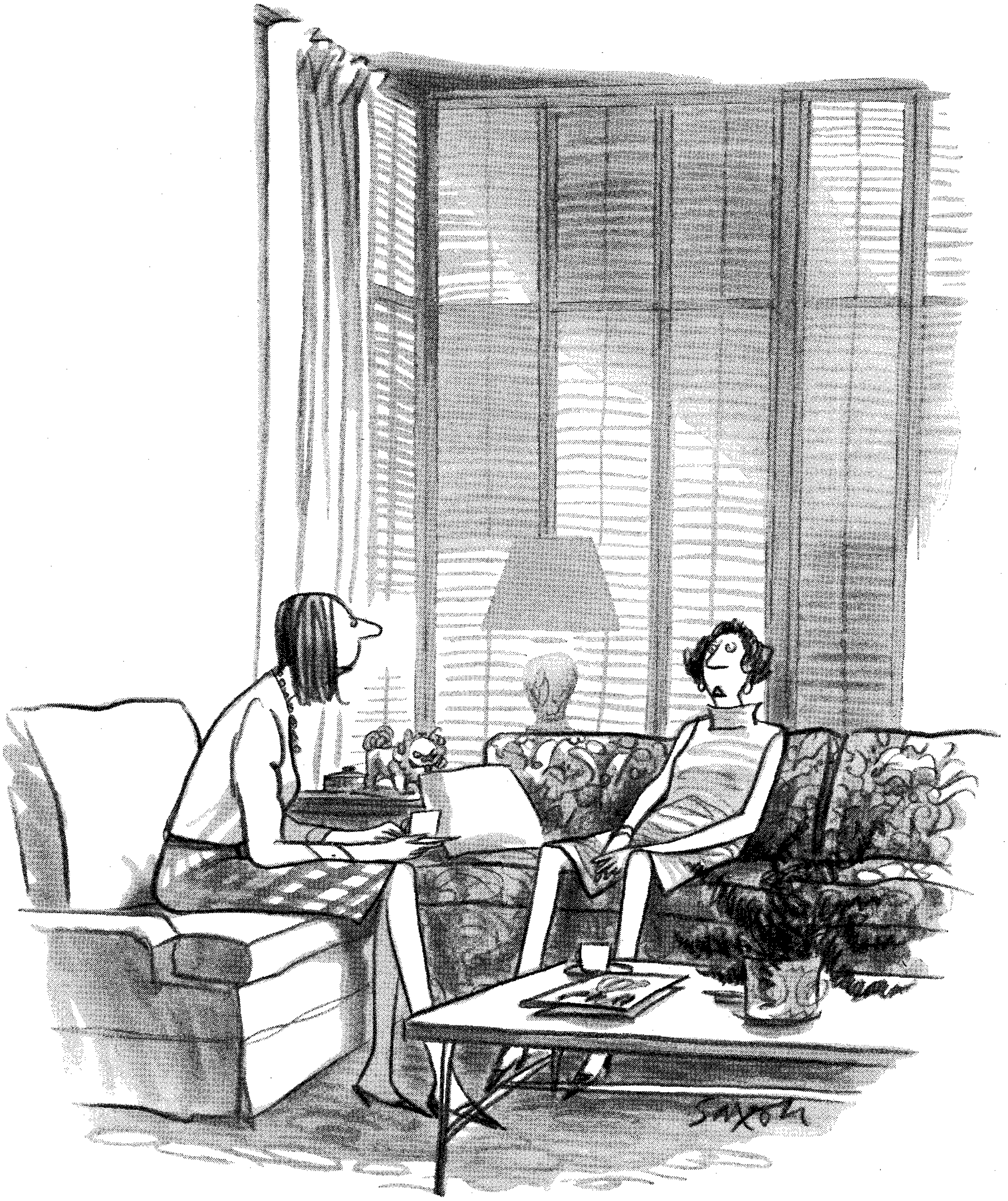
ECLECTIC, REMINISCENT, AMUSED, FICKLE, PERVERSE—I



Ahmet Ertegun, the head man at Atlantic Records, sat in a restaurant, put one hand on the table in front of him, and tapped his fingers. He looked across the room abstractedly. Across the room, there was a brown velvet wall punctuated by English hunting prints. The prints showed an understanding of the traditional order. The brown velvet, participating in a very contemporary chic, prevented the traditional order from penetrating too deeply into the atmosphere of the restaurant. The atmosphere of this room (at the Carlyle Hotel) was sympathetic to Ahmet Ertegun. The room was impeccable without having reference to any authority that could be perceived as inhibiting. The room had, in fact, been decorated by his wife. "Mica did this, you know," Ahmet said to me after a moment.

At lunch, Ahmet was not entirely comfortable with me, or I with him. We had known each other for several years. I first met him at a time when his hegemony in the music business had reached a climax. For some time after that, I tried to find the locus of his authority and could not. I was by turns infatuated and disappointed. In time, I learned that this was appropriate—that Ahmet was himself always infatuated and always disappointed, and that at the heart of his achievement there was no answer stated or question posed but, rather, only this: the rhythms of infatuation smartly expressed. Then I found that to notice the manifestations of infatuation (which I had perceived at the start as ephemeral) was instructive. At the moment when I met Ahmet, at the beginning of this decade, it was assumed that the style of the years to come would derive from the principal styles of the nineteen-sixties—and this expectation has not been disappointed entirely—but then as I saw Ahmet together with important custodians of the style of the nineteen-sixties and noted his greater power and presence, I began to understand that it would be *his* style (eclectic, reminiscent, amused, fickle, perverse) that would be the distinctive style of the first years of the new decade, that Ahmet would achieve this new importance as exemplar precisely because he lacked the inflexible center I had confusedly looked for, and that he would achieve it through his intuitive, obsessive mastery of the modes of infatuation, this mastery having made it possible for him to absorb into himself the power of several archetypal American styles that had fallen into disuse among Americans but still had great power when they were expressed in a manner that the contemporary public could accept, which is to say when they were expressed in a manner that divorced style from substance and had no reference to any authority that could be perceived as inhibiting. There was something moving about this—that so much was possible through restlessness—but there was something disturbing about it, too, and the fact that my approach to Ahmet had become as unstraightforward as his own mode (to which I had adapted myself) made it difficult for the two of us to see one another without some embarrassment.

Ahmet's business involves negotiated relationships—courtships, separations, estrangements, reconciliations. At lunch, there were several of these to discuss. Ahmet had signed the Rolling Stones to a new contract (for the distribution of their records in the United States and Canada, and paying an advance against royalties said to be near seven million dollars). "Mick came to me," Ahmet said. "I mean, Mick is at this point a very good personal friend, you *know?* And I told him that the Stones should make a killing, you know, on this contract, because, to be realistic, by the time of the next contract they'll be near forty, and one can't be sure what will happen then. So I *advised* him. And what happened was that they got so much for the European rights, and so forth, that they could stay with Atlantic in America." Ahmet had brought the group Crosby, Stills & Nash back to an active career at Atlantic. "They only recorded one album for us as Crosby, Stills & Nash, you know, before they added Young. And then there were some things that they thought might be the company's fault, and they wanted a change, and I said go ahead, and I released them from the contract with the understanding that when they recorded together again they would be with us," Ahmet said. "And so they called me, and last week I went down to Miami. We met at Criteria Sound, and they prepared a place for me to sit, and they all sat around and they played the album for me and it is a very powerful album. Stephen Stills plays some of the best guitar . . . Stephen and I have been together, you know, since 1966." And Ahmet had begun to negotiate with Ray Charles, the powerful rhythm-and-blues singer, who had given Atlantic Records its first real eminence, in the late nineteen-fifties, and who upon the expiration of his contract in 1959 signed with ABC-Paramount without consulting Ahmet or his partners. "We've always kept in touch, you know?" Ahmet said. "And B'nai B'rith asked him to be their Man of the Year, and Ray told them that he would only do it if I were chairman. That was about a year ago. I paid a visit to Ray. He has a very well-kept modern building in Los Angeles, on West Washington Boulevard. He owns it, and a government agency rents a part, I think. And he



"I've been thinking of joining the historical society, but I don't want to be that sort of person."

• •

said that he wanted to come back to Atlantic, and we reached an agreement—the outline of an agreement. But then things got bogged down, you know, with the lawyers. And it began to take a while. So one day Ray called and said, 'Hey, why don't you and I do it? Not through the lawyers—just you and me.' And we did that. And it was amazing how much he knew, you know, about contracts—returns, free goods, records shipped as opposed to records sold, and so on. And so I think we have a deal, you know, and he is going to send me a tape this week."

Lunch was served by a European waiter. It was supervised by a slim young American captain, one of the new breed of slim young men who have taken an interest recently in running the new breed of cabarets and restaurants—impeccably but with no reference to any authority that could be perceived as inhibiting. Ahmet told me—what I knew—that Atlantic was by some measures doing less well than the other record labels (Warner Bros./Reprise and Elektra/Asylum/Nonesuch) in the Warner Communications conglomerate, of which it is a part. Ahmet said that this did not significantly affect his position, since he was executive vice-president for music of the parent company and so was, in a way, responsible for the success of all the labels taken together. Still, he said, he was turning his attention to building the Atlantic roster. He mentioned one or two new Atlantic groups. He mentioned with particular emphasis the groups called Firefall and Foreigner, which are, I believe, groups of no great distinction.

"But how are you?" Ahmet asked. "It seems that a lot of time passes, you know? I mean it's very difficult, sometimes, to see the people you really want to see. We should have some fun—something amusing." There was a small pause. "I went to Chicago with Mick, and we heard Willie Mabon," he said. "Do you know who Willie Mabon is?" There was another small pause. "You know what I'd really like to do? I'd like to record some white Chicago jazz."

IN April of 1971, Ahmet M. Ertegun, jaunty, well dressed, bald, forty-seven years old, and the president of Atlantic Records, went by plane to Cannes to celebrate a new conjunction (exquisitely negotiated) between his company and the Rolling Stones, a musical group that was by then generally considered to be the Greatest Rock-and-Roll Band in the World. The celebration in Cannes did not capture the popular imagination, but in the music business (where manipulators of the popular imagination were ranged in novel hierarchies sensitive to movement and to intimations of aristocracy) the convergence of Ahmet Ertegun and the Rolling Stones had its resonance. This was not entirely due to the eminence of the Rolling Stones. By 1971, the Rolling Stones had recorded eight-

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Diesel-powered automobiles seem to be a startling new idea to just about everybody but Mercedes-Benz

Back in 1936, Mercedes-Benz introduced the world's first production Diesel passenger car. Significant then, perhaps even more significant now.

The Diesel automobile may be regarded elsewhere as a new and novel idea; not at Mercedes-Benz.

Mercedes-Benz since 1936 has built and sold nearly two million Diesel cars. Cars that have proven themselves not just in labs and on test tracks but over billions of miles of everyday use in 103 countries.

And though some Diesel cars may be new to the roads of America, Mercedes-Benz Diesels are right at home; the first one was sold in this country 20 years ago. Before the first domestic Diesel passenger car was even introduced, no fewer than 130,000 Mercedes-Benz Diesel cars had been sold in the U.S.A.

It's a record to ponder if you are considering your first Diesel.

A Diesel, stem to stern

Mercedes-Benz views Diesel cars as something more than a sideline. And certain dividends result.

For instance, a Mercedes-Benz Diesel automobile is more than just a different breed of engine bolted into an existing conventional car.

It is *designed as a Diesel* stem to stern. From engine mounts to transmission, each component is carefully matched to the unique demands of Diesel operation.

And 42 years of constant grooming show. If you haven't driven a Diesel in recent years, today's Mercedes-Benz Diesel may be a revelation. What happened to that notorious "Diesel image"? Weren't Diesels supposed to be underpowered and rough? Progress has even eliminated that old Diesel start-up ritual of pulling out a knob; nowadays, you initiate the starting sequence by simply turning a key.

Somewhere along the model spectrum is likely to be the Mercedes-Benz Diesel suited to your needs.

The 300CD coupe is the most *ambitious* Diesel-powered automobile yet produced. It aims to be judged, merit for merit, against the world's most exclusive two-door coupes.

You preside over the most powerful Diesel engine currently available in a Mercedes-Benz car – and the least orthodox: three liters in *five*-cylinder form. Cruising smoothness rivals gasoline engines, but three-liter gasoline engines are unlikely to rival its fuel mileage. EPA estimates show the 300CD can deliver 28 mpg on the highway and 22 mpg in town. As you know, mileage will depend on how and where you drive and on the condition and equipment of your car.

Linked to this power plant is a *four-speed* automatic transmission designed to shift without interruption of the power flow. The 300CD's 106.7-inch wheelbase and fully independent suspension lend it far more than a hint of sports car stability.

Inside, you are denied no reasonable comforts. Bi-level climate control, electric windows, AM/FM stereo radio, vacuum-powered central locking system, automatic cruise control, power steering and brakes – all are standard equipment.

The 300D four-door sedan is another pioneering Mercedes-Benz Diesel idea – the first *performance* Diesel sedan, as desirable for its eager spirit as for its economy. EPA estimates: 28 mpg highway, 22 mpg city. Again, mileage will depend on how and where you drive and on the condition and equipment of your car.

Performance is achieved with that extraordinary team of a five-cylinder, three-liter engine and a versatile four-speed automatic transmission. Though not a "big" car by domestic standards, the 300D does afford almost five feet of rear-seat hiproom and a 12.57-cubic-foot trunk.

And from bi-level climate control to electric windows, fittings duplicate those supplied in the 300CD coupe.

True, the 300D is a sedan – and a Diesel sedan at that. But a single sojourn down a winding mountain road should show you that it is also a *driver's* car in the classic Mercedes-Benz mold.

The 240D four-door sedan offers the basic Diesel appeal of no-nonsense practicality in its most technically refined form to date.

The emphasis on economical running and upkeep is rigorous. With its smaller 2.4-liter four-cylinder engine, the 240D's fuel appetite is meant to be even smaller. EPA estimates: 34 mpg highway, 26 mpg city. Here too, mileage will depend on how and where you drive and on the condition and equipment of your car.

The economy cause is advanced by a *manual* four-speed transmission as standard equipment. For the sake of those bent on maximum possible efficiency, air conditioning and automatic transmission are omitted from the list of standard equipment. These can be ordered as extra-cost options.

However your 240D sedan is equipped, you retain those Diesel virtues: lower fuel costs, no conventional tune-ups, a worldwide legend of reliability.

A real choice

These different models and the equipment you can specify answer the modern demand for Diesels that meet a wide gamut of needs and tastes – from unabashed elegance to unadorned simplicity.

But in one important respect, Mercedes-Benz Diesels offer you no choice at all. That 42-year record of Diesel refinement is built into every one.

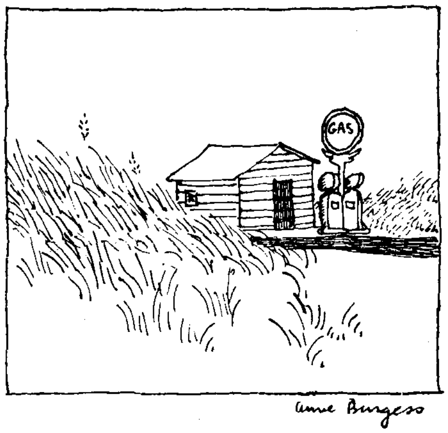
Light-alloy wheels shown on coupe available at added cost. ©1978 Mercedes-Benz

Foreground: 300D, 3-liter, 5-cylinder sedan. Left: 240D, 2.4-liter, 4-cylinder sedan. Rear: 300CD, 3-liter, 5-cylinder coupe.

een albums; they had introduced Threat, Excess, and Androgyny into popular music; they had been at the center of a metaphoric event at Altamont, in California—where a member of the audience was stabbed to death; and for nearly a decade they had made the most powerful mock-black music of their times. But Ahmet Ertegun, informed men knew, had done at least as much. He had founded a small record company; he had turned a small record company into a major record company; he had superintended the careers of celebrated people and had superintended for himself a success of unrivalled longevity; he had owned a Rolls-Royce for more than five years; he had dressed extremely well; and he had, at one or two important moments, applied his own aesthetic to the talents of certain singers and musicians in a way that had influenced the whole of the music. In a business in which entrepreneurs and executives, however successful, were overshadowed, as they saw it, by hippies, druggies, spics, spades, transvestites, and Englishmen, Ahmet Ertegun was an exception. He had the stature in his line of work that Irving Thalberg and Louis B. Mayer had had in theirs. By 1971, Ahmet Ertegun (jaunty, well dressed, bald, forty-seven years old, and of very recent Turkish extraction) was the Greatest Rock-and-Roll Mogul in the World, and the men in the business—promoters, producers, corporate functionaries, managers, P.R. people—who were often cynical about the eminence of performers, were fascinated and sometimes moved by the eminence they saw in *him.*

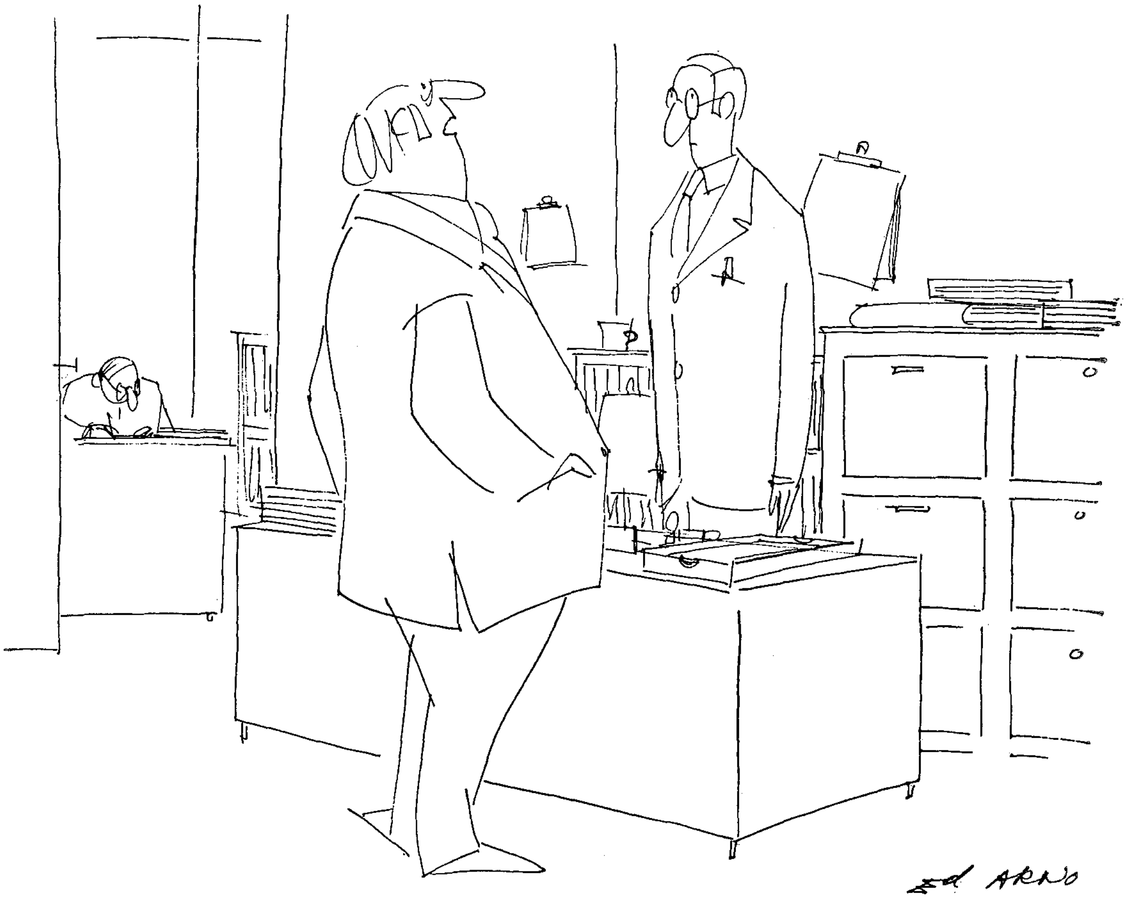
The men in the business knew these things about Ahmet: that he was the son of a Turkish Ambassador to the United States; that he was married to a woman of fashion; that he wore, as a matter of strict custom, blue blazers, dark suits, and vividly polished shoes; that in 1947—already known at the Ritz-Carlton, already known at the Howard Theatre (already, for that matter, bald)—he had founded Atlantic Records with a partner named Herb Abramson (later eclipsed) and with the financial help of a friend who was a Turkish dentist; that in the nineteen-fifties he had taken on two new partners, one of them an expansive man from Washington Heights named Gerald Wexler and the other his own older brother, Nesuhi Ertegun; that during the nineteen-fifties he and Jerry Wexler had made records (with Joe Turner, Ruth Brown, LaVern Baker, Chuck Willis, Ray Charles, Clyde McPhatter, the Clovers, Ivory Joe Hunter, and other Negro singers) that constituted an important sub-genre of the music that came to be called rhythm and blues; that he had been present when rhythm-and-blues music collided with an unexpected white audience, and thus was as much responsible as any man for the hegemony of rock and roll; that in 1967 he and his partners had sold Atlantic Records to Warner Bros.-Seven Arts, Ltd., for stock then worth seventeen million dollars; that he was often to be found in a bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel; that he welcomed distraction, stimulation, and anomaly, and was reluctant to see an evening end; that he was called "Ahmet" by people who knew him even slightly; that in the course of pursuing his several inclinations he had taken Louis Vuitton luggage where Louis Vuitton luggage had rarely been before.

Some of the men in the business (but not all) knew that Ahmet, with his brother Nesuhi, had staged jazz concerts in Washington, D.C., in the early nineteen-forties; that with Nesuhi he had assembled a collection of twenty-five thousand jazz and blues records and then sold it; that during the most uncertain period of his young manhood he had spent a significant amount of time in the Washington record store of Waxie Maxie Silverman; that he had been a fan of a Negro singer called Little Miss Cornshucks; that under the name Nugetre (which is, of course, Ertegun spelled backward) he had written a number of songs for the Clovers, Ray Charles, Joe Turner, and others on his roster; that he had talked about putting together a band of young black blues musicians; that he had talked about making Western movies about black cowboys; that he had meant it when he said it, but had not done it; that, in fact, he had somehow ceased to be involved with black performers in any important way. A very few men in the business knew that the name Ertegun was properly spelled with an umlaut—Ertegün.



And stories. Informed men in the business knew several stories about Ahmet. Some of the stories they knew involved pranks (Ahmet had been known to leave fictitious, compromising messages for his colleagues whenever these colleagues stayed at a hotel respectable enough to make it worth the effort); other stories involved gestures (while courting his wife, Mica, Ahmet had hidden a five-piece band in her closet as a surprise); but, whatever their genre, all the stories that were told about Ahmet by people in the music business reflected a fascination with the varieties of his aesthetic. Ahmet was known to have access to a black style from the streets and to a white style from somewhere beyond Bendel's. Successful people in the music business were familiar with styles you could *buy*—black groups under contract and expensive department stores did not, generally speaking, terrify them—but Ahmet seemed to have an easy familiarity with styles you could come by only through instinct or inheritance, and this made it seem likely to the men in the business that he existed in a state of special grace. Some music men suspected that Ahmet had come by his state of special grace in the same way they themselves had acquired their Tank watches, but the transactions were too complicated for them to follow and they left their doubts largely unpursued. So that many of the stories told about Ahmet were told with awe, and very many followed the pattern of a story that placed him in his office at Atlantic arranging a social engagement with a French diplomat, in French. "So he's talking to this guy in *French,*" the story has run, "and this guitar player—a funky old spade dude—walks in, and Ahmet doesn't even lose a beat. He finishes off the guy in French, turns to the spade dude, and says, 'Say, home, what you know good?' "

I WENT with Ahmet to Cannes in 1971. Ahmet arrived late at Kennedy Airport—his travelling company was assembled by the time he arrived. The principal members of Ahmet's travelling company were Jerry Greenberg, an energetic young man who had had his start in the record business promoting records in Connecticut and was assuming more and more of the day-to-day work of running Atlantic Records, and David Geffen, a young man more energetic and more vivid still, who had risen from the mailroom at the Wil-



"Now, see here, Harley. I was forty once, and I never went through any mid-life crisis!"

liam Morris Agency to be an agent, and, seeing his chance, had put together Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young from the pieces of other groups and brought them to Ahmet (rather than to Clive Davis, of Columbia, an old patron), and who was, in 1971, making plans to create a new label, Asylum Records, to be co-owned by him and Atlantic. When Ahmet arrived, the group cohered out of its fragments. Ahmet wore a blue blazer, a cream-colored shirt of cloth that was almost voluptuously fine, and a checked tie so conservative that it could have been worn with a morning suit. Ahmet is about five feet ten inches tall. His most extraordinary feature is his eyes, which, to an effect that can be demure or threatening or ironic, he often keeps half closed. One notices as well his goatee, which he keeps perfectly trimmed, in the manner of Beverly Hills topiary, and one notices the effect of the bite of his teeth, which, framing his staccato accent, gives his conversation an arresting emphasis. Ahmet's body is compact and slightly rounded, and gives the impression of denseness and invulnerability. Ahmet does not resemble David Windsor as the Prince of Wales: he does not easily *sprawl;* he lacks the languid looseness that Englishmen sometimes have, nor can he easily draw himself up to any formal bearing. A disparity exists between Ahmet's clothes and his body, but neither yields an inch. Some of the disparities in Ahmet's life are in the foreground and are noticed; others, by staying perfectly still, have acquired the solid texture of a frieze and serve as background. The disparity between Ahmet's Levantine body and his Anglo-Saxon wardrobe is now a part of the background frieze and no longer surprises anyone; the internal contradictions have been raised to the standing of a *style.* At some earlier point, however, Ahmet and his clothes must have seemed strange together.

Once on the plane, a 747, Ahmet sat in a beige first-class seat and was served by a French stewardess with a drop-dead manner. Ahmet is at home in a greater variety of circumstances than most people could be; aboard an airplane, he settles into a particularly effective repose. Jerry Greenberg came up to Ahmet, and Ahmet conducted two or three or four pieces of business—quickly. Ahmet, characteristically, does a number of things at once, talks on a number of subjects at once, seeks a number of satisfactions at once. It is an indication of his executive ability that he is often able to pull together scattered pieces into a whole; it is an indication of his restlessness that he is often led to break a whole into scattered pieces. As this small conference came to an end, Jerry Greenberg mentioned a rock-and-roll group, then still prominent, called Pacific Gas & Electric. He told Ahmet that he thought the group would be available at a certain price.

"I don't think that figure appeals to me," Ahmet said.

Jerry Greenberg left.

"It is amusing, I think," Ahmet said to me. "For all their youthful charm, that group has as quotable a price as the utility for which they are whimsically named."

I asked Ahmet a question about the early days of Atlantic Records.

Ahmet's manner was unsentimental. He spoke at length. Throughout his speech, there were small, staccato pauses. "You want to talk about Atlantic?" Ahmet said. "The early days, and so forth? You know, I have a terrible memory for dates. I was recording people then and I'm recording them now. It's very hard for me to remember what was yesterday, you know, and what was the day before yesterday." He paused. "The point is that my father died before I started this company. I don't think I could have started it had he been alive. There would have been a certain amount of *pressure*, you know what I mean? But America exerts a certain pressure, too, if you have a certain disposition." There was another small pause. "America is remarkable, don't you think so? When I came to Washington, I was twelve years old. I spoke English with an English accent. It was assumed that it would go on in that way. But in America a twelve-year-old finds things that are not available elsewhere. For a while, I was sent to a school called Landon, in Maryland. It was run along English lines, but it was not in England, if you know what I mean. I got to know Southern men while I was going to that school. In

"Wait. Wait. There's an epilogue."

• •

certain ways, the South is so frightening, isn't it? Not the *easy* South—Miami and so forth—but those rough towns." Ahmet paused. "At Atlantic, we had an artist, Guitar Slim, who had never really talked to any white people in his life." He paused. His eyes were half closed. He brought the fingers of his left hand and the fingers of his right hand lightly together. "I was so interested in America. In Washington, I used to walk around various sections of the city. I made the acquaintance of various types. I met a kind of medicine man. I would watch him for hours. I think he was from South Carolina. He did his business on Ninth Street, in a skid-row area. He used to do card tricks, magic tricks. He had a good, fast line of talk, and at the end he would sell some colored water. He was a man with a tough exterior who had a sentimental side. He worked from a suitcase with legs that could fold up very quickly. He gave me a quarter or fifty cents to make the first buy. I was what you call a shill. I was very happy, you know, that he let me in on what he was doing. He had a business coupé—the cheapest car you could buy in those days. He had kind of a blond girlfriend sitting there. He was a white Southern man of a certain type." Ahmet paused. "From the beginning, the thing I was most interested in was black people. I think you could say that I was very interested in black people. In London, when I was ten or eleven, I went with Nesuhi to see Duke Ellington. I'll never forget. I was enthralled and astounded by seeing these beautiful big—you know, glowing—men in these large formations, with the gleaming brass instruments, you know what I mean? And with the most powerful music I'd ever imagined could exist. It was music that I had heard on tinny little phonographs. And when I heard it in person, and saw those men, you know, it was an unbelievably exciting thing."

The stewardess with the drop-dead manner approached, and Ahmet ordered a Scotch-and-soda. "Ummm," he said, cultivating an afterthought. "What Scotch is it that you have?"

"Red Label," the stewardess said impatiently.

"What Scotch do you have *other* than Red Label?" Ahmet asked.

"Brown's," said the stewardess.

"Brown's? I don't know what that is," Ahmet said. "Is it Scotch *ordinaire*?"

"We have Chivas," the stewardess said.

"*Très bien*," said Ahmet. "*Avec glace* and soda."

The stewardess left.

"I hate those expensive Scotches," Ahmet said. "Twelve years old and all that. But somehow you always *end up* with one, you know what I mean?"

As Ahmet's limousine arrived at the Hôtel Majestic in Cannes, his attention began to turn to his luggage. Ahmet had with him many of his Vuitton suitcases. Ahmet's Vuitton was not the easy Vuitton. It was large, weighty luggage. It required the help of others. Ahmet knows how to route luggage efficiently. Within moments after the arrival of his car at the Hôtel Majestic, Ahmet's Vuitton was spilling into the correct channels. If Ahmet were a workingman, he would probably take a job involving an attractive uniform. Possibly he might make use of his talent with luggage. He was going to rest, he said. "We might do something amusing tomorrow," Ahmet said. "I thought we might take a boat to Saint-Tropez to have lunch with a friend of mine who married the nephew of Gianni Agnelli."

As it happened, Ahmet did not rest—he spent much of the night talking with Stephen Stills, a singer and guitarist then undergoing a separation from his group—Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, the group that David Geffen had put together. Stephen Stills was staying at the Carlton, down the road. His presence in Cannes seemed to have to do with an urge to be near Ahmet, and was somewhat troublesome, since Ahmet's presence in Cannes had to do with an urge to be near the Rolling Stones. In Cannes, over the next few days, the character of events involving the Rolling Stones was established by Ahmet and Mick Jagger; by Mica Ertegun, independently arrived from Paris; by Prince Rupert Lowenstein, the financial adviser to the Rolling Stones; and by David Geffen. It worked well for others—journalists, music-business men, and people in the habit of going to parties—but it never made a place for Stephen Stills. Around the celebration in Cannes were set the boundaries of a certain style. The boundaries of this style coincided with the area held in common by two ethics (each of which had been composed of bits and pieces of other, older ethics, but each of which could be recognized by 1971 as having an identity of its own). What met in Cannes was the ethic of café society (which is the

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ALARM
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AM 5:30
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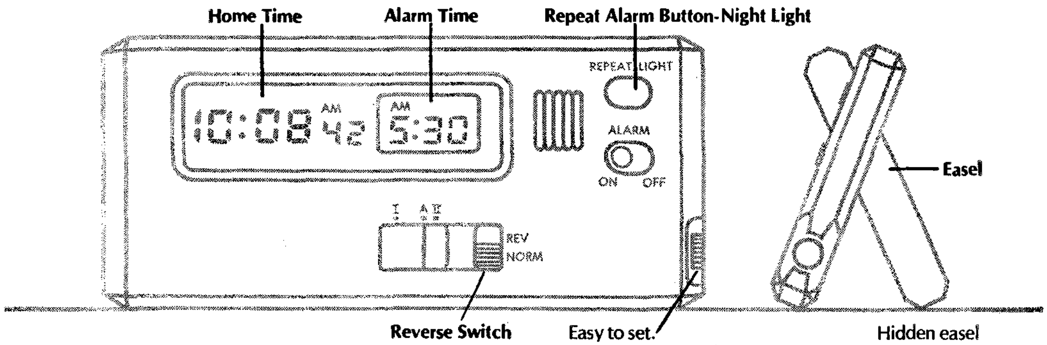
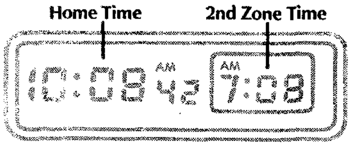
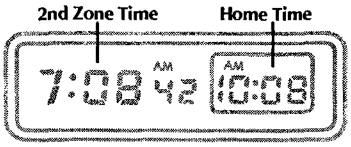

Home Time
Alarm Time
Repeat Alarm Button-Night Light
10:08 AM 42
AM 5:30
REPEAT LIGHT
ALARM
ON OFF
REV
NORM
Easel
Reverse Switch

Easy to set.
Pull out crown and turn.

Hidden easel
in set-up position.


Home Time
2nd Zone Time
10:08 AM 42
AM 7:08

Flip switch and 2nd Zone Time appears in alarm display area.


2nd Zone Time
Home Time
7:08 AM 42
AM 10:08

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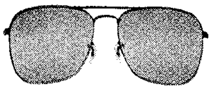
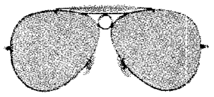


For indoors and out: The Ray-Ban Caravan black metal frame with photochromic lenses that go from light to dark grey, depending on light conditions.

For extra brilliant glaring sunlight: Halston's 101 Sun Glass in a charcoal plastic frame, Ray-Ban full Inconel mirror lenses.

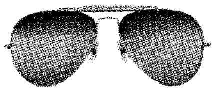
For bright, reflective sunlight: The Ray-Ban Large Arista metal frame with G-15 lenses.

For haze and glare: The Ray-Ban Shooter Arista metal frame with Kalichrome lenses.



For light and shadows, common in driving: From the Ray-Ban Cambrian Collection, the Rideau model in a sunset plastic frame with G-31 lenses.

For overhead glare, common in sports: The Ray-Ban Outdoorsman Arista metal frame, top gradient Inconel mirror lenses.



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ethic of aristocracy shorn of its specific responsibilities, its specific etiquette, and its specific geography, and reduced to self-parody) and the ethic of high drag (which is the ethic of satire shorn of its politics). The boundaries of this style encompassed wit, perversity, commercial utility, and an interest in finding the cutting edge, wherever that should be. Stills, whose manner was unsophisticated, found himself stranded over the border. Moreover, the French press, which knew the importance of the Rolling Stones and had learned the importance of Ahmet Ertegun, could not be induced to spell Stills' name correctly. "Stephen Steel" was the best it ever did. In this unnourishing situation, Stephen Stills' most important asset was his access to Ahmet, and Ahmet saw him often, privately.

On the night of Ahmet's party for the Rolling Stones, a number of people assembled in the lobby of the Hôtel Majestic to wait for him. The lobby of the Hôtel Majestic was furnished with large, clunky velvet chairs, but the people waiting for Ahmet declined to use them. They stood together in a small, purposeful group. People waiting for Ahmet often stand in a small purposeful group. People waiting for Ahmet are drawn together in anticipation of impending movement. Prince Rupert Lowenstein was there waiting for Ahmet. Prince Lowenstein is a London banker, who had rather unexpectedly become the financial adviser to the Rolling Stones and had conducted with Ahmet the negotiations that led to the Stones' affiliation with Atlantic Records. Prince Lowenstein, in his thirties, had the dignity and the manner of an older man. He spoke in a clipped fashion, and, like Ahmet, used the features of his face as tools of verbal emphasis. In conversation, Prince Lowenstein frequently moved his face forward, then tilted it slightly up in a way that implied interest, understanding, and distance at the same time. In conversation, he made frequent use of the remark "Exactly." As "Exactly" was used by Prince Lowenstein, it took on different meanings at different moments. At times, it indicated agreement. More often, it had the effect of a noncommittal "I see." "Exactly" is the tribute that an educated man of business pays to an unsatisfactory interlocutor who is likely to be insulted (or moved to further conversation) by "I see."

David Geffen was there. Geffen is small and has hair with a curl to it. He had the first fraction of a beard. He was wearing a T-shirt. Stephen Stills was there. David Geffen paid a certain amount of attention to Stills, but he seemed more interested in his new proximity to Prince Lowenstein. He had established a mode of operating with Prince Lowenstein in public: he would call him "Prince Lowenstein" a number of times (even when, in direct conversation, it wasn't necessary to call him anything at all) and then switch to "Rupert." Geffen's manner indicated that he and Prince Lowenstein were operating within a well-established rapport. Prince Lowenstein's manner (which centered on the remark "Exactly") indicated that they were operating from a useful temporary understanding.

David Geffen talked to Prince Lowenstein about the impending tour of America to be made by the Rolling Stones. He said that he should be the one to manage the tour. "I want to see them end up with sixty-five per cent of the gross. Maybe more like seventy per cent, but sixty-five per cent for sure."

"Exactly," said Prince Lowenstein.

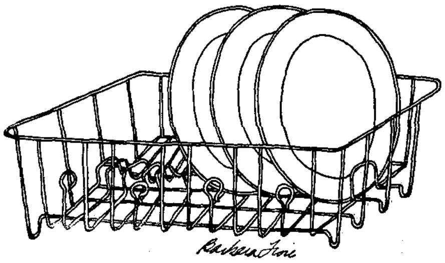
Stephen Stills stood just beyond the boundaries of this conversation. A young woman called Jo Bergman came up to Prince Lowenstein. Jo Bergman had by that time worked for the Rolling Stones for a number of years. Her air was businesslike. She was wearing a long, colorful dress. Her hair was long and dark and curly. She interrupted Geffen to tell Prince Lowenstein that she wanted an osteopath to come on the Stones' tour.

"Exactly," Prince Lowenstein said.

Ahmet and Mica arrived in the lobby, and the group went to have a drink. Mica is a dark-haired woman, who was born in Rumania. She is contained within a strong outline of handsome appearance which is able to resist dissipation—or diffusion of any kind. To Ahmet's dense strength she adds surface. "I wish David would not always wear a T-shirt," Mica said to Ahmet.

"You know what? I think David is terrific," Ahmet said.

"Terrific or not terrific is not the point," Mica said. "I just wish he would not always wear a T-shirt."



In the Majestic lounge, David Geffen sat to the right of Ahmet. Jo Bergman sat to the right of David Geffen. "Do they have recording studios in France?" Geffen asked Ahmet.

"France is like Brooklyn," Ahmet said. "They have everything."

David Geffen began to talk about the Stones' tour again. "Their last tour was a joke," he said. "What did they get out of it? *Tell* me. Stephen Stills got one hundred thousand dollars for one night at the L.A. Forum. The Stones only got seventy-five thousand. Think about that," he said. One person who thought about that, presumably, was Stephen Stills, who was sitting one place away from David Geffen, two places away from Ahmet. "I know I can get them what they want," David Geffen said.

"Good luck," said Jo Bergman.

Ahmet's group ate dinner in the dining room of the Hôtel Majestic. The conversation turned to the smoking of marijuana. Prince Lowenstein said he thought marijuana was a bore. "If you come to my house and smoke marijuana, you put me in danger of the law. If you come to my house and put me in danger of the law, that is bad manners. No question of right or wrong—it's just bad manners."

"It's bad manners unless you *ask*," David Geffen said earnestly.

There was a pause in the conversation.

Stephen Stills turned to Ahmet. "Ahmet, we've got to take you to this place in L.A.," he said. "Roy's Georgia Bar-B-Q. It's got charcoal stuff on one side and an icebox full of strawberry soda on the other." People who like Ahmet offer up bits of exotic Americana to him as tribute.

Ahmet told Stephen Stills, affectionately, that Roy's Bar-B-Q sounded great. He paused. "We should leave here in fifteen minutes," he said.

"As long as we get to the party by midnight," Prince Lowenstein said.

"But we're the *hosts*," said Ahmet.

"Mick gave a big party before he left London and arrived four hours late," said Prince Lowenstein.

"You're not a rock-and-roll star, and the sooner you realize that, the happier you'll be," Ahmet said, using his jaunty voice.

I TALKED with David Geffen about Ahmet. "When I first met him, if there was any excuse to call him up I would," David Geffen said. "He

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would always pick up my phone call. It made me feel very important."

THE party was not a success. It was held in a yacht club of no distinction. There was not about it that sense of ambitious juxtaposition which marks the best large parties given by the Erteguns. There were a number of journalists there, among them Nik Cohn, who had flown to Cannes for the party and was glad to find it dreary. "I love Ahmet, but I love to see him fall flat on his face like this," Cohn said. "But it doesn't matter. Ahmet still has it. Bob Crewe had it, and he lost it at thirty-two. Phil Spector had it, and he lost it at thirty-four. I'm not sure I'm willing to say that Geffen has it at all. The only man in a class with Ahmet is Colonel Parker, and Colonel Parker made it through just one thing. Because Elvis Presley is the greatest star in the world, Parker is the greatest manager in the world. But Parker is not the King of Rock and Roll. Ahmet is the King of Rock and Roll. Ahmet is more important than Jagger, for instance, and more interesting. Jagger is a narcissist—more vulnerable and more interesting than most narcissists, but still a narcissist. All narcissists are corny, in the sense that one has seen them before. Ahmet, on the other hand, is really a figure. Ahmet is really a figure, and Jagger is nothing more than a little rock-and-roll singer. And what is a rock-and-roll singer in the end?"

The Rolling Stones arrived at the party shortly after Ahmet. Mick Jagger and Ahmet embraced.

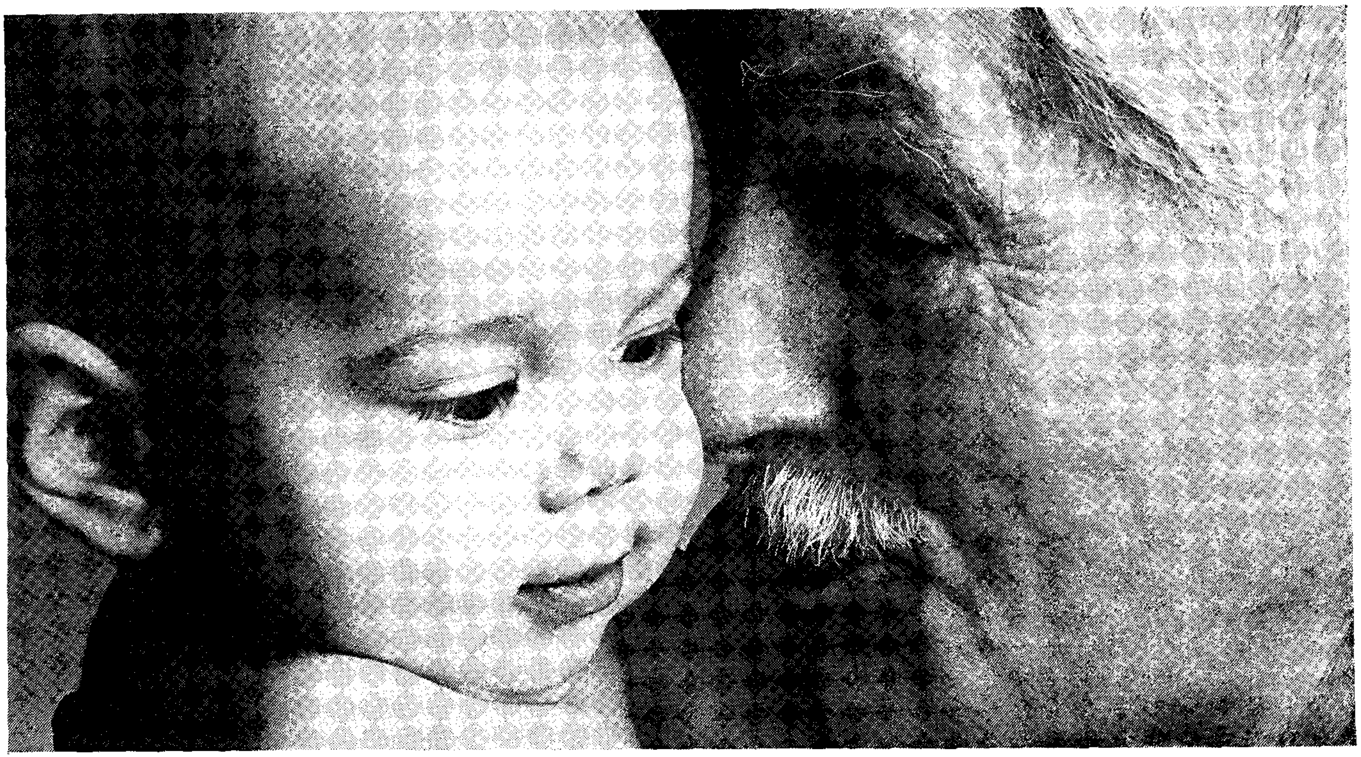
"We have to do the whole thing, don't we?" Ahmet asked.

"If we had taps on our shoes, we could really do a number," Jagger replied.

Although the party took no coherent direction, it was interesting in that it marked the first time that Ahmet and Jagger had paced out together the territory they held in common. The exact boundaries of this territory were yet to be determined, but it was clear that there would be room enough for Prince Lowenstein, Mica Ertegun, and a number of other more or less well-known figures from international café society, including a striking Central American girl named Bianca Perez Morena de Macias, who was engaged to Jagger. It was clear, in fact, that in the territory in which Jagger was now to be based he would have a certain amount to learn from Ahmet—more, perhaps, than Ahmet had to learn from him. Jagger had for years gone to parties given by rich people, and for years he had been courted by them, but he had usually made it a point to keep his edge—and his bad manners. The attitude he sought to establish was best seen, perhaps, in his song "Play with Fire," in which he, of course, was the fire. But by 1971 this image—Jagger as menace—was dated. Menace is most effective when its limits are not known. The limits of Jagger's excess had been established at the concert at Altamont, when events in the audience had overtaken events on the stage. It is damaging to the potency of a performer when events in the audience overtake his performance. Jagger's "demonic" persona was not enhanced by the death at Altamont, as some people supposed; it was *destroyed*. In the face of one man's real death, Jagger's "demonic" posture was shown to be merely perverse. The lesson of Altamont was that Jagger was a performer in need of crowd control.

Control was what Ahmet and Prince Lowenstein had to offer the Stones. Both offered access to productive adult modes—financial and social—that could prolong a career built on non-adult principles. To make use of those modes, Jagger had only to accept the fact that he was now a known quantity: not static, exactly; capable of surprises, perhaps; but formed, established, *known*. As a known quantity, however bizarre, Jagger had something to contribute to the hegemony of the eclectic, perverse segment of the international upper class, and would be assured some permanent standing, if only as a picturesque bit. Andy Warhol, who has understood almost perfectly the social temper of his time, had successfully made this subtle move to a formidable adulthood by effecting the most minimal compromises, and Jagger was offered the same chance.

Prince Lowenstein was not particularly interested by the party. He established himself easily in one corner of the room and stayed there. He had reason to be at his ease, because he had negotiated with Ahmet a contract for the Stones that showed some progress toward making sense of their complicated affairs. Prince Lowenstein had become financial adviser to the Stones some months earlier, after they had extricated themselves from the regime of a man named Allen Klein, who was to have given them independence and



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wealth without the stigma of conventional management, but who gave them instead a very conventional company, which he controlled himself—mostly, it was said, for his own ends. Klein himself had come to the group in 1967. The fact was that at the time of their approach to Prince Lowenstein the Rolling Stones had not much ready cash, not much immediate income from their royalties and copyrights (much of which was committed to the company Klein continued to control), a number of loans from Klein outstanding, and some rather expensive personal habits. Prince Lowenstein set out to obtain for them a contract guaranteeing five million dollars or more against a royalty of more than ten per cent per record. He talked to almost every company ("Whenever I saw Rupert or Mick with someone else, my heart sank," Ahmet said. "It was a painful, ecstatic courtship"), but he talked most to Ahmet. Jagger himself encouraged Ahmet, hung out with him in Los Angeles and elsewhere (Jagger invited Ahmet to hear Chuck Berry at a club on the Sunset Strip; Ahmet drank a lot and went to sleep; Ahmet's capacity for uncommercial behavior reportedly impressed Jagger), and, from time to time, told him flat out that he wanted to be on Atlantic, because Atlantic was where the heavy black acts he admired had recorded. ("I think Jagger would have liked to be on a funky label," Ahmet says. "I think Jagger would have liked to be on *Excello.* We were the closest he could get to Excello and still get five million dollars.") Finally, when any further delay would not have been interesting, the deal was made.

"Everything you can say about Ahmet is true, multiplied to infinity," Prince Lowenstein said to me. "As a negotiator, he is able, shrewd, and basically fair-minded. Ahmet's integrity and tact are very rare, I have found. In the record business, I find that there is no sense that gentlemanliness matters. And, of course, it does. The concept of gentlemanliness matters in business, as elsewhere. That is why England did so well for so long. A gentleman can be *very* effective in business. A gentleman is aware that man is made of clay as well as divine afflatus, don't you see?"

KEITH RICHARD, the other essential Rolling Stone, left the party early. His rapprochement with fashion was less well established. He was looking for his dog. "I have to find that dog," he said. "That was my only friend at the party, man."

AHMET arranged to meet Jagger at the Municipal Casino, but he arrived after the casino had closed its doors to new guests. There were sounds of life within. Ahmet argued in French with the man at the door of the casino.

"Do you know who I am?" Ahmet asked.

"Even if you were the President of the Republic, I would not let you in the casino," the man at the door said.

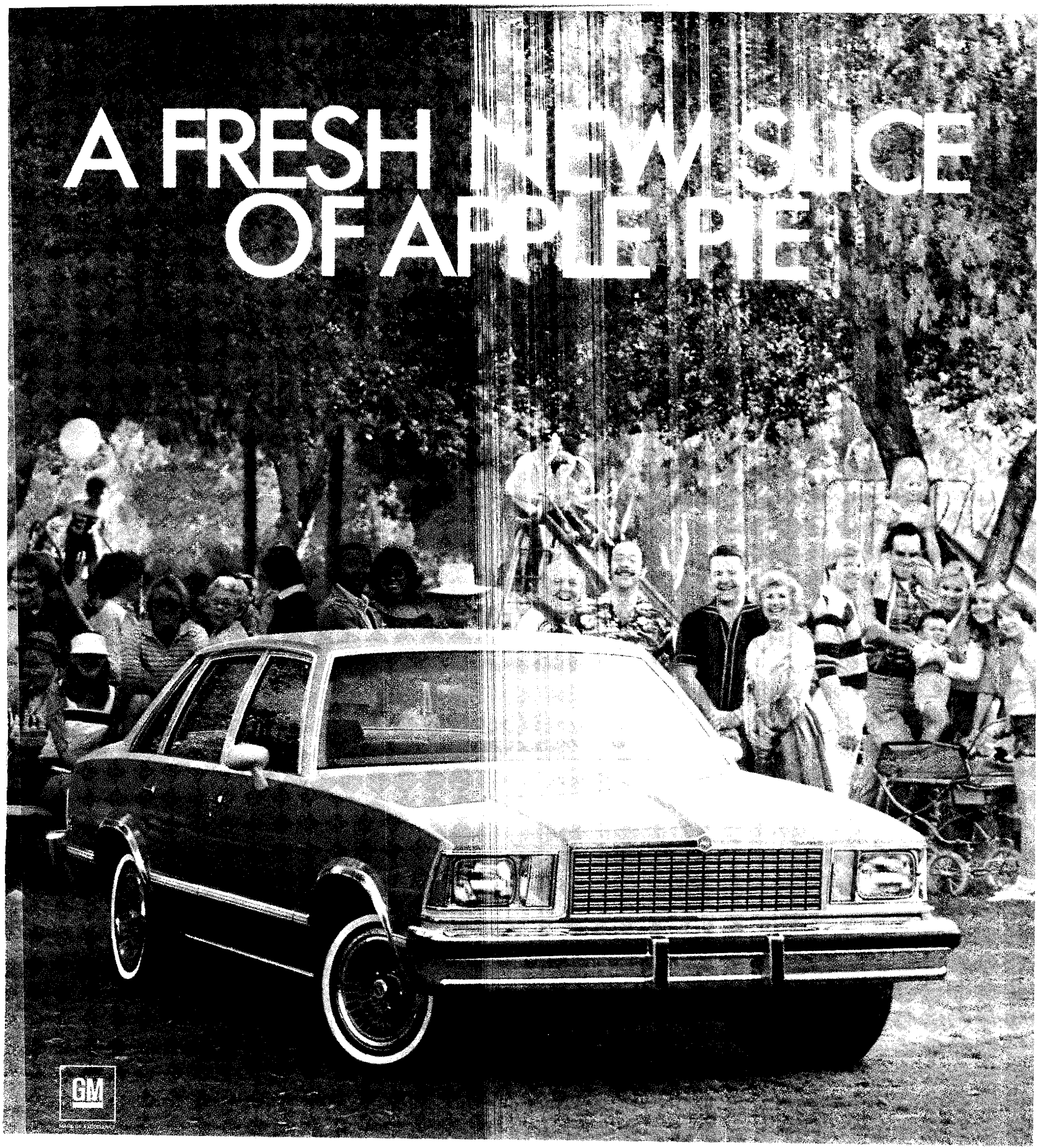
"It is just as well that you do not open the casino for the President of the Republic," Ahmet said. "The President of the Republic doesn't make much money. The President of the Republic is not much of a gambler."

Ahmet went into the night in search of Mick Jagger. He went, in his limousine, to a place called the Playgirl's Telephone Club, which is the sort of place the French contrive when they wish to seem American. Jagger was not there, but Keith Richard was, fairly bored. After a while, Ahmet and Richard left the Playgirl's Telephone Club in separate cars for the villa of Bill Wyman, the bass guitarist of the Rolling Stones. At that moment, all the Rolling Stones were living in the South of France, for reasons having to do with English tax law. On the way to Bill Wyman's, Ahmet fell asleep several times, for a moment or two at a time.

The villa of Bill Wyman was called Villa Altirama. It was decorated in a style that involves usually the gentle treatment of pastel objects. At the Villa Altirama, the pastel objects had been pushed around a bit. Mick Jagger was there but had gone to bed. "Western Movies," by the Olympics, was playing loudly on the sound system. Keith Richard talked with Ahmet about the arrangements for their impending tour. "What about this whole David Geffen scene?" he asked. "We're being pressured very hard by Rupert. Now, one thing about the tickets. We don't want to hit the kids for eleven dollars. Why not hit Coca-Cola and General Motors, and hit the kids for twenty-five cents? America is a capitalist country, right?"

Ahmet left the Villa Altirama at dawn. At dawn, one could see that the Villa Altirama was surrounded by other houses.

"The South of France has been ruined," said a young German journalist named Florentine as Ahmet's lim-



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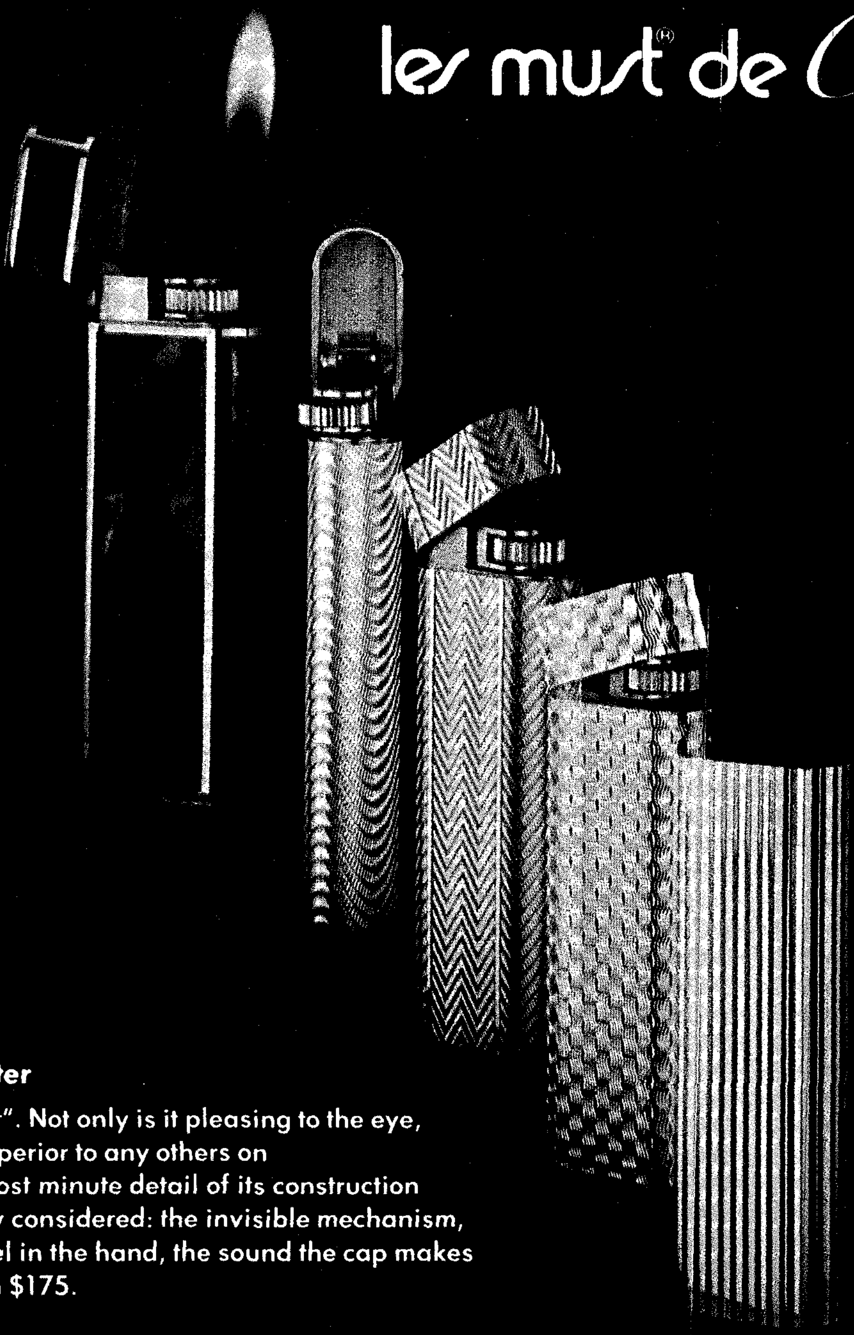

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ousine pulled away from the house.

"Every place has been ruined," said Ahmet. He leaned forward and addressed the driver. "We are very restless people. Please drive faster," he said.

Entry in a Diary: Went with Nesuhi Ertegun by limousine to Jersey City. Ahmet and Nesuhi very much at home in limousines. Easy to notice *shoes* in a limousine, framed against gray felt. Shoes as a climax to legs spread out at full length, resting on jump seats, etc. Ahmet and Nesuhi wear very good shoes. Take good care of good shoes and they begin to look like *slippers*. Nesuhi very reserved. Emphasis on *achievement*, etc. I told Nesuhi I thought that Ahmet was a great man but in spite of himself. Nesuhi said, "Yes, that's it." The Erteguns might do well in a South American country—Argentina, possibly. Limousines, good shoes deep into Andes, etc. Toward Jersey City—street after street bombed out. Tiny little concrete houses placed anywhere. Large Negro families in tiny concrete houses. Handsome men sitting outside tiny concrete houses placed in a bombed-out commercial zone where no one was ever meant to live. Public housing. Handsome Negro men wearing good shoes, too. Met Ahmet at tiny airport. Ahmet arrived from Southampton by helicopter. Went to Roosevelt Stadium. Watched Santos of Brazil play soccer against Bologna of Italy. Erteguns knew all the players. Erteguns very much interested in soccer. Very much interested in all competitive activities invented by Europeans. Erteguns have bought a team for Warner Communications. New York Cosmos. Pelé playing for Santos of Brazil. Ahmet says must get Pelé for New York Cosmos. Ahmet says favorite sport is bicycle racing, though.

Later, went with Ahmet and Mica to last concert at Fillmore East. Last bill: Albert King, Allman Brothers, J. Geils Band, Edgar Winter, Mountain, Country Joe. Several kinds of people. People in dishevelled velvet—fallen hippie aristocrats. People in stencilled T-shirts—the new edge of irony and ironic accommodation. Record-company presidents in casual clothes. What was obvious: Dishevelled velvet on the way out. Stencilled T-shirts on the way in. Record-company presidents able to order hundreds of thousands of stencilled T-shirts at a time. Fillmore East Security Detail (young men with long hair on to the hip that works as opposed to the hip that gets strung out) wore stencilled T-shirts reading "Fillmore East" and pushed the dishevelled hippie aristocrats around a little.

Ahmet dressed in white pants, blue blazer, yellow polo shirt, yellow socks, yellow handkerchief. Mica in striking black dress. Mica very good-looking. Other record-company presidents floored by Mica. Floored by idea of yellow socks. Floored by everything. Minor record-company president asked Mica if she liked Allman Brothers Band.

"Yah," Mica said. "They are divine, no?"

Mica asked Ahmet if they could go out of the Fillmore for a drink.

Ahmet explained about hordes of refugee hippies outside Fillmore. Difficult to leave. Difficult, having left, to return. Explained, also, very few places to get drink on Second Avenue in East Village.

"But I think there must be hundreds of places to drink here, no?" Mica said.

Mica and Ahmet left Fillmore. Past long-haired security boys. Past long-haired security boy throwing minor tantrum. ("This is the last night. What do I care about your problems?") Past doors. Into street. Hundreds of street hippies. No pretense of having tickets. No pretense of expecting to get in. Moved aside to let Ahmet and Mica out. No difficulty. Ahmet and Mica went across the street to a bar where six men were taking whiskey with a beer chaser. Mica ordered white wine and got it.

In the traditional hierarchy of the popular-entertainment business, record companies occupied a station below the theatre, motion pictures, radio, and vaudeville but above carnivals. *Billboard*, which is widely considered the most important music-business journal (though *Record World*, a newer publication, may be nearer the cutting edge), began its life as a magazine for the outdoor-advertising industry, while *Cash Box*, another music-business weekly, originally addressed itself to the jukebox and to the vending machine. The coverage of record news in *Variety*, the most respectable show-business journal, is skimpy and unreliable to this day. The forms within the popular-entertainment business which occupied the highest places in its old hierarchy dealt largely with adult archetypes. Adult experience and adult characters were simplified, often to the point of caricature, but it was not questioned that adult experience was the most powerful experience upon which one could draw. But just as the dismantling of the class system left the

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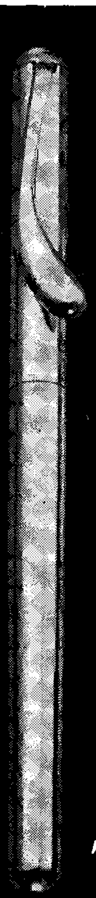

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novel without much of its resonance, the diminishing of the ideal of dignity and the mode of adulthood recently has weakened the connections between the ambitious forms of popular entertainment and the mass audience. The theatre and ambitious films operate now in the twilight of the adult mode and have only intermittent access to the mass of people. Television has continuous access to the mass of people, but it deals in the detritus of adulthood and operates within a mode and according to an attention span that is essentially childish (and seems to have a thwarted child's hostility to the ideal of dignity). To much of the public (especially that large and active part of the public born during the nineteen-forties and nineteen-fifties), the mode of authority in America, the mode that deals with real experience, the mode that is neither dead (as the adult mode seems to be) nor compromised (as the childish world of television seems to be), is the *adolescent* mode—the mode of exploration, becoming, growth, and pain. The adolescent mode is the mode of the music business.

In the new hierarchy, the movie business retains a vague authority, partly because it is seen as an art by those inhabitants of the adolescent mode who are interested in art, partly because the idea of *stardom* adheres to it (and *stardom* is the one adult state that inhabitants of the adolescent mode can imagine living in—because, of course, it is not really an adult state but is, rather, the ultimate adolescent fantasy of adulthood), and partly because there remains a wistful regard for the vanished world of adulthood. But the movie industry's important energy has been surrendered to television. Television is pervasive, and has a subtle power over the society which no one, probably, is competent to measure, but it is dispersed so thoroughly throughout the society that is has ceased to be identified with choice, it is so fragmented that it cannot be identified with attention, and it has embraced a mode so childish that it cannot be identified with ambition. So that it is the music business that has been, recently, at the top of the real entertainment hierarchy in America. To the extent that the American public *makes a decision* about its entertainment, it makes the decision to buy records. The record business has absorbed most of the non-catatonic energy that Americans devote to entertainment. It should be noted that the record business has subsumed not only radio but vaudeville. In a city of a hundred thousand people, almost

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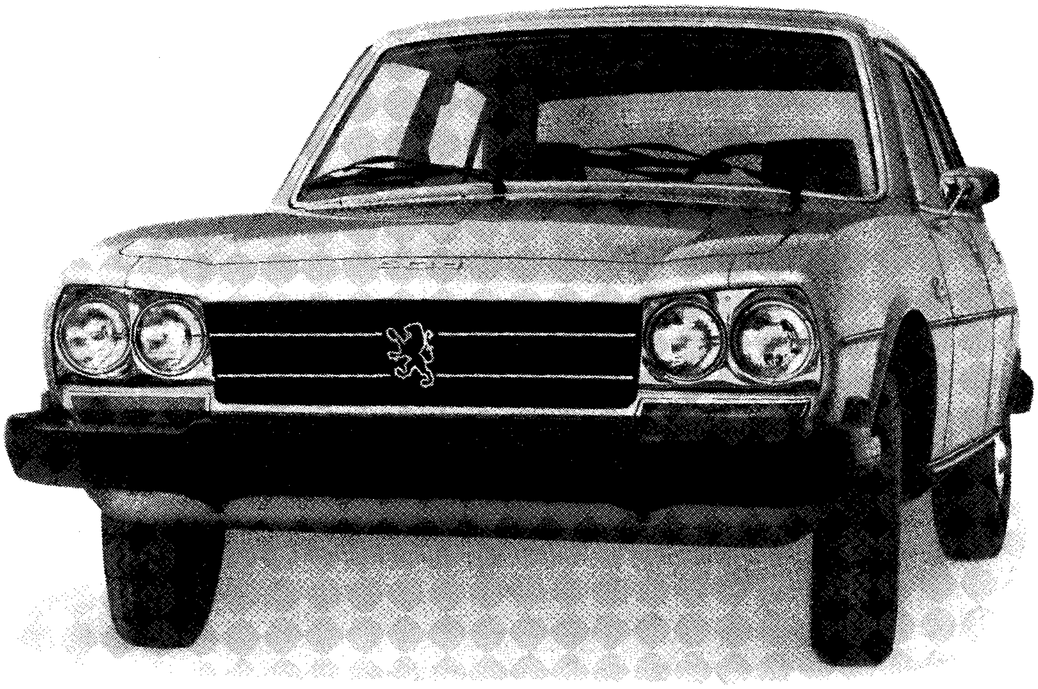

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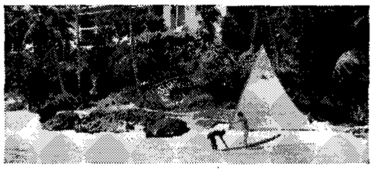

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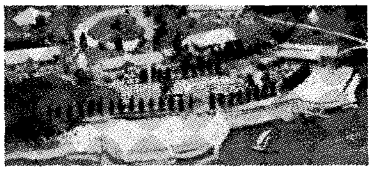

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every radio station plays recorded rock-and-roll music, and if there is ever any currently celebrated entertainer to be seen live on a stage it is likely to be a rock-and-roll singer.

RECORD-INDUSTRY sales in America last year are estimated to have reached almost three and a half billion dollars. If revenues from concerts are included, the gross revenues of the music business approach four billion dollars, which is a figure nearly twice that achieved by the movie industry. The most successful companies are CBS (Columbia and Epic labels) and Warner Communications. For the last two years, the Warner labels, taken together—Elektra/Asylum/Nonesuch, Warner Bros./Reprise, and Atlantic—have been the most successful domestically. In 1977, their gross revenues were three hundred and sixty-four million.

THE record business is not, in its essence, picturesque. The processes of the work are straightforward, and while it is true that behind the scenes there are several coherent styles in operation, these styles (the style of engineers of twenty-seven or thirty-four with long hair and a nose for drugs; the style of press agents of twenty-seven or thirty-four with one small item of Vuitton and a nose for drugs; the style implied by stencilled T-shirts and access to rented limousines) lack the air of ingenious contrivance that was formerly found in the movie industry, for instance. There was about the old movie industry a feeling that adolescents—adolescent actors and adolescent moguls—were dressing up to play-act as adults. The superior candor of the record business has resulted in a formal recognition of adolescent styles. Styles that must be a little *jittery*, however, since they are juxtaposed with the real work of a cutthroat business.

IN the door at Atlantic Records. A curved desk; a receptionist dressed in a style just one step ahead of hip; a floor covered in *rubber*, of the sort that makes for easy walking in West German airports; a long banquette on which are seated (as a matter of course) several musicians, several managers of musicians, several hustlers. There is no Back Lot at Atlantic Records to testify to the hopes and dreams of its consuming public. Just this Front Office. These offices are in the Warner Communications Building, at 75 Rockefeller Plaza, and succeed a series of more modest spaces on the West Side, the last of which, at Sixtieth Street and Broadway, remains in use as a recording studio. They are done in sharp white and warm beige and other shades of relentless good taste. They were decorated by Mica Ertegun, who, together with her friend Mrs. William P. (Chessy) Rayner, runs a decorating firm called MAC II. (Mica decorated Ahmet's personal office in Atlantic's Sixtieth Street headquarters, but his personal office only. That office was done in sharp whites only—this was before the warm beiges and the warm browns had come into their own—and its modernity was somewhat undercut by the fact that it directly overlooked a drugstore.) Around to Ahmet's office. Turn right down a corridor, narrow and ungenerous. To a small reception area, where there are available contemporary (but not immediately contemporary) copies of *Billboard*, *Cash Box*, and *Record World*. To the left is the office of Noreen Woods, Ahmet's assistant and a vice-president of Atlantic, who is a woman of deep intelligence, deep patience, and (probably) deep cynicism. Straight ahead is Ahmet's office. Large and more relentless still. A space-age desk. Against the background of the office various things are seen sharply, in outline. A Humanitarian Award, for instance. Ahmet is offered several humanitarian awards a year but accepts only one a year. And Ahmet himself. Ahmet is a strong man, and seems more powerful still in this office, since he is so visible in it. Ahmet's strength is that he works with considerable authority in a style not seen elsewhere in the Atlantic offices or in his industry. He works with authority in the style of the old movie industry: the style of ingenious contrivance, of theatrical impersonation; the style of *costume*, of luxury, of café society. In these offices, where everyone else has been reduced to a less potent style—Relentless Neutrality, Adolescence, One Step Beyond Hip—Ahmet acts like a magnate and dresses like David Windsor.

IF there was ever a Back Lot at Atlantic Records, it was at 234 West Fifty-sixth Street, next door to Patsy's Restaurant. Ahmet and Jerry Wexler recorded rhythm-and-blues music—R. & B.—in that office. "That was our office, man, and our studio," Ahmet's former partner Jerry Wexler says. "When we wanted to record, we moved the furniture against the wall." Ahmet has many credentials, and to him the fact that thirty years ago he

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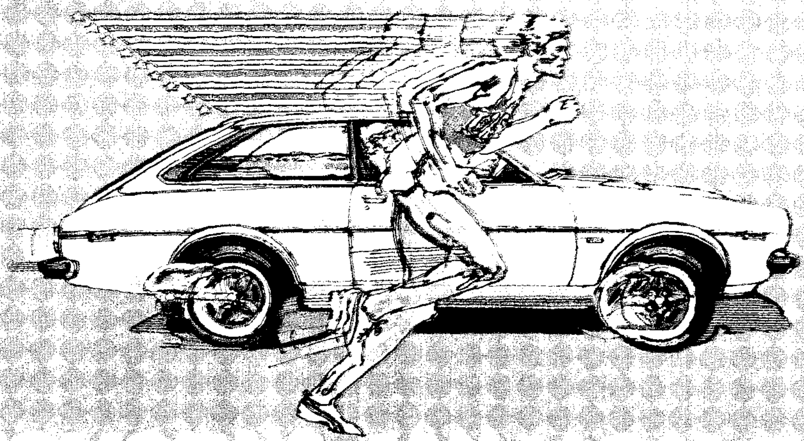

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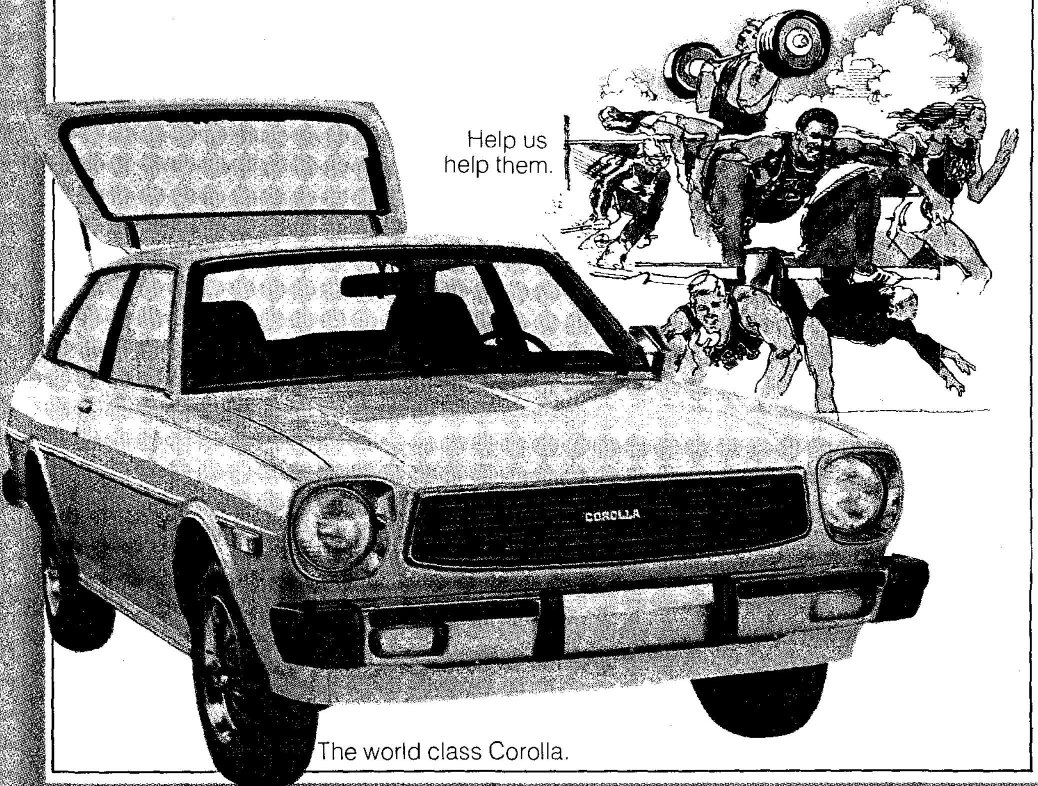

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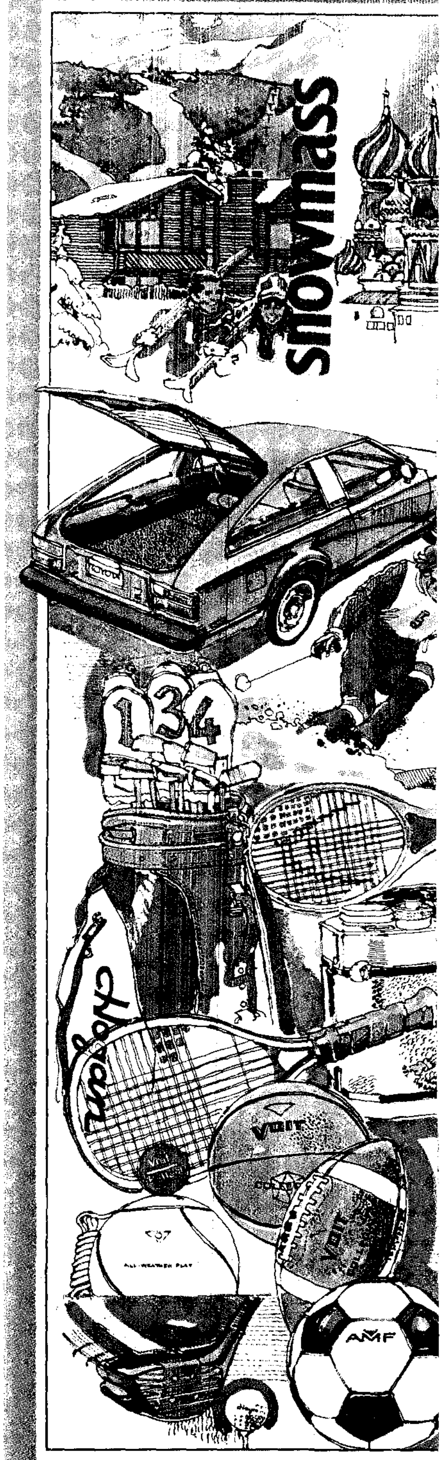

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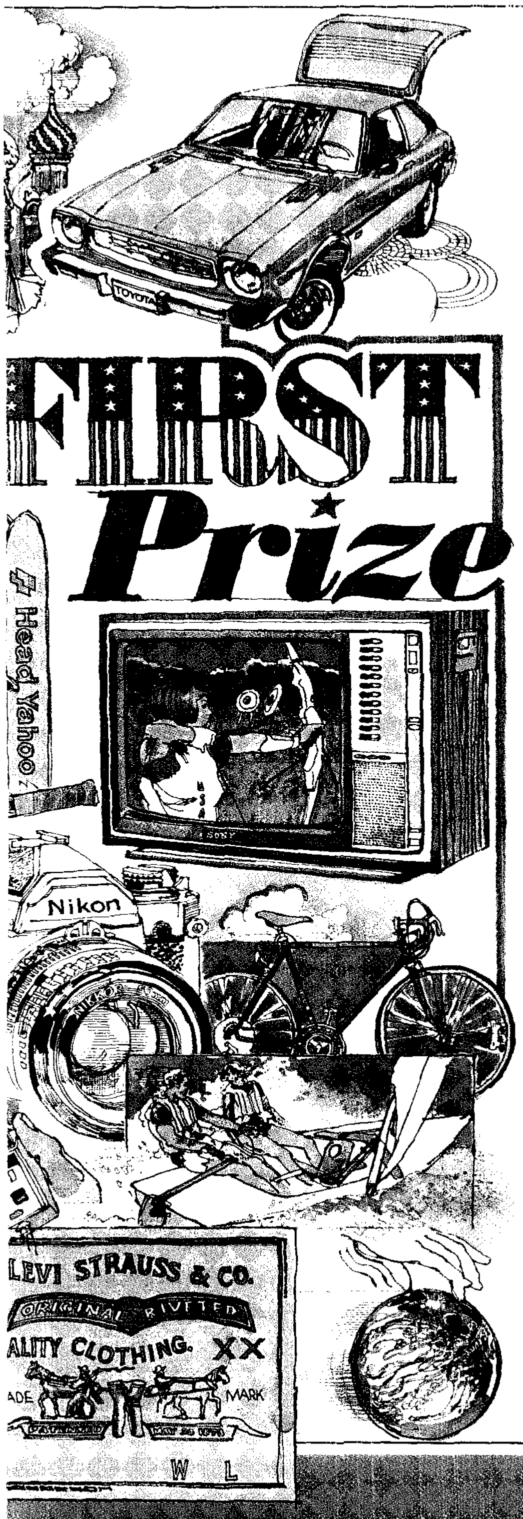

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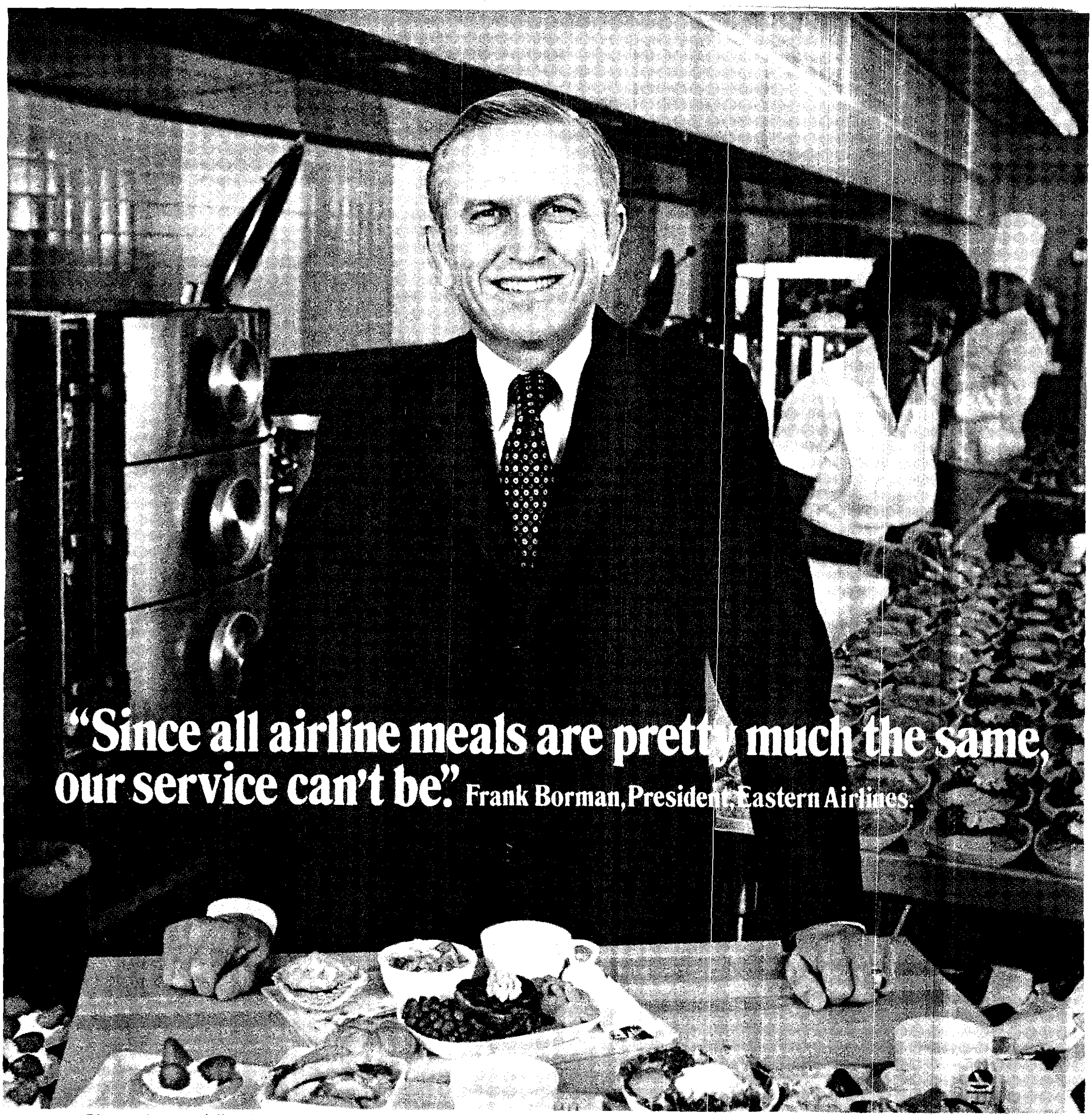
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recorded Negro music that was in some way unexampled and that played a part in the evolution of rock and roll and the contemporary adolescent orthodoxy is not of compelling importance. It is, however, this credential which makes him "heavy"—to young musicians and, despite a serious estrangement, to his old partner Jerry Wexler, who now works at Warner Bros. Records. Recently, Jerry Wexler played a tape from the period of the office next door to Patsy's Restaurant. Ahmet's voice came over the large speakers of an elaborate sound system.

"In front, just get that good piano sound," Ahmet's voice said.

"This is Ahmet with Ray Charles," Jerry Wexler told me. "This is a song Ahmet wrote."

On the tape, Ahmet recited the lines of a song in a flat, staccato voice. " 'Hold your baby as tight as you can; spread yourself out like a fan, and mess around,' " Ahmet's voice said. " 'Do the mess around.' "

"I always loved to hear Ahmet sing," Jerry Wexler said.

On the tape, Ray Charles sang the words that Ahmet had recited to him.

"Ahmet and I used to spend a lot of time together," Jerry Wexler said. "All the time but sleeping time. Circumstances crowded us very close together until 1960-61."

On the tape, Ahmet recited a new verse. At some moments, Ahmet's recitation approached the level of song. " 'Well, they all get juiced, you can bet your soul; they all do the rock with a steady roll. Well, they mess around,' " Ahmet's voice sang.

"At a certain point, Ahmet stopped producing R. & B.," Jerry Wexler said. "I don't know why. I've never discussed it with him. During my last years, there were a lot of black artists who thought I was the president of Atlantic." Jerry Wexler paused.

On the tape, Ray Charles sang the words that Ahmet had recited to him.

"You know one thing," Jerry Wexler said. "I love the songs Ahmet used to write. I mean, they are not *original*. I mean, they all have something stolen from one song and something else stolen from another song. But *every* blues song has that. Every blues song is stolen from every other blues song."

On the tape, Ahmet sang another verse. " 'Have you done the mess around at the cabaret? That's where the playgirls go to play. And mess around,' " Ahmet sang.

A MAN in the music business remembers seeing Ahmet late one night at the offices of Alan Freed, who was the most influential disc jockey in New York during the nineteen-fifties, and one who was known to play the original Negro versions of rhythm-and-blues songs, and not the white copies. "I saw this guy in with Freed, and I'd never seen anyone like that before," the man recalls. "He was young—maybe in his late twenties—but he was completely *bald*, man. And he had this *coat* on—vicuña or some crap. He looked like a millionaire out on the town, you know what I mean? And I thought, How did Freed get to know a class guy like that? And then it turned out that this guy was a *supplicant* to Freed—you know, just like me. I found out that I had seen Ahmet out on his rounds."

WARNER COMMUNICATIONS keeps a jet plane at the disposal of its major executives. It flies at forty-three thousand feet, which is higher than any altitude assigned to commercial jets. It is decorated in shades of toast and beige. It has oval windows, and ingenious tables that slip in and out of ingenious housings. The seats are covered in a nubby oatmeal-colored material. For additional comfort, there are numerous small, strange velvet pillows. In the world of private luxury, standards of quality are occasionally interrupted by humor and small evidences of human whim. In the world of corporate luxury, standards of quality (which are synonymous, usually, with beige nubby textures) are interrupted by promotional trinkets and strange velvet pillows.

In the late fall of 1971, several months after Ahmet's return from Cannes, I went to California with him on this plane. Also on board were Sheldon Vogel, financial vice-president of Atlantic Records; David Glew, sales manager of Atlantic Records; Steven J. Ross, president of Warner Communications; and other executives of Warner Communications. During the flight, business was conducted at three levels.

At the first level, there was the day-to-day business of Atlantic Records. This was conducted by David Glew and Jerry Greenberg and then brought to the attention of Ahmet Ertegun. David Glew had with him an IBM printout that showed the sale of Atlantic records market by market during the previous week. The printout bore the head "Weekly Sales Net." Under that head were three subheads: "BPI," "City," and "Figure." The BPI, or Buying Power Index, was a hypothetical figure that served as a benchmark against which sales per-

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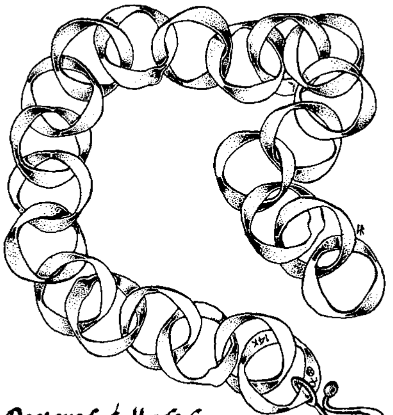

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formance could be measured. David Glew circled in red those cities where the Figure (representing actual Atlantic sales) did not match or exceed the Buying Power Index. Not many cities were circled in red. Another column on the printout showed the overall performance of Atlantic records in release. This column showed these things to Glew: that an album of material from the television show "All in the Family" was going to be enormously successful, unexpectedly pushing the 1971 sales figures toward a new high (just as in 1970 the unexpected enormous sale of a three-record set of music from the Woodstock Festival had helped set a sales record in that year); that a new album released by the hard-metal English group Yes was going to be a heavy-selling album; that an album released by Country (a group managed by a friend of Ahmet's named Earl McGrath) would *not* be a heavy-selling album; and that the previous week had been the biggest week in the history of Atlantic Records.

Ahmet looked at David Glew's printout with concentrated interest. He ordered a big advertising campaign for the "All in the Family" album. Then he looked at the figures for the Yes album. He told Glew that he was about to sign a new contract with Yes. "We've got to get that signed," Ahmet said. "I'm glad we've got that on the line. I wouldn't give these figures to them."

"They didn't get last week's figures," Jerry Greenberg said.

"You could be cold with them, you know," Ahmet said.

"I'll cough the call," David Glew said.

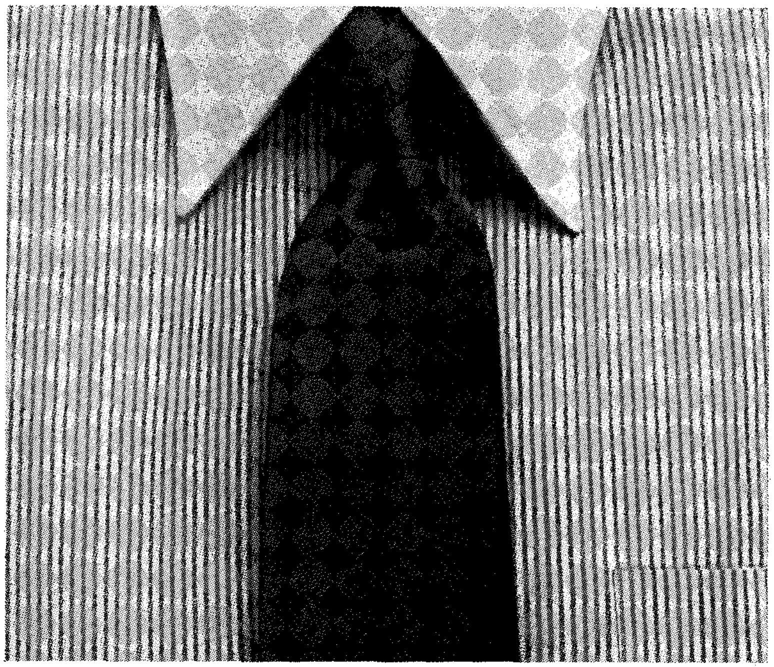
Jerry Greenberg brought up the problem of the Country album. "It's a stiff," he said.

"I'd like to break that album," Ahmet said.

"We spent two thousand dollars on time-buys on L.A. radio—nothing," said David Glew. "And I really dig Earl McGrath."

Business at the second level involved strategic planning for Atlantic Records and touched, as well, on arrangements held in common by Atlantic and Warner Bros. Records and Elektra Records. Business at this level was conducted actively by Ahmet with Sheldon Vogel and Greenberg and Glew. Ahmet discussed with this group various problems that had arisen in the record-distribution system set up by the Warner Communications Record Group. He also discussed the possibility of acquiring retail outlets.

David Glew mentioned someone



A pleasant change of pace *is evident in this shirt of fine cotton broadcloth. The white collar and white button cuffs contrast handsomely with grey, blue or wine chalk stripes on white ground. 14½-32 to 17-35. $27.50. The tie, a pure repp silk from Switzerland, comes in solid colors of navy, wine, forest green, dark brown or rust. $15. Please add $2. for delivery. (Single tie orders $1.25). New York State residents please add applicable tax.*

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who, he said, could set up a chain of retail outlets. "He's in with some of the biggest builders in the country," David Glew said.

"In five minutes, we'll be in with bigger ones," Ahmet said.

Steven J. Ross, founder and president of Warner Communications, passed by Ahmet, where he was conferring with David Glew and Jerry Greenberg and Sheldon Vogel. Steven Ross was dressed in a light-blue turtleneck and a dark-blue blazer. Ahmet was wearing a yellow polo shirt and a dark-blue blazer. Ahmet's blue blazer and yellow shirt implied a different style from the style implied by Ross's blue blazer and light-blue turtleneck.

Ahmet looked up at Ross. "The fellows just told me that last week was the biggest in history," Ahmet said.

"Great! Just great!" Ross said. Ross, tall and athletic and powerful, had a manner that showed a curious mixture of assurance and insecurity. He seemed uncertain in the face of Ahmet's sophistication and glibness, but confident that he would be listened to and treated well nonetheless. ("Steve Ross tells me he doesn't know what to do," a New York banker says. "There is Ahmet, and there are these other strange guys, and there is no way to understand what they are doing. They make half his profits for him, but he doesn't understand how they do it. He says it's a little scary.")

Business at the third level was conducted by Steven Ross and dealt with problems and projects of the conglomerate. Ross sat in a beige chair; Ahmet stood propped up against one of the ingenious tables. This meeting dealt with issues arising from Warner Communications' involvement in cable TV. Some time was spent on the subject of "diluted earnings." The plane passed over the Rocky Mountains during this meeting, and everyone stopped talking to look. As the meeting came to an end, David Glew and Jerry Greenberg rejoined Ahmet and Ross. Glew gave Ross a promotional medallion. This medallion took its inspiration from a graphic logo developed for the Rolling Stones. A giant red tongue lolled out of a giant red mouth. "These medallions are the biggest promotional thing since the 'Atlantic Is Heavy' sweatshirts," Glew told Ross.

"Great! Great!" Steven Ross said.

Ross and Ahmet talked about football. "He's got the speed, got the moves," Ross said, describing a player.

"We played football against WPOP in Hartford," Greenberg said. "It was part of their Toys for Tots promotion."

"Great!" Steven Ross said.

AT a recording studio on Cahuenga Boulevard, in Los Angeles, Ahmet sat in a big-backed black vinyl chair. The chair rolled on big chrome casters. Ahmet wore cavalry-twill trousers with dark-brown piping around the pockets, and tasselled loafers. The big-backed black vinyl chair encased Ahmet awkwardly. Ahmet got up, pushed it away, and got a smaller one. Ahmet is not contemptuous of vinyl chairs—he has respect for the economic forces that give them their character—but he has no time for *unsuccessful* vinyl chairs, or for anything else that encases him awkwardly. Through the window of the control booth where Ahmet sat, he could see two young Atlantic singers named Batdorf and Rodney. Batdorf wore a green T-shirt marked with a peace sign; Rodney wore an unmarked green T-shirt. Both Batdorf and Rodney had long hair and wore sneakers. They were singing a song of Batdorf's composition called "All I Need." This song was descended, in a way that was hard to trace, from some cadet branch of the rhythm-and-blues family. It had lyrics that descended in a more direct way from the protest songs of the sixties. The song went like this:

I used to be a baker man,
Feeding all the world
With the bread of life
And living for my girl,
And all I need is a piece of life,
And all I need is the time,
All I need is to hear a sound,
But all I go is down.

This was the first verse. The second verse began, "I used to be a soldier boy, fighting for my world." Batdorf sang this song. Rodney played the guitar.

Ahmet listened impassively, his face in repose. His eyes were half closed. He looked, in repose, very handsome and very inaccessible. What I imagined Ahmet to be doing was this: I imagined him to be tracing, very quickly, the provenance of the pieces of style that Batdorf and Rodney had used in contriving their performing personality. What Ahmet had in front of him was not any simple expression of talent; these young men existed in an aura of pastiche and derivation very far from any recognizable musical archetype. Ahmet had to determine whether there was any particular interest to their particular assortment of derived elements. He had to determine if their energy or their musicianship or their innocence lent any convincing authority to their

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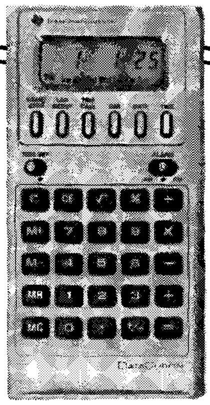

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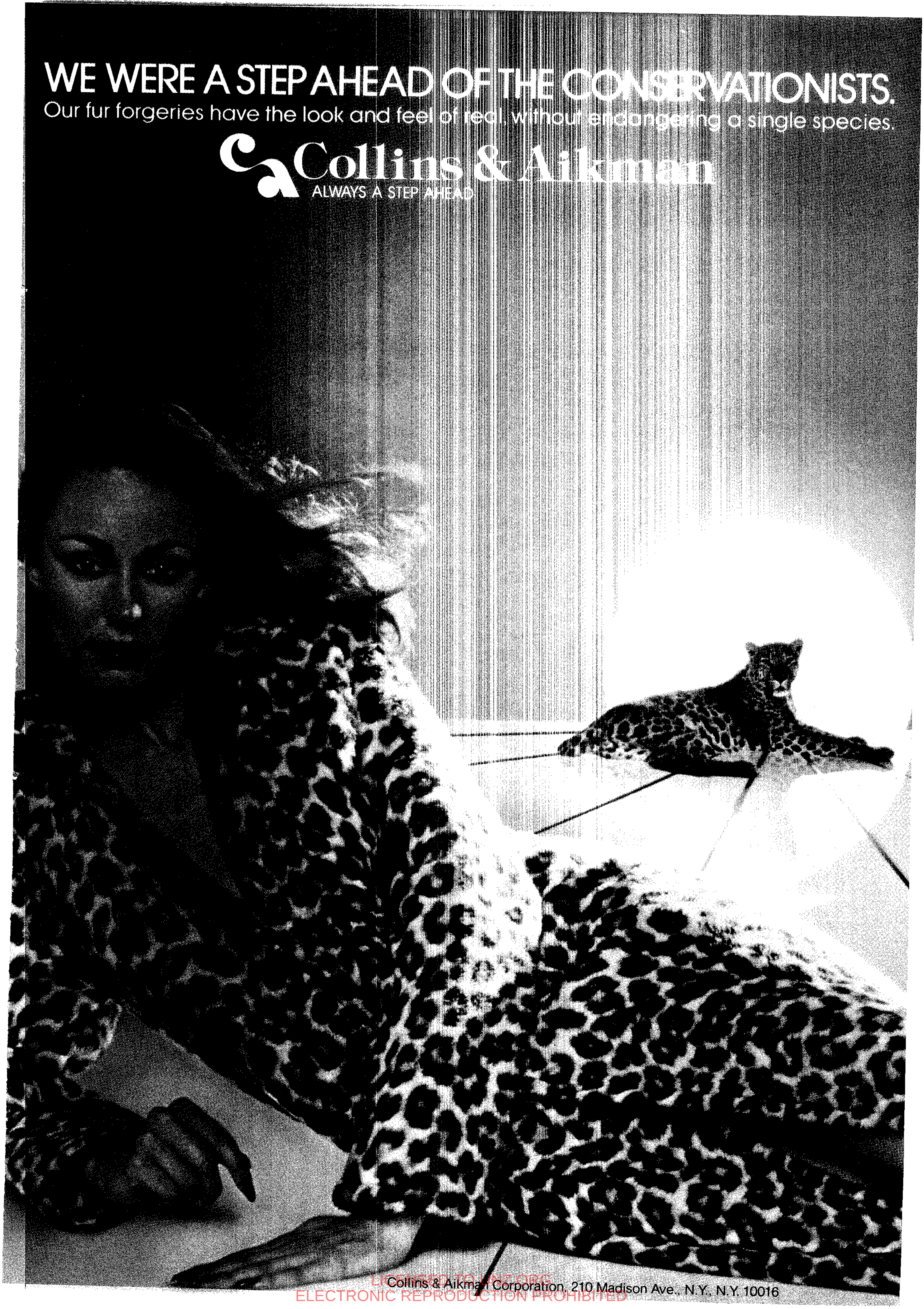
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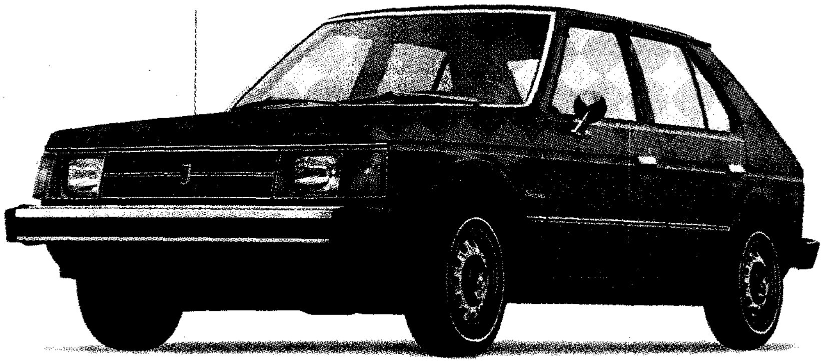

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performance. He had to decide if he should add a new element to the pastiche or subtract an element already present. It seemed to me that Ahmet had at his disposal a studbook of American musical archetypes and their descendants, and that he was using this document (one of the best of its kind) in an effort to solve the problem of Batdorf and Rodney.

There was a squeal on the tape as the engineer sitting next to Ahmet played back the tape of "All I Need," by Batdorf and Rodney.

"Where did that squeal come from?" Ahmet asked sharply. "Are all the channels open?"

The engineer was a young man in jeans. His jeans had a patch on them that read "Keep On Truckin'." "I don't *think* they're all open," he said.

From within the studio, Batdorf signalled an interest in speaking over the intercom. He asked Ahmet if he had seen "Johnny Got His Gun," the movie made from Dalton Trumbo's antiwar novel. He said that the song "All I Need" had an important relationship to the movie "Johnny Got His Gun."

"Everything sounds very muddy," Ahmet said. "It all sounds very muddy." He turned to the engineer. "The way you've got it set up, you've got a bad mike on the guitars. They're getting depressed out there. *That's* Batdorf *there*. The other one is Rodney. You've got them mixed up. You were bringing up the wrong guitar."

The telephone rang. It was a call for Ahmet. It lasted several minutes. Batdorf, Rodney, and the engineer waited for Ahmet. "That was an ultimatum," Ahmet said to me when the call was over. "I have been receiving ultimatums. I am used to ultimatums. Perhaps I should say 'ultimata.' Ultimata always involve money."

Ahmet flipped on the intercom. "Better come in and hear it," he said to Batdorf and Rodney.

He turned to the engineer and spoke in a pleasant, conversational tone, as though he were an observer talking to another observer. "It's a very dead room, isn't it?" he asked.

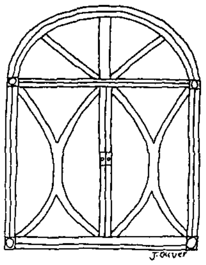
The engineer, who had, of course, set the room up and was responsible for its deadness, bumbled his words. "Well, it's not a *super*-dead room," he said, finally.

In the control booth, Batdorf and Rodney listened to "All I Need." At the end, Ahmet was silent. Batdorf brought up "Johnny Got His Gun" again. "It's about this guy who ends up a basket case," Batdorf said.

"I know what you're saying," Ahmet said. "But the *song*. I think we have to worry about the *song*."

"I was going to dedicate it to Dalton Trumbo," Batdorf said. "People who know who Dalton Trumbo was would know what the song was about."

AFTER the session with Batdorf and Rodney, Ahmet went in his limousine to the Los Angeles house of his friend Earl McGrath, who was at that moment the head of Clean Records, an Atlantic subsidiary label. Earl McGrath was born in Wisconsin, came to New York in 1954, and met Ahmet in the early sixties. ("Our first conversation was about the last of the Great American Sin Streets," Earl McGrath says. "We decided that East Baltimore Street in Baltimore was the last of the Great American Sin Streets. That was before sin streets came back.") During the middle sixties, Earl McGrath worked for Twentieth Century-Fox in New York. During the late sixties, he lived on the West Coast and wrote screenplays. In 1970, he became the head of Clean Records. Through all these transformations, he had been a close friend of Ahmet's—the person, perhaps, with whom Ahmet was best able to relax. Earl McGrath is tall and thin and wears a mustache. His distinctive characteristics are a smile that swallows up his face in a rather unusual way, a high-pitched laugh, and an ability to extract punch lines from unpromising material. When Ahmet arrived at Earl McGrath's house, it was in comfortable disarray. In one corner of one room, large cushions were spread out on the floor. Ahmet arranged himself against one of these and had a drink.

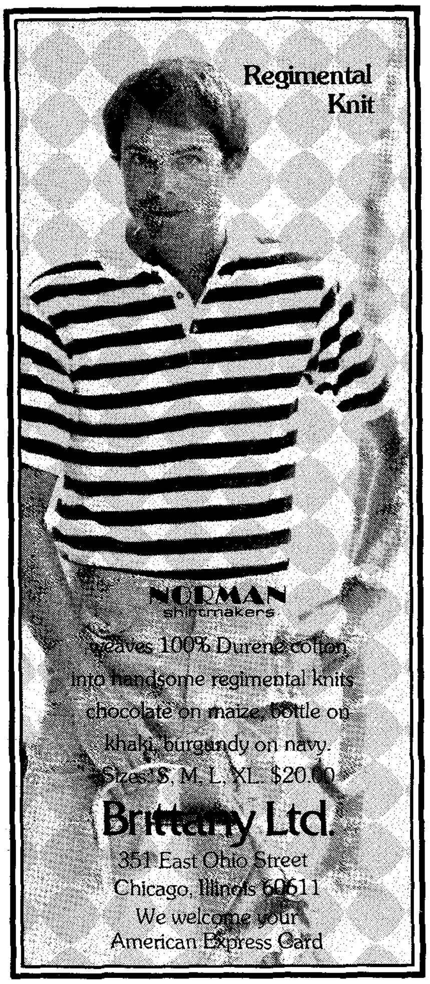


Earl McGrath began to talk about Margaret Case, an editor of *Vogue* who had committed suicide some time before by jumping from a window of her apartment. "There she was," he said. "A pancake on Park Avenue after fifty years in the world of fashion." Earl McGrath smiled in a way that threatened to take over his face. Then he went to his sound system and played a tape. The tape had been made by a rock-and-roll group he wanted to sign to Clean Records.

"They want a twenty-five-thousand-dollar advance," McGrath told Ahmet.

"We can get them down considerably," Ahmet said.

"If all the cunning of Islam is with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you, it should be a piece of cake," McGrath said.

After a while, Ahmet and Earl began to try to decide where they might eat dinner. Grand restaurants were suggested. Sleazy drive-ins were suggested. Finally, it was decided that they would go to Martoni's, an Italian restaurant known to be popular with people in the music business. "It's always a thrill to go to Martoni's with Ahmet," McGrath said. "If you don't mind the ass-kissing."

AT Martoni's, waiters hovered about Ahmet's table with a devotion that did not quite obscure the dreariness of the food they served. Ahmet was greeted with deference by ten or twenty people. He returned the greetings with a jaunty grace that seemed to provide a high degree of pleasure to each of the people who approached him. Most of the people who greeted Ahmet were businessmen—men who worked for record companies, men who worked as performers' managers, men who worked at recording studios. One, however, was a performer, a woman in her forties. Performers without a record deal sometimes came to Martoni's in the hope of meeting the right businessman. Ahmet was graceful and affectionate with this performer—and he did a most skillful thing: he made it clear, through his grace and his warmth, that his interest was personal, and not professional. It was an unawkward exchange, and one that nobody in the business but Ahmet could have brought off so well.

"The only thing about her that works anymore is the hair," McGrath said when this performer had left. "And Cher does it better."

Ahmet smiled but did not laugh. "She was very good in a certain way," Ahmet said. "It wasn't a big thing that she did, but she did it well."

IN Ahmet's limousine, McGrath and Ahmet tried to decide which of two recording sessions to drop in on. At one session, there would be David Crosby and Graham Nash, Joni Mitchell, and, probably, David Geffen. At another, there would be the Rolling Stones and Marshall Chess, the manager of the day-to-day affairs of the Rolling Stones. "I know what," Earl McGrath said, smiling. "Let's go where we can see Marshall Chess."

SINCE Ahmet planned to end the evening with Mick Jagger, he went first to the Crosby-Nash session. Crosby and Nash were in the studio.

Joni Mitchell and David Geffen sat in the control booth, and Ahmet and McGrath joined them. McGrath talked to Ahmet, and Geffen talked to Ahmet, but McGrath and Geffen did not talk much to each other. As McGrath talked to Ahmet, he made reference to spheres of humor and sophistication from which Geffen was excluded. As Geffen talked to Ahmet, he made reference to professional and financial issues of a significance that McGrath had not experienced at Clean Records. Ahmet played with a pocket calculator.

David Crosby and Graham Nash came into the control booth. They had about them the air of craftsmen. The simple ease they showed in pursuit of their craft made unalarming the signs they carried with them that they were in fact at the end of their youth. They were dressed like hippies, but like hippie carpenters. David Crosby wore a small woodsman's knife at his belt. With Stephen Stills and Neil Young, Crosby and Nash had made music that had successfully merged some modes from hippie experience and country music. This had made them successful, and it had made David Geffen, their manager, successful as well. Geffen, as president and part owner of Asylum Records, came to preside over singers like Jackson Browne and, later, the Eagles, whose style descended from Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young, and who made him more successful yet. Geffen had about him the air of a craftsman, too, but his air was more urban and more nervous. The engineer played back the track that Crosby and Nash had just recorded. The track was called "Southbound Train." Since the harmony had not been laid in yet, Crosby and Nash sang the harmony to Ahmet—one at each ear.

AHMET spent most of the next day in his bungalow at the Beverly Hills Hotel. The bungalow was large and comfortable. In Ahmet's bungalow, there are tactful reproductions of French paintings and there are a number of telephones. Ahmet spends a large part of every day on the telephone. "I make between fifty and seventy calls a day," Ahmet says. "That's all anybody *can* make, I think." That morning, Ahmet called Steve Ross to arrange a meeting to discuss retail record outlets; he called the comedian Flip Wilson about a movie; he called Earl McGrath and he called David Geffen and he called Mick Jagger.

In the early afternoon, Steve Ross

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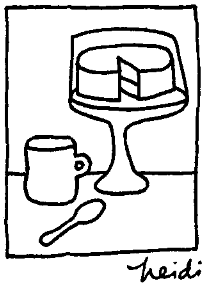
came to talk to Ahmet about retail outlets. This meeting ran into the time that Ahmet had set aside for a meeting with David Geffen. Geffen waited in another room of the bungalow while Ahmet talked with Ross in the living room. Geffen wore bluejeans and a Western-cut shirt in a flowered pattern. He said that he had just bought a Rolls-Royce Corniche. "I just bought one of those cars, you know—the Corniche," he said. "I always wanted one, but I was afraid it would be considered too ostentatious. Finally, I said, 'The hell with it.' I can afford it and I got it."



Geffen had about him a vigorous energy. Since his trip with Ahmet to Cannes, he had set up Asylum Records, in partnership with Atlantic. He had begun to be a proprietor, and a successful one. With a certain humor, with a certain honesty, with an exuberant pleasure (but with no grace), he had shaken off the obscure world in which managers and record hustlers—however rich—scuffle unnoticed. The telephone rang. *It was Joni Mitchell calling* David Geffen. She told David Geffen that she had had the idea of putting out a book of her poetry for her friends. "It's twenty-five thousand dollars, Joni," Geffen said. "That's two hundred and fifty dollars for each book. What we should do is keep the plates and then do another kind of book, too. Use a different binding for three ninety-eight, and yours will still be very special." He paused. "To give them value, you ought to sign them one out of a hundred, two out of a hundred, et cetera. Like graphics."

At that moment, Ahmet came in. Geffen was still on the telephone. "He must be talking to an artist," Ahmet said. "He's got his soulful look on. *He is trying to purge at this moment all traces of his eager greed.*" Ahmet left.

Shortly thereafter, Geffen hung up the phone. "I love Ahmet," Geffen said. "Earl and I are sibling rivals for Ahmet's affection—or, at least, Earl thinks we are. Ahmet is a very charming man, and the record business is basically so boring."

Soon Geffen went in for his meeting with Ahmet. They discussed one aspect of Atlantic's arrangement with Crosby and Nash. Geffen was acting in his capacity as their manager. Geffen was combative, but in a complicated way: he used his combativeness to win his points, but he used his brashness, also, to bring himself to Ahmet's attention, so that there was a compliment implied in every demand he made, since the demand was for attention as well as money. Many people, sensing the force of Ahmet's personality, want to be close to him; the more ambitious want his attention, which is scattered, usually, and hard to pin down. Part of Geffen's ambition had to do with gaining Ahmet's full attention. Later, his ambition *had to do with gaining Ahmet's full attention without having to ask for it.*

The issue was this: The contract provided that Nash and Crosby would be reimbursed for five thousand dollars of their studio costs for every one hundred thousand dollars' worth of records they sold. Geffen wanted fifty thousand dollars of this sum paid in advance—an amount that would assume sales of one million dollars. This sum paid in advance would show Ahmet's confidence in the album, Geffen said.

Ahmet was annoyed by this request, but he treated it with a jaunty humor. "*We'll give you ten thousand dollars,*" Ahmet told Geffen, "and you can go to Santa Monica Boulevard and watch a couple of movies, or whatever you do all day."

"You should give me the fifty thousand dollars," Geffen said.

"Why?" Ahmet asked. "No one else gets it."

"Because it's sound business practice, and, besides, I want it."

"No."

"Why don't you concede for once? Why not make a gesture of good will, taking into account the entire relationship? Why not give the fifty thousand dollars?"

Finally, Ahmet agreed to advance thirty-five thousand dollars. "I'm not *giving you fifty thousand dollars,* because I need the money to run my company," Ahmet said.

"If you're in that kind of trouble, I'm selling my stock," Geffen said.

"You're very chintzy," Ahmet said.

"*You* are chintzy, not me," Geffen said.

Ahmet ceased to be jaunty. "You know, a soldier is sometimes too good a soldier," Ahmet said. "Whatever happens, I'm your friend and I love you, but don't squeeze the juice out of every situation."

THAT night, Ahmet and Earl McGrath went to hear two groups that McGrath wanted to sign to

Clean Records. By the time they left the Beverly Hills Hotel, in Ahmet's limousine, they were two hours late to hear the first group. The big black car travelled over narrow roads into the Hollywood hills. The big black car took the turns awkwardly. At McGrath's direction, the car stopped beside a small, new ranch house. There was no driveway. The big black car pulled just off the road, parallel to the house. The car was almost as long as the house. The house was that peculiar California thing—a beat-up new house. The house looked like a mistreated late-model Chevrolet. Inside, there was woodlike panelling, vinyl flooring, acoustical-tile ceilings, and no furniture. No furniture. Not a table or a chair. The group was set up in the garage. The garage had been insulated with Johns-Manville fibre glass. There were a pianist-vocalist, three guitarists, and a drummer. Ahmet, wearing a tweed jacket over a blue polo shirt, sat down on the floor, cross-legged. "I hope they understand," he said to McGrath. "I hope they understand that we're late and can't stay." The band played (and the pianist played and sang) "Slip Away," an important rhythm-and-blues song. "Slip Away" had been a hit, on Atlantic, for Clarence Carter. McGrath moved with the music. Ahmet stayed still on the floor. At the end of the song, he shook hands with the members of the band and left.

Back in the car, Ahmet said to McGrath, "They're trying to be black. The trouble is, if they make it they aren't very far." McGrath talked about the drummer of the group. The drummer had played with known groups.

"These kids are not going to play bars in the South," Ahmet said. "I mean, that is not going to happen." The big black car took some more curves, awkwardly. "They are playing songs by Clarence Carter," Ahmet said. "Clarence Carter is a very great man. You know what? Clarence Carter doesn't sell many records."

The second group was found up a dirt road high in the hills. They lived in a house with real wood panelling and a fireplace. There were many women and children, and there were some Southern accents. There was a copy of "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Dog." The group was called Delbert & Glen and consisted, at that moment, of six musicians. They played, and Ahmet listened intently. "I tried to cut this song five times," Ahmet said as they played. "Originally, it was a Cripple Clarence Lofton song called 'Strut That Thing.' Willie Mabon

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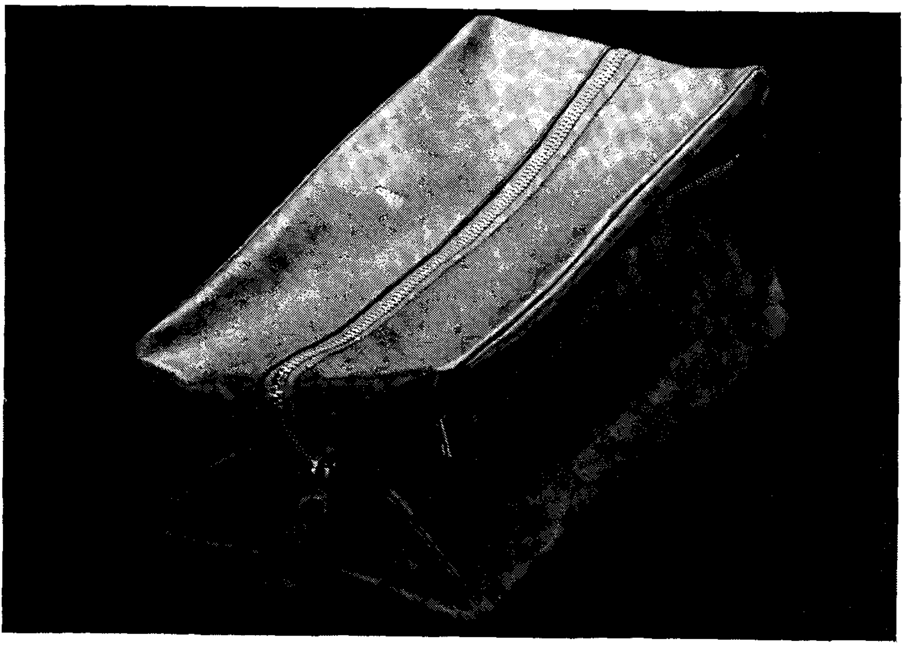

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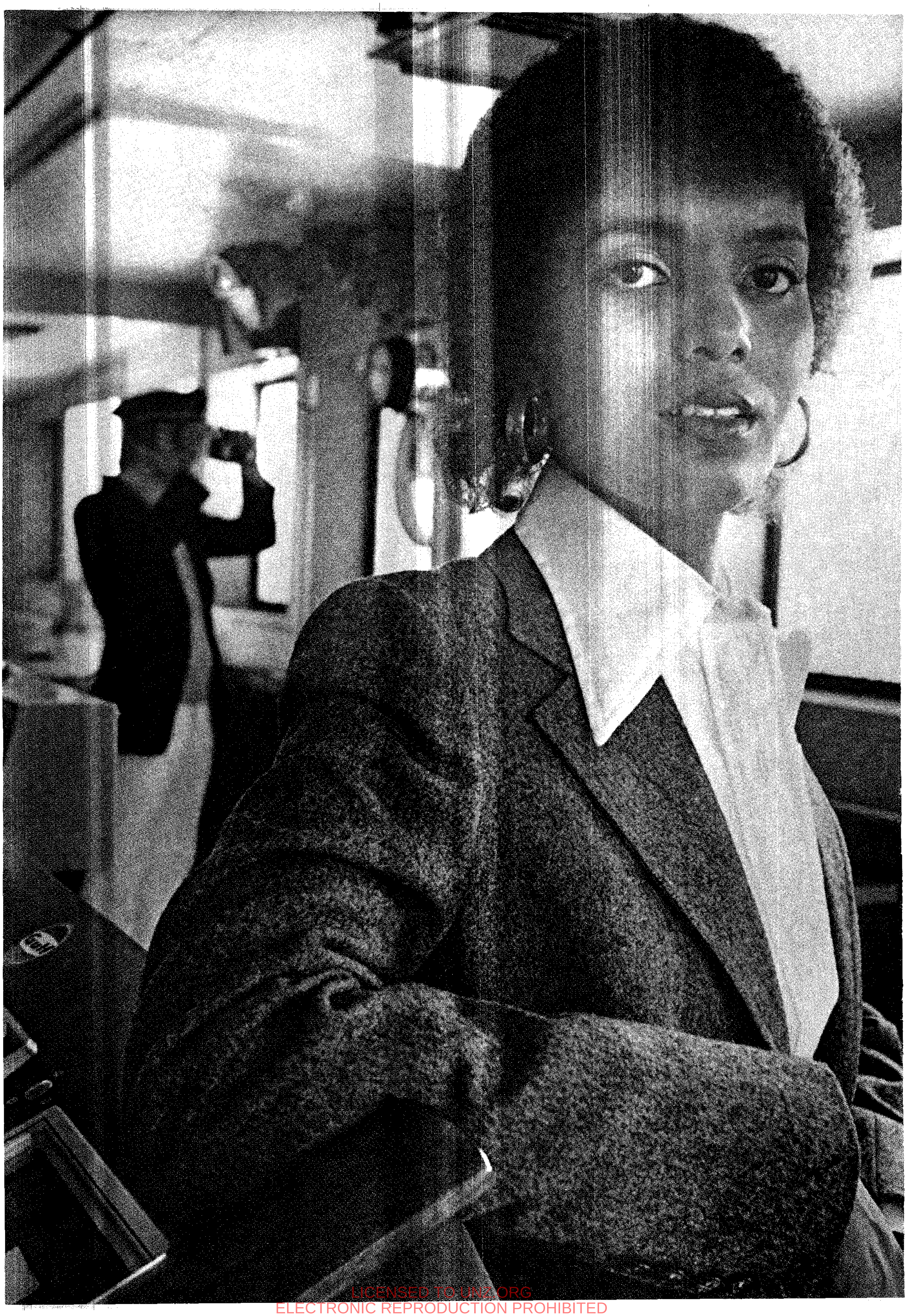

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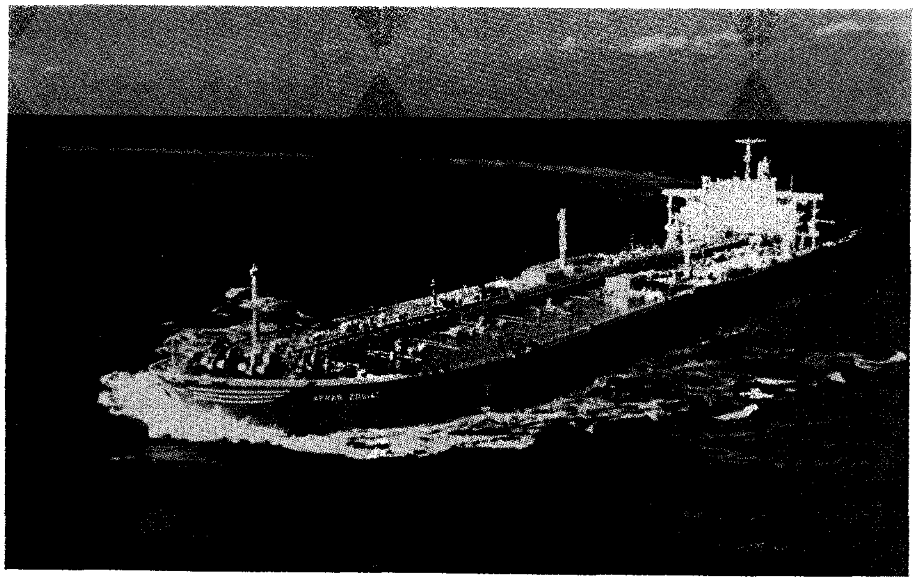
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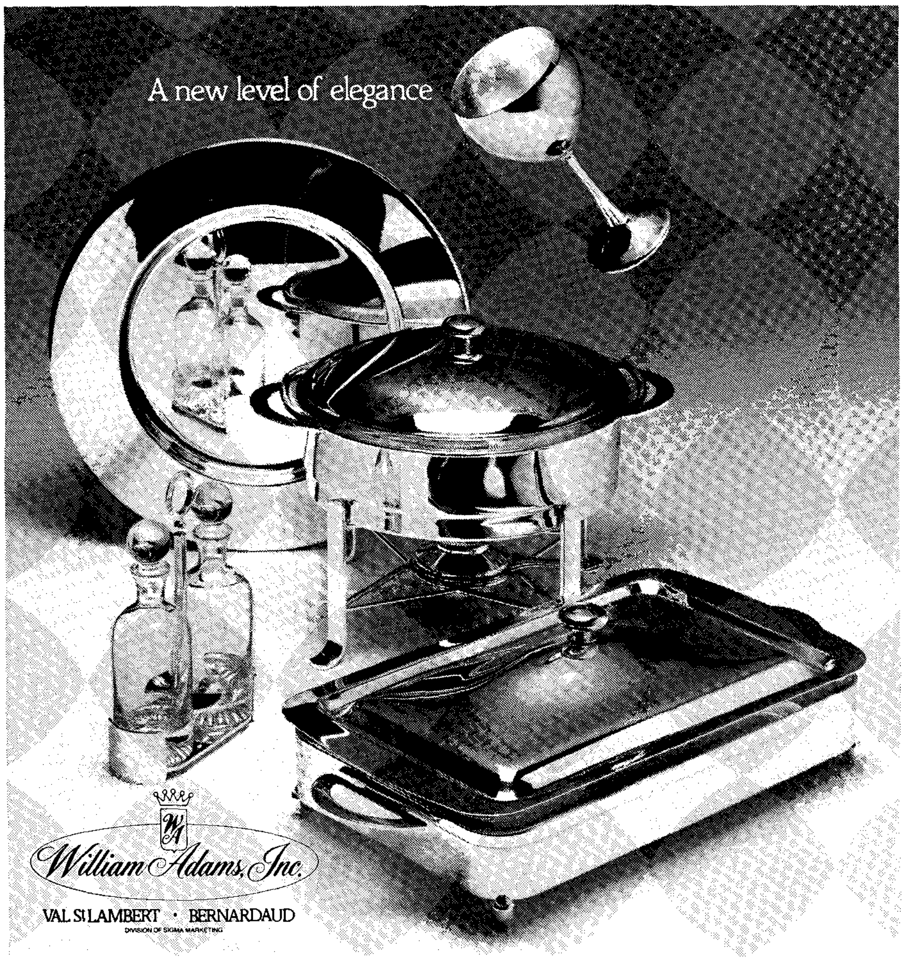

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changed it around. Nobody ever gets the time right." Ahmet paused. "Right *there*. They didn't get the time right. It's a bitch. You want to do it with a little spontaneity, but at the same time everybody has to know when to come in." Delbert & Glen played another song—a country song called "Wine and Roses." As soon as it was over, Ahmet went to talk with the group's manager. He talked seriously and quickly. He wanted to know who was in the band, and he wanted to know if the band was going to stay together to perform. He wanted to know if the band could tour steadily. The manager told Ahmet that several members of the group were reluctant to tour and wanted to work on their own material.

"I tell you something," Ahmet said. "It is a waste of time, you know, to listen to an unknown group that does not want to tour."

"Hey," the manager said. "You're not talking to a corporation. You're talking to people."

"Umm," Ahmet said.

The manager talked for a moment about the values Delbert & Glen sought to maintain in its professional life.

"The material's not strong enough," Ahmet said.

"Well," said the manager, "we could listen all night to material."

"I am not interested in staying all night," Ahmet said. "I am interested in hearing material so strong that . . . it's stronger than anything else around."

ON the way back to the Beverly Hills Hotel, Ahmet told Earl McGrath that he would sign Delbert & Glen. Delbert & Glen gave McGrath the only Top Forty song that Clean Records ever had.

A FEW months later, en route to La Côte Basque, Ahmet said, "I think Wilson Pickett will leave the label. I think there is a certain kind of rhythm and blues that will disappear, you know? 'Got My Mojo Workin',' and so forth. Black people are very ruthless about their own music. Wilson Pickett has one of the great voices, you know? One of the great *rough* rhythm-and-blues voices. But it is a little old-fashioned, as far as black people are concerned. I like it, you like it, but a lot of black people have had enough." Ahmet paused. "It is like a marriage. I mean, the relationship between an artist and the label. There is the initial excitement, you know, and it goes on for a while, but it is very rare that it goes on *forever*. Either the artist finds someone richer or the label finds someone younger." Ahmet continued, "R. & B. music can be very artificial. You know, very repetitive. I would say that at this moment R. & B. music is very artificial, with a lot of white influence, you know? And very insipid. R. & B. records can be very insipid. 'Hi, everybody,' you know? 'I'm Archie Bell & the Drells,' and so on and so forth. 'And we're gonna dance awhile,' and so forth, right? Now, that's not a great lyric. But I tell you, that swings more than any record by Crosby, Stills & Nash, or Led Zeppelin, right? Because that lyric is still somewhere in the cultural edifice of the black man. I mean, somewhere in that song there is still a little bit of the poetic message of the black man. His secret language."

AHMET is known at La Côte Basque. As he came in, a waiter slipped him a press clipping about a soccer game.

Ahmet said, "There is a certain sort of excess that is interesting, don't you think? And America is, of course, the most excessive place. I came here as a child of twelve, but even before I came here I cared about jazz and gangsters and Chaplin. Nesuhi taught me all that. He also taught me that David Windsor was the best-dressed man in the world. Nesuhi at sixteen was a superstar. I am not an *exception*, you know? Everyone I knew was fascinated by America. There was then a colony of Turkish students going to school in Hollywood instead of going to Oxford. They hung around in cars, trying to go out with Linda Darnell." Ahmet paused. "I had a friend named Harper Soules. He took me to Brooks Brothers. I put on a jacket, and it was two sizes too big or two sizes too small, or something. And I said, 'This doesn't fit.' And the man from Brooks Brothers said, 'This is your size,' and I said, 'But it doesn't *fit*,' and Harper Soules got very angry at me. 'Fit, fit—of course it doesn't fit,' he said. 'If you want it to fit, go to one of those cheap Broadway stores. This is Brooks Brothers.' I was interested in that." Ahmet paused again. He looked briefly at the clipping about the soccer game. "I should tell you about John Caskie, who was a friend of mine at college. He was the best-dressed man in America. We all knew that. He was the first to wear old tennis shoes. He had a Mercedes-Benz 540K. His father bought him a house in Middleburg filled with antiques, which he burned in the fireplace. He had his Mercedes reduced to a one-seater, because he didn't want anyone to ride with him. He had marvellous tweed jackets, silk shirts, flannels with about five holes in them, tennis shoes. I don't think he ended well."

The waiter brought Ahmet another newspaper clipping about soccer. "Soccer is all I care about," the waiter said.

"I USED to have a bus," Ahmet said, riding downtown with Mica toward a loft on the Bowery. "I mean, I used to rent a bus. Because it was cheaper than a car and driver, and it was more fun, if you know what I mean."

"I don't think there is any fun anymore," Mica said. "I don't think there are any amusing places to go. We went to some places the other night. We went to C'est Moi, and that was just nothing. And we went to a place called Tambourine. I was told that Tambourine was very nicely done. I was told, you know, that it was amusing, but it seemed to me that it was mostly transvestites. I am so bored with transvestites. Some of them are nice people, I suppose, but I think it is so boring now."

"Mario Santo Domingo, my South American friend, used to come up and we would have a trio in the bus and go around to parties," Ahmet said. "We would teach the trio very obscure songs. 'And Her Mother Came Too' and 'Just a Personal Friend' were two songs we sang in the bus. We kidnapped half of the Count Basie band from Birdland and took them to the Village. One night, we went to El Morocco and parked the bus in front. Two guys who worked in the men's room were Turks and they loved me, and I took them and the hat-check girl and a couple of waiters and got them in the bus. As people came, we asked them into the bus. I mean, if one of us knew them. It was very crowded in the bus. We even had a cigarette girl going around. John Perona—who owned El Morocco, you know?—came out, because no one was coming into the club. He was very angry, but he forgave us later."

THE loft that was the Erteguns' destination was the loft of Kenneth Noland, and it had been decorated by Mica. There were thirty or forty people there. Among the thirty or forty were two black men. Young, sleek, un-poor. Ahmet gave them a certain amount of attention. Ahmet identified one as the illegitimate son of a jazz musician. Ahmet went up to these two

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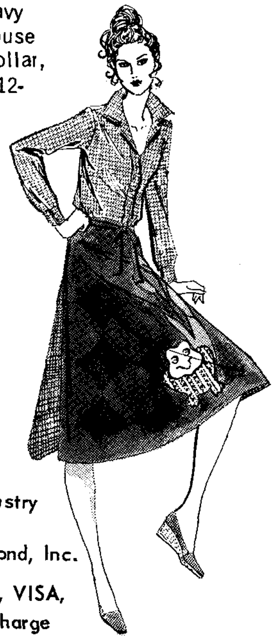

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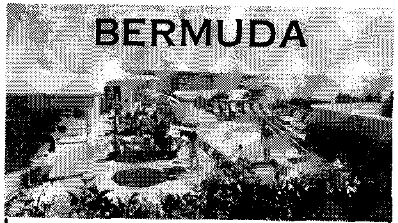

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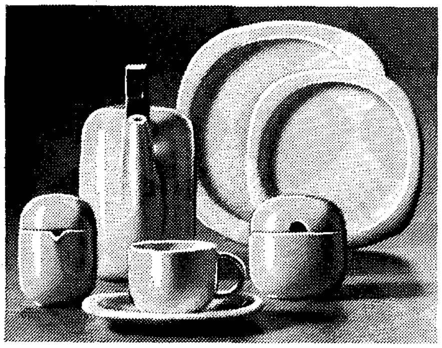

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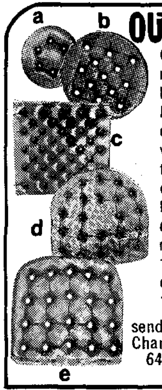

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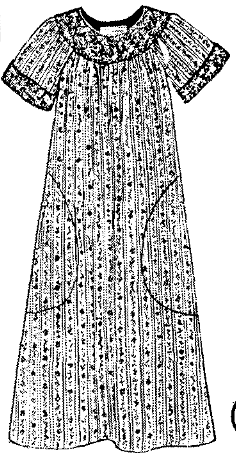

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young men and began to tell a rather complicated story about going to East St. Louis to hear music. He seemed, at that moment, to require their approval. Later, possibly, their approval would be irrelevant or trying. The sleek young black men looked at Ahmet blankly. If they had any interest in his story, they masked it. One of them left to get a cigarette.

Ahmet talked to me about the bus again. "It became meaningless at a certain point," he said. "Either we changed or the world became more *sincere*. You know, there is a certain sort of sincerity that is opposed to a certain sort of fun. Nobody gives those parties anymore. Except once in a while a Bolivian gives one in Portugal."

WITH Ahmet's friend Mario Santo Domingo. "We used to do lots of pranks and things like that," Mario Santo Domingo said. "Ahmet was always the same as now. Always bald. I used to act that I was his secretary—secretary to Prince Ahmet. If there were girls, I would always make the waiter serve him first, because he was Prince Ahmet. Atlantic Records was just nothing then—just on a shoestring. We used to rent those buses, you know, and go to El Morocco on a bus. We would park in front of El Morocco and everyone would come in the bus. We used to be always with a band, you know? Once, I was sick at the Savoy-Plaza. I had a tiny little room, and Ahmet came to the room with a band. We used to have bands all the time. And we went to a cocktail party at the Ritz-Carlton in Montreal, where Mica was staying, you know? Before she married Ahmet. And we hid a band in the closet and they came out playing 'Puttin' on the Ritz.' We used to laugh. Everything was done not to hurt anyone. It was just funny jokes all the time. There were certain things we used to like. We liked Fred Astaire, you know, and Henry James and Proust—that sort of thing. And Groucho Marx and W. C. Fields and Baudelaire and the Symbolists, and we all thought Oscar Wilde was great. You know, it was all mixed up. It was all the time fun, but really one doesn't have time anymore. Except Ahmet. I think that Ahmet would like it still to be all the time fun."

AHMET and Mica gave a dinner party at their house and took their guests on to Max's Kansas City to see Delbert & Glen, who had been signed to Clean Records. Andy Warhol was at the Erteguns' house, and an Italian diplomat, and a fashionable young girl with frizzled hair. In Ahmet's car on the way down to see Delbert & Glen, the girl with the frizzled hair complained about a man at dinner she found boring.

"I'll tell you about him," Ahmet said. "Sometimes he bores you, sometimes he bores me. But you know what? He comes from the kind of people you can always trust. Flashy people aren't everything, you know. Even when they have frizzled hair."

At Max's, the Italian diplomat had a question to ask Ahmet. He could not make himself heard in the noisy room. Ahmet took him into the kitchen, where it was quieter.

"Which is Delbert? Which is Glen?" asked the Italian diplomat.

Ahmet told him.

The Italian diplomat left the kitchen.

Ahmet explained his intrusion to the kitchen staff. "That was the Italian Ambassador," he said. "He's one of the most important people who ever went to a rock-and-roll show."

Later, Ahmet suggested that the group go to another club.

"That place is boring," said the girl with the frizzled hair.

"It doesn't matter if it's boring or not boring," Mica said. "Ahmet just wants to go."

AHMET likes to know how things work—*exactly* how things work—and how much, at any moment, has to do with genuine feeling and how much with worldly compromise. Ahmet despises neither genuine feeling nor compromise. Most people are not so versatile, so Ahmet finds himself, often, with people who fail to understand at least fifty per cent of his complexity.

"Uncle Ahmet knows the big secret," said the fashionable girl with frizzled hair. "Uncle Ahmet knows that everyone wants a little fun, a little flash. I mean, basically Uncle Ahmet is fabulous. If you're in a room and Uncle Ahmet walks in, you're having a better time *right away*. Ahmet loves rich Wasps, and so forth, but basically he's more fabulous than all the Wasps. He thinks Wasps are decent and honorable, and so forth, but you've got to be kidding, a lot of those Wasps are *monsters*. Bottom line, it's Ahmet who's decent."

AHMET and Mica took a few friends to hear Duke Ellington at the Rainbow Grill. The Erteguns and their guests assembled in the cocktail lounge outside the grill. The Erteguns' guests included (to give each his genre) a clothes designer, a publishing heir, an actress, a rich man, and a woman from Southampton. Also present (as they are at every Ertegun gathering above the level of a rock-and-roll brunch) were Chessy Rayner, Mica's partner in MAC II, and her husband, William Rayner, editorial business manager of *Vogue*. For anyone with an interest in speech patterns, it was an interesting American group. There was a flat drawl and a voice that dipped and rose. Chessy Rayner spoke in a slight whisper. Mica, whose accent allows for little in the way of inflection, showed her admirable sense of timing by punctuating the conversation with simple sentences delivered in a manner that implied authority or indifference, or both. (Crucial to the understanding of Mica's speech is the expression "Yah. It's divine, no?" This expression can mean "Yes, it's divine, I couldn't agree more" or "Yes, it's divine, but why bring it up?" or "No, I don't think it's divine" or "I wish you would go away." Mica uses it frequently, and in almost all circumstances it defies response and ends the conversation.)

Ahmet moved with confidence through the syntax of his gathering. Ahmet's Public Manner is like a racing car that has been pieced together from parts of older, impressively credentialed vehicles. One can spot, from time to time, an ornament, a mechanism, a bit of eccentric behavior with a legible provenance, but the serial numbers have been effaced and one cannot say with confidence just exactly what has been plundered to give it life, so that the first thing one notices about Ahmet's Public Manner is that it is unexampled (no one else has this particular vehicle at his disposal), and the second thing one notices is that it is endlessly reminiscent. What one notices next is that Ahmet's manner is vastly too powerful for many of the jobs it is asked to do. It is as though, bored by a series of routine household errands, Ahmet had decided to do them in a Bugatti. This means that in mundane situations (and Ahmet is involved in many mundane situations) the most interesting transactions are the transactions between Ahmet and his Bugatti-like Public Manner, not the transactions between Ahmet and the situation itself. Ahmet's Public Manner has a complicated gearbox, and even in the dullest surroundings Ahmet can give himself a moment's pleasure by

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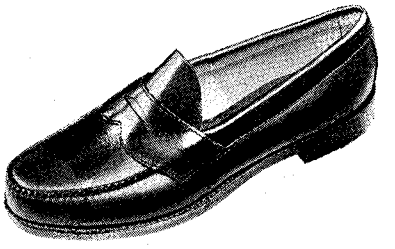

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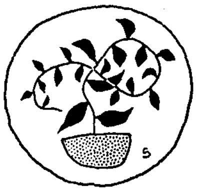
executing a well-timed downshift or a rapid acceleration. These maneuvers evoke admiration from onlookers, but eventually people who are with Ahmet when he is doing his errands begin to notice a certain *inattention*—an important clue to the real nature of their role in the transaction under way.

Ahmet and Mica led their guests into the Rainbow Grill. They had arranged for two tables by windows that faced uptown. The card in front of Mica's place read "Mrs. Mica Ertegun," which annoyed Mica. Ahmet defended the secretary who had written out the place cards. "She's not a social secretary, she's a rock-and-roll secretary," Ahmet said.



The Ellington band began to play. Ahmet gave to the band a kind of attention he had not given to his guests. He looked intently at the band. The fingers of his right hand touched the fingers of his left in a gesture that was partly nervous and partly in keeping with the music and that, in any case, could have accommodated the beads some Turkish men keep in their hands. There was a certain attempt among the people at Ahmet's table to mimic Ahmet's intent enthusiasm for the music of Duke Ellington. The publishing heir snapped his fingers. "Don't snap your fingers on the beat," Ahmet said to the publishing heir. "It's considered aggressive."

Since it seemed to be difficult to successfully mimic Ahmet's enthusiasm for the music of Duke Ellington, and since Ahmet's interest in the music *kept up* for longer than was really convenient, the other people at Ahmet's table abandoned any serious attempt to Appreciate Ellington and began to eat. Their interest picked up somewhat when, after the end of the first set, Duke Ellington himself came over to the table.

Ellington looked ravaged in a way that was only slightly softened by his courtesy. He looked like a man who was depleting his capital—not so much by spending it as by giving it away. Ahmet and Duke Ellington kissed one, two, three, four times. Ahmet introduced his guests to Duke Ellington. "Such a beautiful party," Duke Ellington said. "I was wondering who was supplying that wonderful *pastel* quality."

Most of Ahmet's guests left after the first set. Ahmet said he wanted to stay to hear the second. Before the second set began, Harry Carney, who was playing baritone saxophone in Duke Ellington's orchestra—just as he had been doing since 1927—came over to talk to Ahmet. Harry Carney was dressed in one of the blue dinner jackets worn by members of the Ellington orchestra. He kept his back straight in his chair, and talked in a manner that was easy, engaging, and accessible, but nevertheless formal. Ahmet sought not to be formal.

Ahmet told Carney that he had admired him for years. Ahmet said that as a young man he would have done anything to have Carney's talent.

"I have to appreciate what he's saying," Carney said simply to me. "Music started out as his hobby. It started out as my hobby, too. I wish my hobby had turned out like his hobby."

Ahmet turned to me. "This man is the cornerstone of music," he said. "If the cornerstone is on anyone's shoulders, it's on his. There is no American music without this man. He is carrying it on his broad shoulders."

Harry Carney laughed, a little embarrassed. "I wish my hobby had turned out like your hobby," he said.

Ahmet talked to Carney about the early Ellington orchestras, and the conversation continued in fragments.

"I joined Ellington in '27. It will be forty-five years in June," Carney said. "In 1927, I knew nothing about jazz."

"In 1933, you came to England," Ahmet said. "You played the Palladium. I had never seen any black people in my life. The idea of seeing you was so powerful."

"And so far removed, because it was boat travel," Carney said. "So slow."

Harry Carney returned to the floor, and the second set began. Mica sat with the Rayners. Ahmet ordered a series of vodka Stingers. "This is Tricky Sam Nanton's song, 'Black and Tan Fantasy,'" Ahmet said to me as the set began. "I could have taken you to such clubs in Harlem. I went every night. The first time I ever smoked marijuana was in Harlem, in a parlor flat, listening to James P. Johnson, the man who taught Fats Waller how to play the piano." Ahmet paused. "That's the only thing I get excited about. That kind of thing. 'Black and Tan Fantasy' is a burlesque song. Clarinet. You never hear this kind of thing anymore."

Ahmet said that he had come across a black taxi-driver he wanted to hire as an assistant. "This kid is terrific, you know? I want him to work with me. He's going to be a policeman while he studies law. I want a black guy, you

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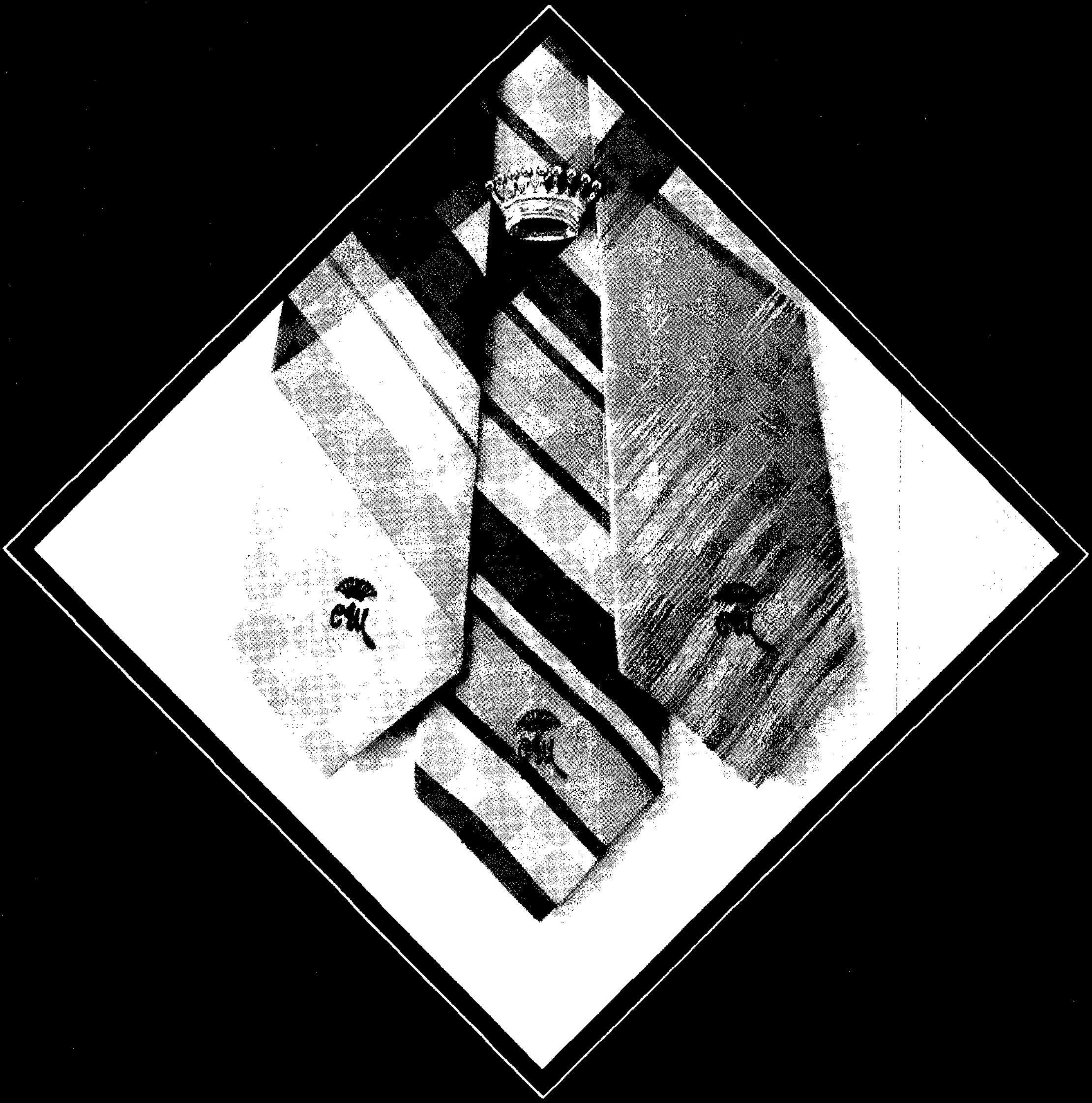

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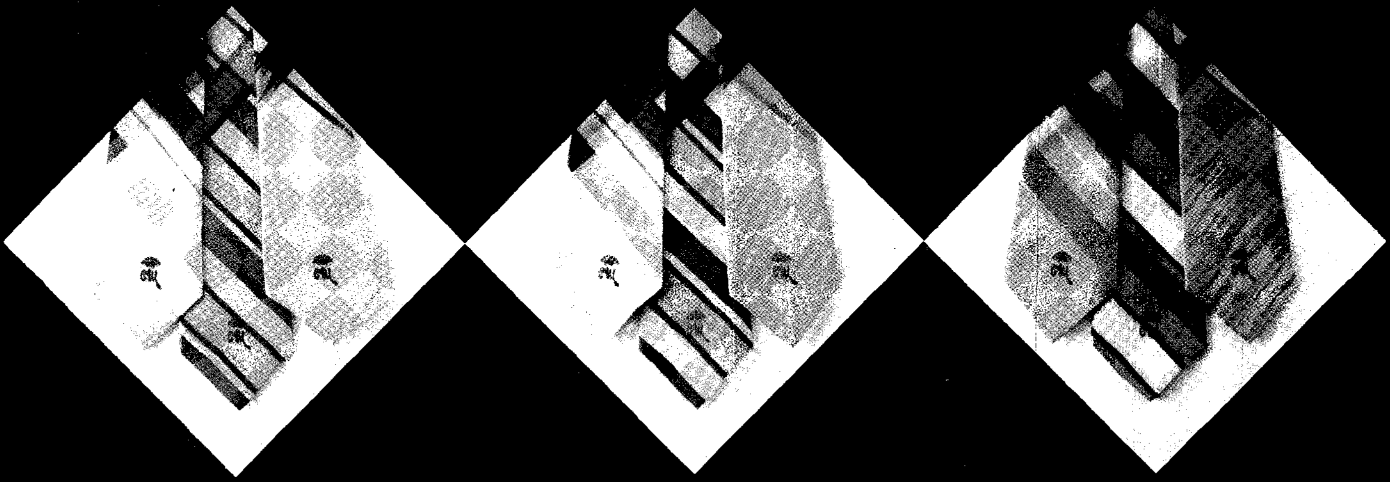

know? I had a guy from Princeton. He was very nice, but he was a jerk, if you know what I mean. Very nice, but a jerk. There are a lot of people like that. A lot of my friends are very nice jerks, if you know what I mean. They're very nice, but they're jerks. You know what? They don't deserve to have Duke Ellington play for them. You know what? That's the trouble with Duke Ellington—he has to play for the nice jerks. 'I love you madly,' and all that crap."

Duke Ellington's orchestra began to play "Mood Indigo." Ahmet sang it lightly under his breath. Ahmet does not sing well; nor does he really dance. He can, however, talk his way through a lyric and walk his way through a dance in a way that leaves his authority unimpaired. During "Mood Indigo," he abandoned his usual style and tried to carry the tune. It was a good try—almost a gentle try.

"Some Tin Pan Alley guy wrote lyrics to this," Ahmet said. He was quiet for a moment. "You'll never know the feeling I had when I just saw the Duke Ellington Band. I knew everyone so well. They were such great stars. Listen to that. Thirty years ago, I heard that—*better* than that. They were such powerful men. There was this *thing* . . . you know?"

Ahmet and his remaining guests left after the second set. On his way out, Ahmet was greeted and then embraced by a man of middle age. Ahmet and the man talked for a minute.

"What is your name, anyway?" Ahmet asked at the end of this conversation. "Your name is Morgenthau, isn't it?"

"Yes," the man said, abashed. "Yes, it is."

"One of the rich Morgenthaus?"

"Yes," the man said nervously.

"Good," said Ahmet.

He continued to the elevator. He turned to the elevator man. He spoke quietly, seriously, with considerable dignity. "Downstairs, please," he said. "We want to go downstairs."

—GEORGE W. S. TROW, JR.

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

•

Both swung at the first pitch. Both were sliders low and inside, which is virtually the only pitch Lyle throws in a jam. And both produced pathetic swats. Lopez broke his bat and dribbled to third, Smith holding. Dauer hit a modest line-fly to Rivers.

The Birds left the park crying "Mae culpa."—*Washington Post*.

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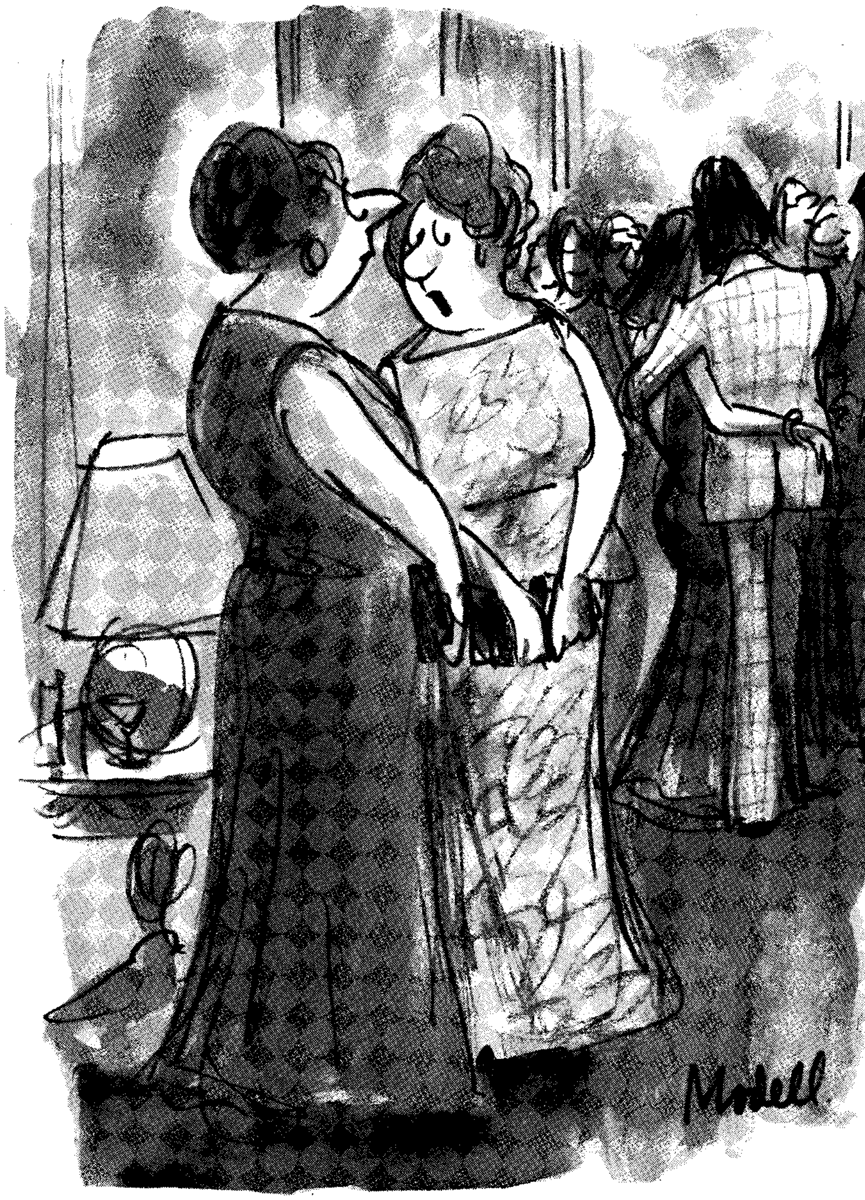
DAILY BREAD

A FEW years ago, Studs Terkel brought out a very long book called "Working," which consisted of interviews with men and women engaged in a formidable variety of occupations—truck drivers, steelworkers, waitresses, clerks, farmers, parking-lot attendants, editors, yacht brokers, and so on. According to my recollection, the interviews with blue-collar workers tended to be longer than the ones with white-collar workers, but there was no way of telling whether the discrepancy was based on the fact that Terkel found white-collar workers to be more wary and closemouthed than blue-collar workers or on the fact that he found their stories less interesting to listen to and therefore less worthy of preservation between covers. The book was a feat of sheer accumulation, transcribed and edited on no detectable principle, though I remember thinking that I observed in Terkel a humanitarian bias in favor of people who do actual labor over people who earn their daily bread in offices.

One of the readers of Terkel's best-seller was the composer Stephen Schwartz, who decided that it could be turned into a musical comedy. A bizarre notion, and its realization, now on display at the Forty-sixth Street Theatre, is also bizarre. In two lengthy acts, we are presented with life story after life story, connected by little more than proximities of time and space. A steelworker having begun the evening ("I'm a dying breed. A laborer . . ."), a car is wheeled onstage, and a parking-lot attendant undertakes to describe his skill ("They call me Lovin' Al"). Steel=automobile=parking-lot attendant is not a promising means of providing a book for a musical, and as time passes and assorted characters arrive and disappear even this tenuous linkage is abandoned. In selecting dramatizable characters from the book, Mr. Schwartz has proved himself even more tenderhearted than Terkel; the message of the show is so relentlessly upbeat that we come to long for at least one ratty son of a bitch in a blue collar to step up and say vile things about his mother. Despite its being based on fact, "Working" is a political liberal's implausible daydream, prettified by song.



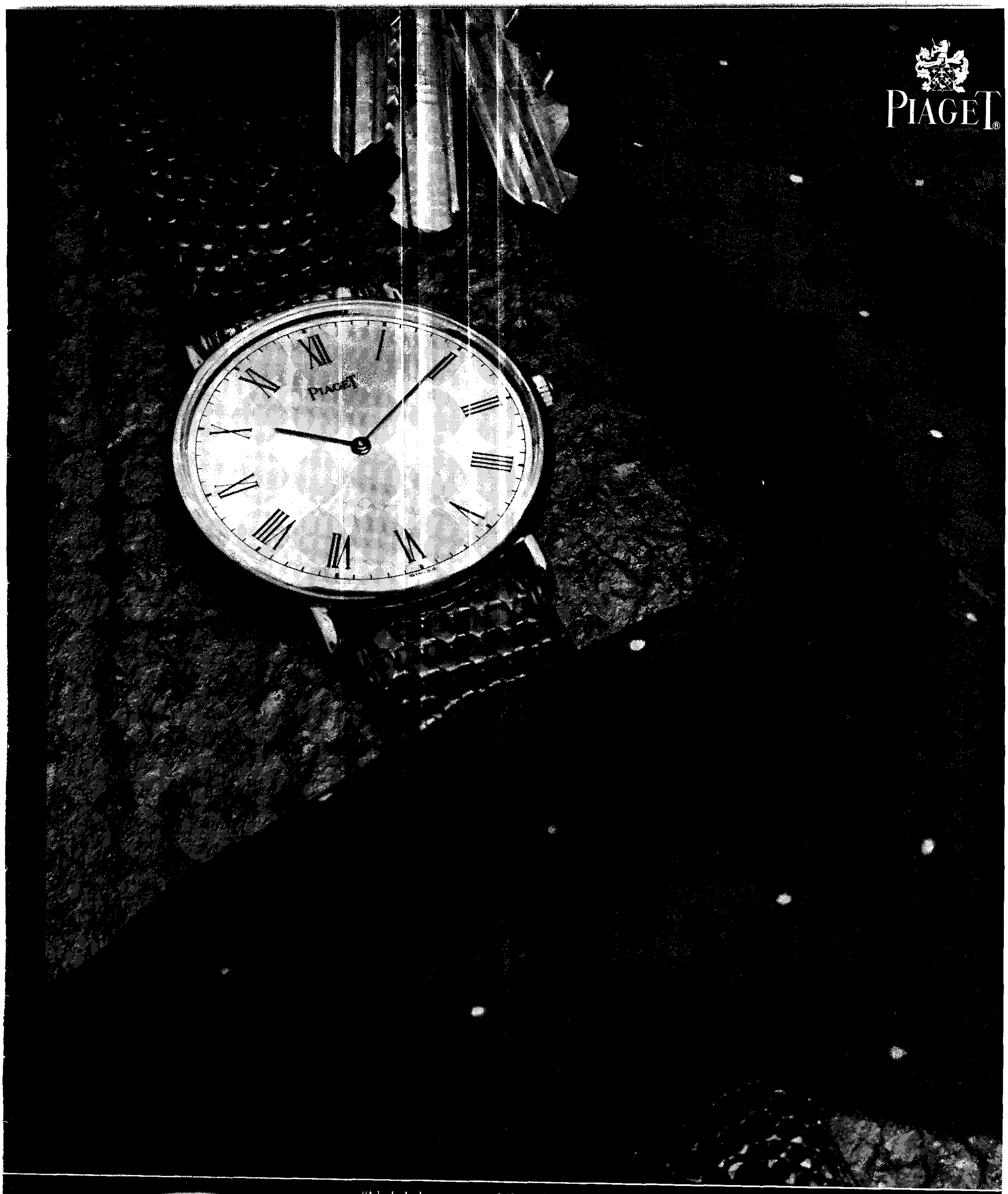
"I've been putting off getting them a wedding gift. Somehow I didn't think it would last."

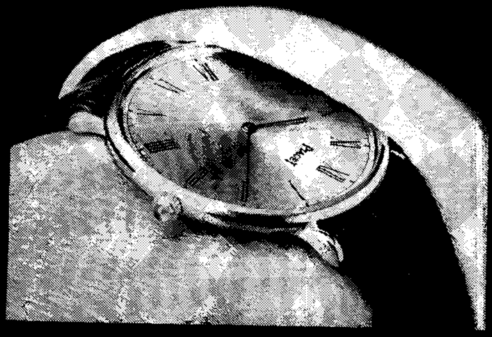
Mr. Schwartz has shared his musical responsibilities with several colleagues: Craig Carnelia, Micki Grant, Mary Rodgers, Susan Birkenhead, and James Taylor. Most of the songs are far too sweet for their own good, and none is memorable, though "Nobody Tells Me How" (music by Mary Rodgers, lyrics by Susan Birkenhead) has charm, and "Brother Trucker," by James Taylor, is appropriately rousing and rough-textured. The big cast is admirable; Bobo Lewis and Matt Landers adroitly take on a number of roles, and Patti LuPone, Brad Sullivan, and David Patrick Kelly are fiery and affecting as, respectively, a call girl, a steelworker, and a young radical raising holy hell in a newspaper office. The crisp, geometric settings are by David Mitchell, the costumes are by Marjorie Slaiman, and the lighting is by Ken Billington. The dances have been choreographed by Onna White, and Mr. Schwartz has served ably as director. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

No-Shows

IN "Survival," which opened here for a brief run last October, four talented black actors from South Africa dramatized in scene after scene, and with considerable irony and style, the intolerable conditions under which they live, in and out of prison. "The Biko Inquest," at Theatre Four, could be considered the other side of the pic-





"Ah-h-h-h...automobiles," he fumed.
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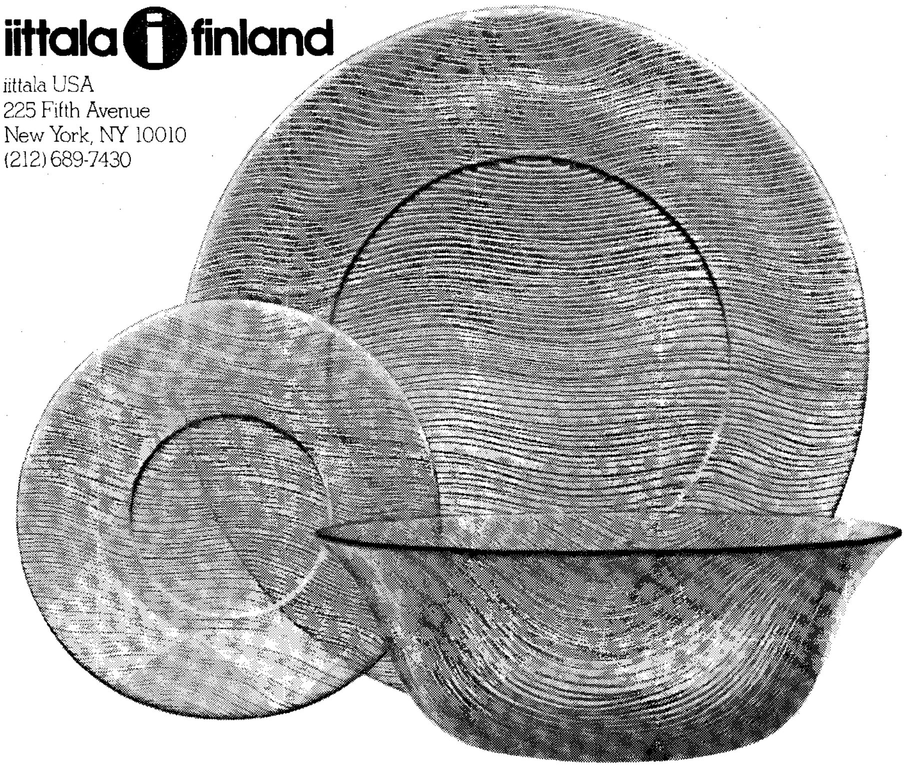

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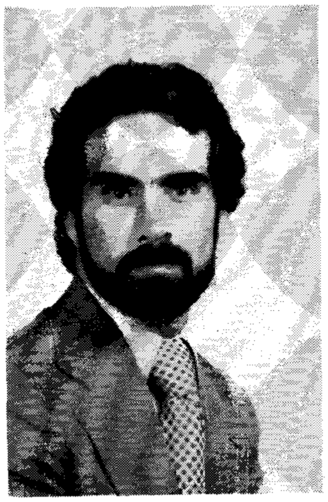

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ture. Stephen Biko, as we know, was a leader of great eminence among his fellow-blacks in South Africa. He was arrested last August on some specious charge, and eventually died of brain damage, the result of the torture and beatings he suffered in prison. The current work is a documentary, not a play, as Jon Blair and Norman Fenton, who wrote and directed it, made clear in an interview in the Sunday *Times* of May 14th; it is a much shortened and edited version of the transcript of the inquest on Biko's death. All the dramatic tension is in the performances of the fine actors impersonating the actual lawyers, prison officials, and doctors who appeared at the trial, and especially in the performance of Fritz Weaver, who, with his usual quiet distinction, portrays the lawyer representing the Biko family. The others are, notably, Philip Bosco, John Vennema, Jess Osuna, Martin Shakar, Jonathan Moore, and Carl Low, all of them white and (in character) trying, either boldly or desperately, to save face against hopeless odds. Mr. Fenton and Mr. Blair have scrupulously avoided the stagy effects and the smarmy complacency of "The Trial of the Catonsville Nine," for example, but since there is no play, I have no opinion to offer, except that outrage is not quite enough to sustain an audience for an entire evening.

NO review, either, of the Roundabout's production of George Kelly's classic comedy "The Show-Off," which never takes wing. The only reason for mentioning it is to salute two good actors in supporting parts: Harry Ellerbe, who is exactly right as the father of the family on display, and Terence Marinan, a comparative newcomer, who is excellent as the young brother—a role created, I find, by Lee Tracy in 1924.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

Mr. Lewis's resignation in November 1975 led to a long search for a permanent replacement. Mr. Michalak, a native of Poland who is in his mad-30's, was appointed seven months ago.—*The Times.*

Ah, to be Polish and thirty-five again.

•

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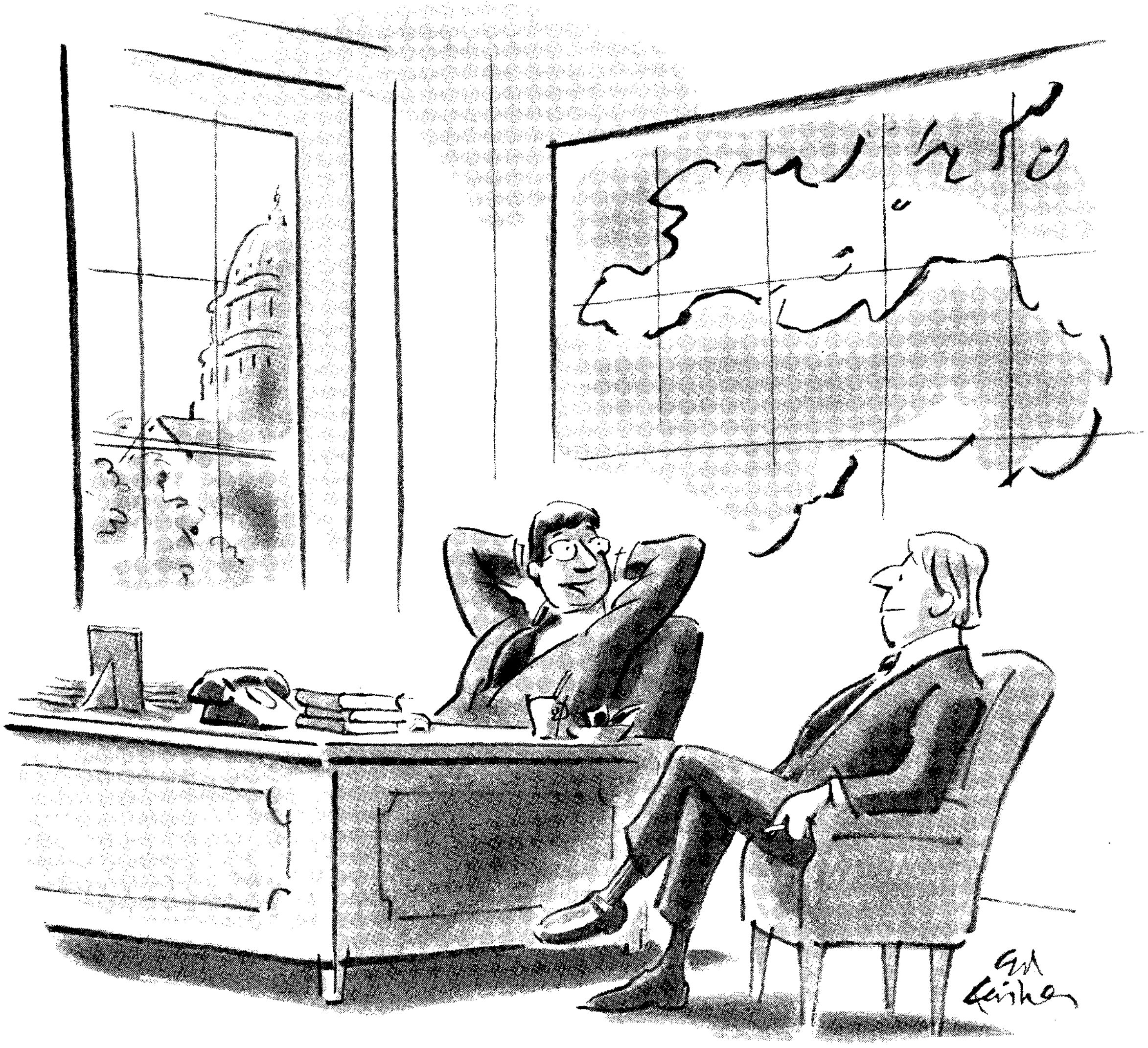
Just can't seem to get the hang of it.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Thunder to the Tune of "Greensleeves"

Ralph Vaughan Williams, best known as a symphonic composer, wrote six operas. The first of them, the pastoral episode "The Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains" (1922), reappears in the fourth act of the last of them, the morality "The Pilgrim's Progress" (1951); the others are the romantic ballad opera "Hugh the Drover" (1924), the comedy "Sir John in Love" (1929), the romantic extravaganza "The Poisoned Kiss" (1936), and the lyric tragedy "Riders to the Sea" (1937). The dates are those of first performance, not composition: "Hugh," "Riders," and "The Poisoned Kiss" all waited about a decade to reach the stage. Four of the operas were created at the Royal College of Music, and "The Poisoned Kiss" at the Arts Theatre, Cambridge; Covent Garden staged "The Pilgrim's Progress," but it was at a Cambridge University Musical Society production three years later that the composer remarked, "*This* is what I meant." In her biography of her husband, Ursula Vaughan Williams says, "It was perhaps a misfortune for Ralph's operas to start with student performances for . . . there was a danger that the general public might assume that the operas were works suitable only for amateurs. All his life and through the times of his greatest success as a writer of symphonies Ralph longed for his operas to be taken more seriously and to be given professional performances." "Riders to the Sea" is the only one of them which has had much of a career on the professional stage. There must be a band of enthusiasts for them, however, here as in Britain, for Angel recordings of "Sir John in Love," "Riders to the Sea," and "The Pilgrim's Progress" keep their place in the American catalogue. (In the British catalogue, there is also a reissue of the old, 1924 excerpts from "Hugh the Drover.") "The Pilgrim's Progress" is a powerful, profound, and beautiful opera. I had not seen "Sir John in Love" before the Bronx Opera's production of it this month. It was a performance that brought all the flaws of the piece to the fore and concealed most of its virtues.

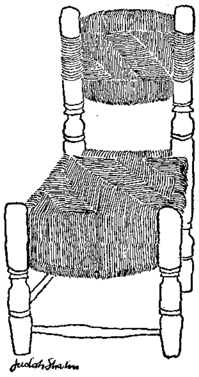
Vaughan Williams retained all twenty characters of "The Merry Wives." (Boito, in Verdi's "Falstaff," reduced them to ten.) No one unfamiliar with the Shakespeare play can hope to keep tabs on who Shallow, Slender, Sir Hugh, Dr. Caius, Simple, Nym, and Rugby are or what parts they play in the intrigue. They crowd one another out. The libretto is clutter and confusion. From Boito, Vaughan Williams borrowed the device of the screen (but, tamely, he hides Mistress Page behind it) and the idea of a final ensemble, launched by Falstaff, to the effect that "Tutto nel mondo è burla." The words Vaughan Williams uses here ("All our pride is but a jest. . . . And the world is but a play") are from "A Book of Airs" (1601), by Philip Rosseter and Thomas Campion. Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Sidney, Middleton, and Shakespeare himself (in "Much Ado" and "Love's Labour's Lost") are also among the poets called on to provide "additional lyrics." The music uses both genuine folk tunes ("Greensleeves" among them) and inventions in their vein. "When I could not find a suitable folk-tune," the composer writes in a preface, "I have made shift to make up something of my own." The result suggests a suite of Elizabethan lyrics set for voices and orchestra alternating with a partial performance of "The Merry Wives." The play can't get going, because it keeps stopping for a song. The cantata "In Windsor Forest," which Vaughan Williams fashioned from the opera, presents



"My vacation on Cyprus was a pleasant surprise. Up to now, I'd thought of it simply as a bargaining chip."

several of the choral songs in an apter context.

There is some beautiful music in the opera, however, and I can imagine being charmed by a performance that is light, graceful, various, and sweetly sung. Many critics have complained that "Sir John in Love" is heavy—and not only by comparison with Nicolai's lyrically high-spirited "Die Lustigen Weiber" and Verdi's miraculous, quicksilver "Falstaff." Some of it, to be sure, is deliberately galumphing. There is nothing Mendelssohnian in Vaughan Williams' final scene; he said that he wanted the dances there "to be a bit rough and grotesque—they are village boys *playing* at fairies, not real fairies." In the Bronx performance (which I saw in Hunter College Playhouse), passages smooth and rough, romantic and rumbustious, lyrical and lumbering all came out much the same. There was a dour, gruff Falstaff. The others were caricatures or approximations—except Mazzelle Sykes's Meg Page and David Koch's Nym (a tiny role), who behaved like real people. Neither Michael Spierman, who conducted, nor Sebastian Russ, who directed, seemed to have much understanding of the romance that might save the clumsy "Sir John" from being a trudge. Inferior to "Die Lustigen Weiber" and "Falstaff" in just about every way, "Sir John" has one quality those works lack: Englishness—a feeling for the English countryside, English character, and English song. After "Falstaff," Boito wrote that "Shakespeare's farce is led back by the miracle of sound to its clear Tuscan source"—Boccaccio. (In a sense, the librettist was congratulating himself, since his text is self-consciously Boccaccian; the young lovers' refrain, "Bocca baciata," is taken directly from the "Decameron," where it has a very different significance.) But Vaughan Williams set "The Merry Wives" as what John Masefield called it—"the only Shakespearean play which treats exclusively of English country society." That is not enough, in my view, to make "Sir John in Love" a successful opera, but it does give it particularity. The particularity was missing in the Bronx production.

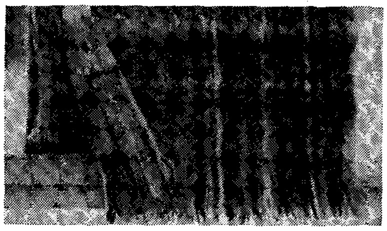


SINCE a sparkling double bill of Offenbach's "Ba-Ta-Clan" and Schubert's "Die Verschworenen," early in 1975, directed by Louis Galterio, none of the Bronx productions that I have seen has been in really sharp focus. So appreciation of the company's enterprise, its enlargement of the repertory, etc., has been tempered by regret that much energy, talent, enthusiasm, etc., have not been used in the most effective way. The "Sir John" program lists the many organizations (state, city, and borough councils and departments; commercial enterprises; foundations; the National Opera Institute) and individuals whose support made the production possible. Companies like the Bronx Opera, Brooklyn's New Opera Theatre, Eastern Opera, and the New York Lyric Opera are important and deserve support. They fill gaps—as do the student productions at the Juilliard and the Manhattan Schools—between Met and City Opera shows, broom-closet, piano-accompanied productions of out-of-the-way works, and grand concert performances. To draw up a coherent plan, acceptable in Washington, Albany, and New York, of how the public money available for opera could most advantageously be spent would be difficult; harmonizing the ideas of headstrong individual company directors is tricky. But it should be tried. There is a need for coöperative endeavor, for the elimination of unnecessary productions (yet another "Traviata" or "Bohème"), and for giving the successful shows a wider circulation.

Soon after the première of "Sir John in Love," in 1929, Vaughan Williams and Gustav Holst, with the composer Rutland Boughton, drew up a scheme for the establishment of a small opera company to tour villages and small towns, drawing on local enterprise for supers and extra chorus:

> We do not advise operas which audiences may have seen on a large scale with all the glitter and tinsel of a large crowd and showy costumes etc.... We suggest everything on a small scale to start with—no orchestra but only a piano.... A company of about 20—everyone willing to take a hand at everything: e.g. the principal soprano of Monday would walk on on Tuesday, help mend the costumes on Wednesday and be noises off on Thursday.

A half century later, the British government, through its Arts Council, has taken on the principal cost of providing opera throughout the country. There are seven established, subsidized companies playing year-round—or, at any rate, extended—seasons, not just presenting a production three or four times



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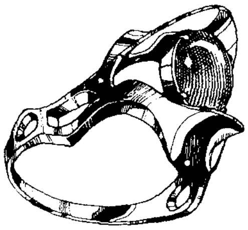

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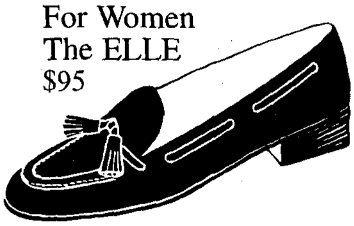

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and then dropping it, as the Boston, Bronx, Brooklyn, and many other companies here do. And the appetite for opera has grown to an extent where just about the whole of operatic history is being brought to life in sight and sound by smaller troupes, like the Handel Opera Society and Opera Rara (who receive Arts Council support provided their ideas and direction are judged adventurous and sound), and by the university operatic societies. A list of the pieces done during the last year or so in or within reach of London would be very long. Here—omitting the numerous first performances, the Handel, the German, Italian, Slavonic, Brazilian, and Portuguese works—is a selection of offbeat French operas I read about: Rameau's "La Princesse de Navarre" and his "Les Fêtes d'Hébé;" André Philidor's "Le Jardinier et Son Seigneur" and his "Tom Jones;" Grétry's "Richard Cœur de Lion" and his "L'Amant Jaloux;" Cherubini's "Médée;" Hérold's "Zampa;" Offenbach's "Le Pont des Soupirs," "Mesdames de la Halle," "La Grande-Duchesse," "La Fille du Tambour-Major," and (a Bicentennial pasticcio revived) "Christopher Columbus;" Bizet's "Don Procopio;" César Franck's "Hulda." (I omit more standard French fare, such as "Les Troyens"—Carthage at Covent Garden, Troy from the Chelsea Opera Group—and Kent Opera's "Iphigénie en Tauride.") A New York list would include Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots" and Auber's "Manon Lescaut," presented by Bel Canto Opera—but the one with piano accompaniment, the other with a thirteen-piece band, and both done in a small church hall, unsuited to grand opera.

AFTER the Soviet invasion of Hungary in 1956, Vaughan Williams, writing to console Rutland Boughton, thitherto a staunch Party member but now disillusioned, remarked, "It seems to me that all right-minded people are communists, as far as that word means that everything should be done eventually for the common good." In 1937, the year "Riders to the Sea" was produced, Marc Blitzstein brought out in New York his tough, tuneful opera "The Cradle Will Rock," which is about wrong-minded people acting for their own good. (It is also the theme of his grand opera "Regina," based on Lillian Hellman's "The Little Foxes.") "The Cradle Will Rock" has been revived by the Lyric Theatre of New York, in the Eighteenth Street Playhouse. There is an able young compa-

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ny, crisply directed by Neal Newman, and accompanied at the piano by Bruce Coyle. (The first production was piano-accompanied; so is the recording of a 1964 production, available now on CRI SD 266. With orchestra, the piece was staged by the City Opera in 1960.) Blitzstein's libretto is a black-and-white morality play, direct in its statements as a broadsheet ballad, and with none of the ambiguities of Brecht's political fables. Formally, it is a wry, fierce comedy, conceived in the comic spirit as Goldoni defined it:

> Comedy was created to correct vice and ridicule bad customs; when the ancient poets wrote comedies in this manner, the common people could participate, because, seeing the copy of a character on the stage, each found the original either in himself or in someone else. But when comedies became merely ridiculous, no one paid attention anymore, because, with the excuse of making people laugh, they admitted the worst and most blatant errors. But now that we have returned to fish comedies from nature's *mare magnum*, men feel their hearts touched again. They can identify with the characters or passions and discern whether a character is well observed and developed, and whether a passion is well motivated.

The specific issue of "The Cradle Will Rock" is the drive for industrial unionism—part of the attempt under F.D.R. to shape a juster American society. The opera remains undated, no mere period piece, for two reasons: the audience can still recognize the characters portrayed, in themselves or in others; and Blitzstein's music is powerfully affecting. The Eighteenth Street Playhouse is small; the Lyric Theatre production is scaled to make that a virtue.

THE Goldoni sentences above are quoted in the program notes for Bel Canto Opera's latest show: Wolf-Ferrari's "Le Donne Curiose," the first (1903) of five lyric comedies he based on Goldoni plays. It is a piece about a men's club—the rhythm of the club's motto, "*Bandie xe le donne*" ("No Women Admitted"), is rapped out by the orchestra as a motto theme—and some inquisitive women's successful penetration of it. In his memoirs, Goldoni revealed that he intended a covert representation of a Freemasons' lodge. We need not strive to find much topical significance in the piece; in this age, when, I read the other day, it has been estimated that "more than half of all American wives have suffered at least one beating at the hands of their husbands," Goldoni's and Wolf-Ferrari's gentle suggestion that husbands should treat their wives a little better is small beer. It is a pretty play, slight but not trivial, neat in its observations on human behavior.

There were two casts. In the one I saw, no one was outstanding, but an acceptable performing level was maintained. June Marano, at the piano, was efficient but not quite lilting or charming enough. (Wolf-Ferrari had as happy an instrumental touch as Rossini; much is lost in a piano reduction.) Nicholas Deutsch, the director, had rightly based his staging on quiddities of character, not clowning. A custard-pie joke at the end was not his fault: a stage direction says, "The amusement is increased when Pantalone gives Arlecchino a good-natured blow on the head, which sends his face down into a large dish of whipped cream." This is an unhappy attempt on the part of the composer and his librettist to give adventitious vivacity to a flagging close. "Le Donne Curiose" falls off in its final scene, which perhaps keeps it from being in the very top—the "Quattro Rusteghi"—flight of Wolf-Ferrari's operas. But the five previous scenes display to admiration his captivating blend of easy, exquisite lyricism, high spirits, musical wit, and unforced inventiveness. He is a composer who can keep listeners happy in ways that Mozart, Rossini, Schubert, and Smetana understood.

—ANDREW PORTER

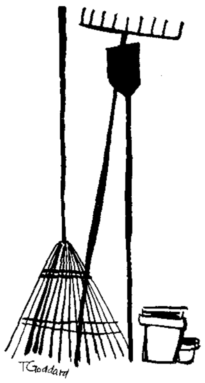
POPULAR RECORDS

Reëmergence

"AS OF TODAY" (Columbia 34493) brings us Barbara Cook—whose winsome presence and attractive soprano adorned the Broadway musical stage of the fifties and sixties with welcome frequency—in an artfully produced recital of, mainly, contemporary love songs. In only two instances, "What'll I Do" and "Let Me Sing and I'm Happy," both by Irving Berlin, does she reach back into the past, and both songs emerge from the context of newer works—the first from a piece entitled "Sing a Song with Me," and the second from "One More Love Song." Taken as a whole, the recital is a sweepingly romantic one, distinguished by Miss Cook's trained, supple voice and by unusually sensitive instrumental support. The material, one would guess, was written for, and has doubtless been performed by, the much rawer vocal and other forces characteristic of so much of today's popular music. This is not to say that the songs are presented daintily, or with any special restraint, except where called for, or with any sense of unease; on the contrary, Miss Cook lights into this music with irresistible confidence and fervor, obviously exulting in it, and thus bringing a new dimension to contemporary pop. Her performance is much superior to those uncertain efforts made from time to time by star vocalists of past years trying to assess and capture the popular taste of the day.

Miss Cook is somewhat special. Having reappeared, after a considerable absence from the musical stage, first as a supper-club performer and then as a Carnegie Hall recitalist (a sortie also recorded by Columbia but best overlooked, because of serious vocal lapses, which, either through greater care and preparation or by virtue of the sophisticated controls and other devices available under studio conditions, are absent here), she reveals herself on the cover of "As of Today" as a woman of mammoth proportions, though she is still youthful in appearance—indeed, she seems almost to rejoice in doing so, to judge from the smiling photographs on the record jacket. After adjusting to this surprise, those familiar with her stage presence as Marian the librarian, in "The Music Man," and as other equally antiseptic types in other shows must make further accommodation for the more expansive musical idiom she now embraces.

Actually, and oddly, though a couple of these pieces treat of love more explicitly than did Tin Pan Alley, which could at best resort to innuendo (and did so whenever possible), the overall effect, discounting contemporary rhythmic thrusts and the carefully monitored musical background, is that of a rather racy salon musicale of perhaps the early years of the century in, say, Boston. For these songs, though pop in nature, are treated as art—are sung and played with eloquence and nuance. To cite two examples, Leslie Bricusse's "You and I," one of the most professional constructions here, is offered in a Debussyan harmonic setting, and Marsha Malamet's "Why Did You Promise Me the World?" has, in the repeated chorus employing the title, a high tessitura, which allows Miss Cook full use of her head tones.



There are two somewhat naïve but (because of their transparent frankness) appealing pieces by the singer-songwriter Janis Ian, who herself dropped from sight for several years, following a burst of fame during her girlhood, in the sixties. One, "Stars," which reflects Miss Ian's fall, is the longest of all the songs in this album. As a matter of fact, it is stretched a bit beyond endurance, considering the simplicity of its elements, which include a somewhat fuzzy lyric. (But, then, pop-song lyrics, like poems—especially those poems that have lent themselves to art songs of the past—have never been required to be entirely clear, since they are often more dependent on imagery than on ordinary sense.) Still, there lie behind "Stars" and Miss Ian's other contribution, "Candlelight," a tremulous and unreserved femininity and vulnerability that make these pieces, with their long and languorous melodic lines, rather striking—in spite of, or perhaps because of, their naïveté.

The orchestrations, by Ron Frangipane, who also conducts, are models of their kind, and Wally Harper is to be congratulated for his work in selecting and coördinating the material.

IT turns out, not surprisingly, that the Sunday-night series "Lyrics and Lyricists," which was devoted to the craft of writing words for popular songs and was produced at the Ninety-second Street Y.M.-Y.W.H.A. beginning in the early seventies, with the writers themselves "starring," has been recorded. The first examples have now been made available in a three-record set (Laureate Records LL-601, LL-602, and LL-603, obtainable by mail order from Laureate Records, P.O. Box 1275, Radio City Station, New York, New York 10019). Edited to fit on single discs, "An Evening with Johnny Mercer," "An Evening with Sheldon Harnick," and "An Evening with Alan Jay Lerner," all presented during 1971, come in fold-out jackets containing two pages of biographical material along with rehearsal, performance, and post-performance snapshots. (I've been told that Stephen Sondheim is the only participant in the series who has so far withheld his consent to the issuance of such a recording.)

A man I know, a professional lyricist himself, who attended a good many of these programs (I missed them all), expressed disappointment that what he had assumed would be a main ingredient of these recordings—insights into the craft of writing lyrics—was largely missing. And, indeed, as was probably inevitable, they are basically entertain-

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ments, consisting of "And then they wrote" roundups interspersed with comments by the lyricists. (The composers, who have recently been honored in a new series at the same place, were present only in the audience and, naturally, in the many references made to them by their collaborators.) Nevertheless, while it is obviously impossible to isolate and define the creative spark, there are tricks of the trade in lyric writing (vowel sounds for high notes, of course, but with certain vowels preferred), which, together with more important considerations of the construction and placement of theatre songs, do come in for discussion on the records devoted to Harnick and Lerner. Unlike the late Johnny Mercer, who was primarily a Tin Pan Alley and movie songwriter—the most ambitious of his few stage efforts, "St. Louis Woman," with a score by Harold Arlen, was unsuccessful—Harnick and Lerner have been involved deeply (almost exclusively, in Harnick's case) with the theatre. Thus, Lerner, whose record is made up mostly of songs he wrote with Frederick Loewe for "My Fair Lady," "Camelot," "Paint Your Wagon," and the movie "Gigi" (he considers that title song their most satisfactory achievement), explains how a change in the staging and presentation of "On the Street Where You Live"—which became the first big hit single to emerge from "My Fair Lady"—changed the song's reception from stony silence to loud applause. And he explains how, by choosing words that could not be articulated rapidly, he insured a desired effect (a ritard) at the close of "I Loved You Once in Silence," from "Camelot." Also included in Lerner's evening is an outtake from "My Fair Lady"—a delightful waltz entitled "Oh Come to the Ball"—which Rex Harrison and others associated with the show were certain would be his big number. It was dropped after a single out-of-town performance, when it became apparent that the development of the book obviated the need for such a song.

Harnick chose songs tracing his career from Northwestern University shows and Broadway and Off Broadway revues—for all of which he wrote the music as well as the words—to a marionette show that was his first collaboration with the composer Jerry Bock. The improvement is immediately apparent. The record continues through the Bock-Harnick musicals, beginning with "Fiorello" and ending with "The Rothschilds." Both Lerner and Harnick are disarming *conférenciers*, and, with the excellent Richard Leonard at the piano, they do most of the singing. The Lerner record also finds the baritone J. T. Cromwell singing "On the Street Where You Live," and the voices of Bobbi Baird and Barbara Williams are raised in two other pieces. Harnick's wife, Margery Gray, is heard from with some frequency on his record, and in two songs—"The Suave Young Man," and "'Til Tomorrow," from "Fiorello"—Mary Louise, introduced as a friend, joins the Harnicks. The Harnick set includes two numbers, both very good songs, that were dropped from "Fiddler on the Roof." Again, the excisions were made for dramatic reasons.

Although Johnny Mercer had an enviable reputation as a conversationalist, and is both gracious and entertaining to listen to here, his set is disappointing, partly because a good many of his endless string of hits were geared to the demands of Tin Pan Alley, and partly because their very numerousness results in a second side that is filled almost entirely with an unsatisfactory medley consisting of no more than snatches of twenty-nine pieces written with Harold Arlen, Richard Whiting, Jerome Kern, Hoagy Carmichael, and several other accomplished music men. Mercer, with Leonard again at the piano, does most of the singing himself, in that slurred, easygoing style he had, but he does enlist Margaret Whiting to sing "I'm Old-Fashioned" (which is introduced here, unfortunately, in such a way as to create the impression that the music was written by Miss Whiting's father, Richard, instead of by Jerome Kern) and Robert Sands to join Miss Whiting and Mercer himself in the Mercer-Arlen number "Hit the Road to Dreamland."

Incidentally, you may recall that one of these evenings—the one with lyricist Sammy Cahn—went on to Broadway (and later to London's West End and television) under the title "Words and Music." Maurice Levine, the host of these occasions, who is heard introducing each of the lyricists, has said that more of these recorded "evenings," which he himself produces, are to come.

THERE has been a great resurgence of interest in Gershwin on records over the past year or so. A new Columbia release, "Gershwin on Broadway," has the Buffalo Philharmonic, Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, performing arrangements for large orchestra by Don Rose of the overtures to six Gershwin shows. (Musical-comedy pit bands are, of course, comparatively rather small.) They are, in order, "Oh, Kay!," "Funny Face," and "Girl Crazy," on Side One, and, on Side Two, the three Kaufman-Ryskind satires "Strike Up the Band," "Of Thee I Sing," and the sequel to "Of Thee I Sing," a fascinating failure called "Let 'Em Eat Cake." The only song from the last show to gain wide recognition is "Mine," but the score contains many other pleasures, not the least of them the title piece, with its alternating 4/4 and 6/8 phrases. Like all musical-comedy overtures, each of these strings together selections from the show proper, and it was extremely shortsighted of the record producers not to list the individual pieces on the jacket, for you'll find a few tantalizingly unfamiliar beauties along the way. The arrangements quite naturally lack the brassy texture of the conventional musical-comedy pit band of limited size, but at the same time they are free of that heavy, overblown quality so often encountered in symphonic arrangements of popular music. Rose deploys his forces in various ways, so that they frequently sound like so many small groups, and they have a way of lending new interest to even the most widely known strains.

—DOUGLAS WATT

• •

KIMONO

Clonking up the cobbled roadway, I bob
And pitch on wood-slab clogs, my
Kimono sleazily mismatched under the twice-
Wrapped-round-my-middle sash. *Gaijin*, unkempt,
I halt, stopped by handmaiden's icy grace,
Who, with deft authority, ripping open
The dishevelled robes, unmasks my timid nudity.
A few swift tucks and shakes. The gown lies
Flat, seamless. Ah, maidservant, my bones
Go soft, collapsed and flattened, a hundred ribs
Smoothening under my soft silkskin!

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THE SPORTING SCENE

THE FULL DISTANCE

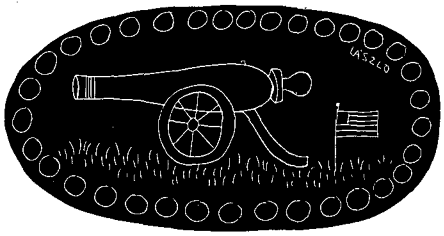
FIFTEEN days before Bill Rodgers won his second Boston Marathon, on Patriot's Day this April, he went to Washington to run in the Perrier Cherry Blossom Classic, a ten-mile road race sponsored by the French mineral-water firm. Most of the twenty-six hundred runners in the Cherry Blossom, which began at 8:30 A.M. on Sunday, April 2nd, in West Potomac Park, near the Lincoln Memorial, and looped around Hains Point, with the Potomac to the southwest and the Washington Channel to the northeast, regarded the race as the opener of the spring and summer running season. Rodgers, whose normal routine of running—between a hundred and twenty and a hundred and thirty miles a week—puts him far beyond seasonal beginnings and endings, had come to this ten-miler from a fifteen-kilometre race the day before in Jacksonville, Florida (which he won). He was just taking another opportunity to get in some distance speed work in training for Boston (where he had previously won in 1975). Everything was pointed toward that.

I had two moments during the Cherry Blossom—in which I, too, ran, merely as one of the pack—to observe Rodgers' speed. The first came at the start of the race. Rodgers and a dozen other runners who were thought by race officials to be capable of exceptionally fast times were placed, in an informal seed, in the front row. The rest of us could line up as we wished. (We all had had to have our entry forms in by early January.) I squeezed into the second row, on the right side. Had I not wanted a glimpse of Rodgers streaking off at the gun, I would have taken a safer place, well to the rear, even though it would have meant waiting two minutes or so for the swarm to ooze over the starting line. For a few moments at the beginning of a race, some runners, powered by excessive adrenalin, are likely to become frantic jostlers and elbowers. That was the complaint of Jerome Drayton, the winner at Boston in 1977, who reported angrily that he was shoved and roughed up by some me-firsters in the early yards of that marathon. My plan at the Cherry Blossom was to see Rodgers go off, then get out of the scramble and fall back among my own kind—those who are happy to run rather than race.

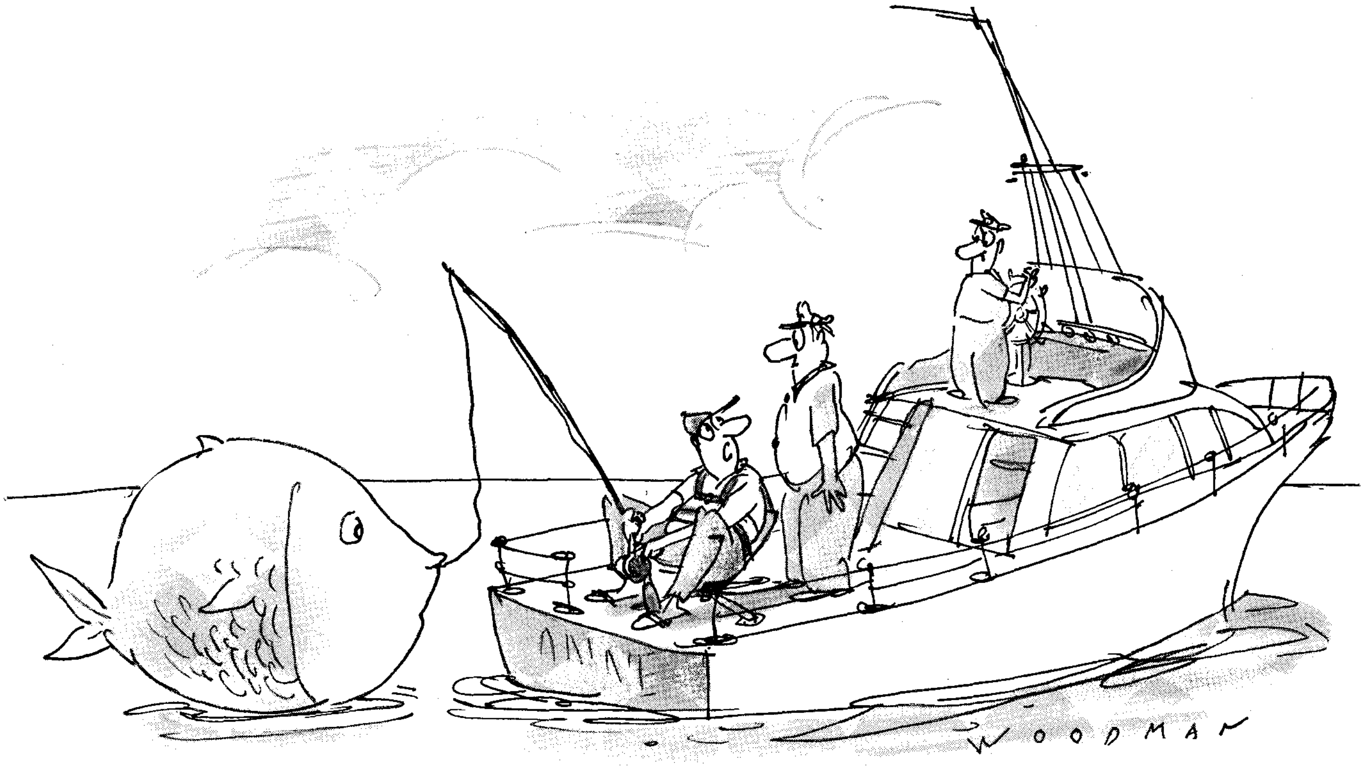
The gun fired. It brought on a rumpus of flailing arms and springing legs, and a tumult of soles slapping the blacktop. With some maneuvering, I was able to see Rodgers, in breakneck fury, sprinting immediately out ahead. He wasn't loping off in the wide stride that is commonly thought of as the distance runner's style. He shot out in a hell-bent wind sprint that would, as I soon discovered, take him to the first-mile mark in four minutes and thirty seconds. Even as my part of the throng passed the mile split, at seven minutes, word from an official timer beside the road was passed among us that Rodgers had done this stretch in an all but incredible four-thirty. Few people except world-class distance runners, and certainly none of the weekend joggers who do their five miles in fifty minutes and then head home, can be expected to have a real understanding of what the swiftness of that time meant. Could Rodgers possibly have had anything saved for later—seven miles, eight, nine, ten—when he had been wildly spending his energy so early?

I had part of the answer shortly afterward, when I reached the three-mile sign. Rodgers, on this out-and-back course, was running toward me. He had already reached the five-mile midpoint, had come a mile back along the channel, and, after twenty-eight and a half minutes, had four miles to go to the finish. That meant he had slowed only a few steps from the pace of his first mile. I did the arithmetic in my head: Six miles times four and a half minutes is twenty-seven minutes, which works out to an extra eighteen seconds for each of the five miles after that first mile, at four-thirty. If the figures suggested that Rodgers was running at all-out speed, and that this had a lot to do with his current ranking as the world's best long-distance runner, the sight of him coming toward all those of us who were still outbound confirmed that supposition.

Only one runner, a high-school track coach from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, had kept up with Rodgers. But his face was tight with strain. Rodgers' face had a placid expression, as if he were on a morning run through the park and this multitude of 2,599 or so just happened to be out following him.



ALTHOUGH I saw Rodgers briefly in the crowd after the race—which he won, in forty-eight minutes and fifty-seven seconds, breaking the record for the event by twelve seconds—it wasn't until noon, in Rodgers' room in the Watergate Hotel, that I had a chance to meet him and become acquainted. I had learned from people in the Washington running community—a vibrant group that lets few weekends pass without an organized distance run of some kind—that Rodgers was an easygoing, unpretentious man, whose rise to preëminence among the world's distance runners in the past three years had made him neither less accessible to his friends nor more choosy about where he ran. The more I asked around about Rodgers—among people like Jeff Darman, of Washington, who is the national president of the Road Runners Club of America; Amby Burfoot, the 1968 winner at Boston, who roomed with Rodgers at Wesleyan University; and Dr. Joan Ullyot, a San Francisco physician and writer who is a world-class marathoner—the more I heard about his warmth and openness. In fact, I heard so much about his likability that in my mind it threatened to overshadow his singular running achievements. I don't think that even Rodgers has fully comprehended the dashing pace at which he has been speeding around the world to win road races. To go over just the past year: In May of 1977, Rodgers went to Holland and won the Amsterdam Marathon, running the 26.2 miles in two hours and twelve minutes. In that same month, he won a ten-mile race in Worcester, Massachusetts, and a twenty-kilometre in Wheeling, West Virginia. In June, he captured a seven-miler in Litchfield, Connecticut. In July, he finished second in a ten-kilometre in Atlanta, and in August he won a seven-and-one-tenth-mile run in Falmouth, Massachusetts. In September, he took a half-marathon (thirteen and one-tenth miles) in Cleveland, a ten-miler in Lynchburg, Virginia, and a twelve-miler in London, Ontario. In October, he finished first in an eight-mile race in Boston; he won the marathon in Waynesboro, Virginia, and then the New York City Marathon.



"Now what?"

• •

In November, he won, at twenty-five kilometres, in Youngstown, Ohio. In December, he won the invitational marathon in Fukuoka, Japan. In January, he placed second in a five-thousand-metre race in Los Altos, California, and first in a ten-kilometre race in Los Angeles. In February, he ran second in a half-marathon in Puerto Rico, then in March he took two firsts in fifteen-kilometre events in Tampa and Cincinnati and a first at eight and a third miles in Holyoke, Massachusetts. In April, he won in Jacksonville, in Washington, and then in Boston.

This road show over so much pavement led to the choice of Rodgers by the editors of *Track & Field News* as the road runner of the year for 1977, but his competitive resilience is revealed in an even more awesome accomplishment. Including his two Bostons—the first of which he did in two hours nine minutes and fifty-five seconds, the fastest marathon ever, anywhere, by an American—Rodgers has finished in less than two hours and twelve minutes in an unprecedented seven marathons. To give that feat a specific perspective, the six most recent winners at Boston other than Rodgers won in times of two hours and fourteen minutes, two-twenty, two-thirteen, two-sixteen, two-fifteen, and two-eighteen. When the heralded Finnish runner Eino Oksanen won Boston three times—in 1959, 1961, and 1962—he had one race of two-twenty-two and two of two-twenty-three.

When I called on Rodgers that noon at the Watergate, he had been back from the Cherry Blossom only twenty minutes. The award ceremonies had taken some time, and then he had remained in the milling crowd for an hour and a half enjoying the sunny moments of chatting with the runners and their families. He is a natural consorter. Rodgers invited me to take a seat near the window and then, after I had said I wasn't hungry, phoned room service for his lunch—a tuna-fish sandwich on white bread, some egg salad, a large milk, and a large Pepsi. Rodgers, who is thirty years old and stands five feet eight-and-a-half inches tall, has flaxen hair that is long at the back and sides and hangs fluffily over a high forehead. Large, light-blue eyes are set deep in a handsome face, with a long, straight nose. His limbs, though rangy, are light, and his frame is lean. He weighs a hundred and twenty-eight pounds. Although charts on scales in doctors' offices say that a five-foot-eight male with a small frame should weigh between a hundred and thirty-two and a hundred and forty-one pounds, Rodgers, sitting on the side of his bed in a white sports shirt and yellow warmup pants, did not look at all gaunt.

I said I had read that when Rodgers is in training he runs eighteen to twenty miles a day, one day after the next, with no letup except just before and after an important road race or marathon, when he tapers off to ten, six, and three miles and then picks up at three, six, and ten. "I've always been very careful about my training," he told me. "I almost have a preoccupation. I try to keep my mileage at a certain level. I never want to take too much of a rest. Certain sports are more intense than others. They have a more year-round swing to them, and I think running is one of those. If you really love the sport you want to be good at, you have to be that way. What I notice is that most runners, most people who run, get satisfaction in it—having a run is good for your body, physically and mentally and emotionally. There is joy in running, in feeling good about it. But there's a lot of difficulty in running, too, and that should never be played down. It's hard to run a lot; it's hard to change to a higher level. Running is also hard for beginners. I can remember a number of times when I had a struggle to get myself in shape. Running is hard, no doubt about it."

A marathon of two hours and ten minutes means a pace of about five minutes for each of the twenty-six miles, plus a few seconds for the additional three hundred and eighty-five yards. Rodgers, however, said that he was less clock-conscious than com-

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petitor-conscious. "Other runners are there, and I know what most of them can do," he said. "I know when I have to make a move in the middle of the race, and I generally do, because I'm not a big kicker at the end. I like to be able to come in without that intense pressure. I try to get away from the pressure, and then I can just kind of relax and occasionally look behind me. If someone's making a move, I'll try to push it a little. That makes it harder for the other competitors to move up. The smartest way to run a marathon is not to take the lead but to hang back a little bit and watch—keep your eyes open and watch the other runners. At times, though, it's smart to make a crazy move. I did it at Fukuoka this year; it was an emotional thing. I often do something like that. I suddenly get carried away—I suddenly feel good for an instant and I go 'Aaah!' And I go zooming ahead—a little ahead, maybe just twenty feet—and then I say, 'Why the heck did I do that? I don't feel that good,' and then I fall back. Some races, you can keep going. In others, you have to be careful. I always try to run a very steady pace. That's a benefit from my training—it's always pretty steady, so my racing is steady, too. I'm not a fast starter or a fast finisher, but it will be steady—that's the best way. It's a kind of wearing-down thing. Today, Jeff Bradley popped up." Bradley was the high-school track coach from Lancaster, Pennsylvania. "I don't think I even knew he was going to be in the race. I didn't even know who he was until, after six miles, I heard 'Jeff! Jeff!' from the crowd. I was going to ask somebody who he was, but I didn't want to give any indication that I was worried about him. He would probably fade, I thought—but he was always up there. He started to look comfortable. He looked pretty fit, and I said, 'Oh, no! I've got my work cut out for me now.' What happened was that when we turned around at about five miles, got the wind at our back, he and I kind of started a little battle—a little jockeying, and everything—and we broke into the lead. We were matching stride for stride—a breath-for-breath sort of thing. Just before the six-mile mark, when we had been running with the wind at our back, I knew that the turn around Hains Point was coming up and we'd be running into the wind for two miles. I can generally run into the wind pretty well, so I figured I'd make a move right then—a really sharp, quick move—and get about three, four, or five yards on him, and then *hit* the wind. After that, I just tried to keep it very steady, and kept checking how close he was, so if he made a move on me I could try to push a little. He hung on pretty close for something like eight and a half miles. It was maybe only in the last mile or so that I got a little more on him. He's a strong, good runner."

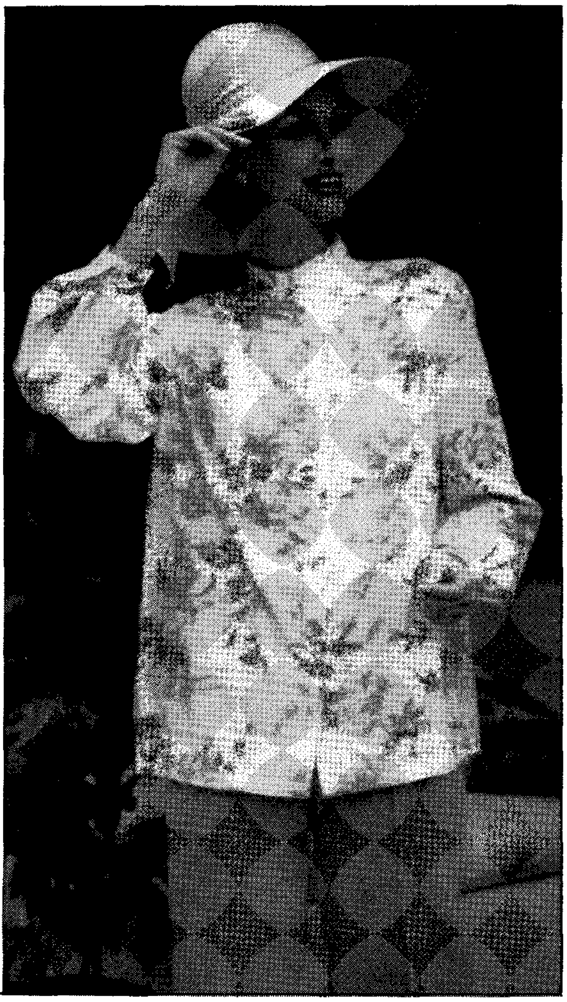
Lunch was brought in. Rodgers, with a smile, admitted that he wasn't as alert about his diet as he might be. He did his share of junking up, he said, fingering the glass of Pepsi and then drinking from it. Between bites of his sandwich, he told me he was born in Hartford and grew up in Newington, Connecticut, and then he talked about his years at Wesleyan, in Middletown, Connecticut. "I learned a lot there," he said. "I studied a fair amount." After graduating, in 1970, with a degree in sociology, he sought and received a conscientious objector's classification. "Vietnam was a war that I felt was instigated by the United States, and no way was I going to contribute or help the U.S.," he said. "The best way to stop a war is don't show up. Everybody should do that, I think." Rodgers did alternative service at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, in Boston, for a year and a half. At the time, he was a cigarette smoker—a pack a day—and had let himself slide physically. His principal involvement with running then consisted in watching the Boston Marathon. He eventually went on to Boston College for a master's degree in special education, and then taught emotionally disturbed children in the public-school system in Everett, Massachusetts. He now owns a running-equipment shop in Boston.

In high school, at Newington, he had been a miler, of good but not exceptional talent. At Wesleyan, he had concentrated on cross-country and track and had had the good fortune to form a close friendship with Amby Burfoot, who won the Boston Marathon in his senior year. "Amby is a great distance runner, so I learned a lot from him," Rodgers said. "Then, when I took up running again, I just kind of carried it on." Rodgers was twenty-five when he entered his first Boston Marathon. He was hit by a cramp and had to quit. After a short layoff to recover from the disappointment, he began to push his daily mileage higher and higher. "The year before I won at Boston," he said, putting down the empty Pepsi glass and picking up his glass of milk, "I can remember running with a buddy and telling him I knew I was getting into good shape. I had run a marathon in two hours and nineteen minutes, and I said that ultimately I thought I could do two-twelve. I did think I could run that; I had a feeling for it. But I remember my training in those days. It was pretty hard. I was always saying, 'It's funny—here I am training my rear end off, and all those other guys are training even harder, because if they run so much faster than I do, they *must* be training so much harder.' But what I found out is that it's not really that intense. It's just a matter of a certain amount of luck and slowly building up. And getting older. As you get into your late twenties, you just get stronger."

During our conversation, there were several phone calls for Rodgers. Most were congratulatory, but one was an invitation from a friend to go out for a run. The idea appealed to Rodgers, because he had several hours before his plane left for Boston, and he said he would rather run in the afternoon in Washington than wait until he got to Boston, after dark. When he hung up the phone, I asked if this post-race run was being done on impulse or as part of his training schedule. The second, he said. The Cherry Blossom was only ten miles, and he felt the need for another ten. He invited me to run with him and his friend, and graciously put me at ease by saying, "I'll be going at a very slow cruising speed. It'll really be just a hobble, because I'm a bit sore from this morning."

The invitation was an unexpected pleasure, and it caused me to remember what I had been told about Rodgers' openhearted nature. I was a runner not ranked on my block, and now I was going out for a few miles with the runner who had been hailed as the best marathoner in the world. I wondered how many other athletes at the top of their sport would be so generous about sharing themselves with one of the ruck.

Rodgers' friend was waiting downstairs, and from the Watergate we made our way to the Reflecting Pool between the Lincoln Memorial and the Washington Monument. A fair-sized mixture of tourists, joggers, and strollers had come out for what had proved to be an irresistible spring afternoon. We headed east along the pool toward the monument, Rodgers easing himself into a low-gear pace of about seven



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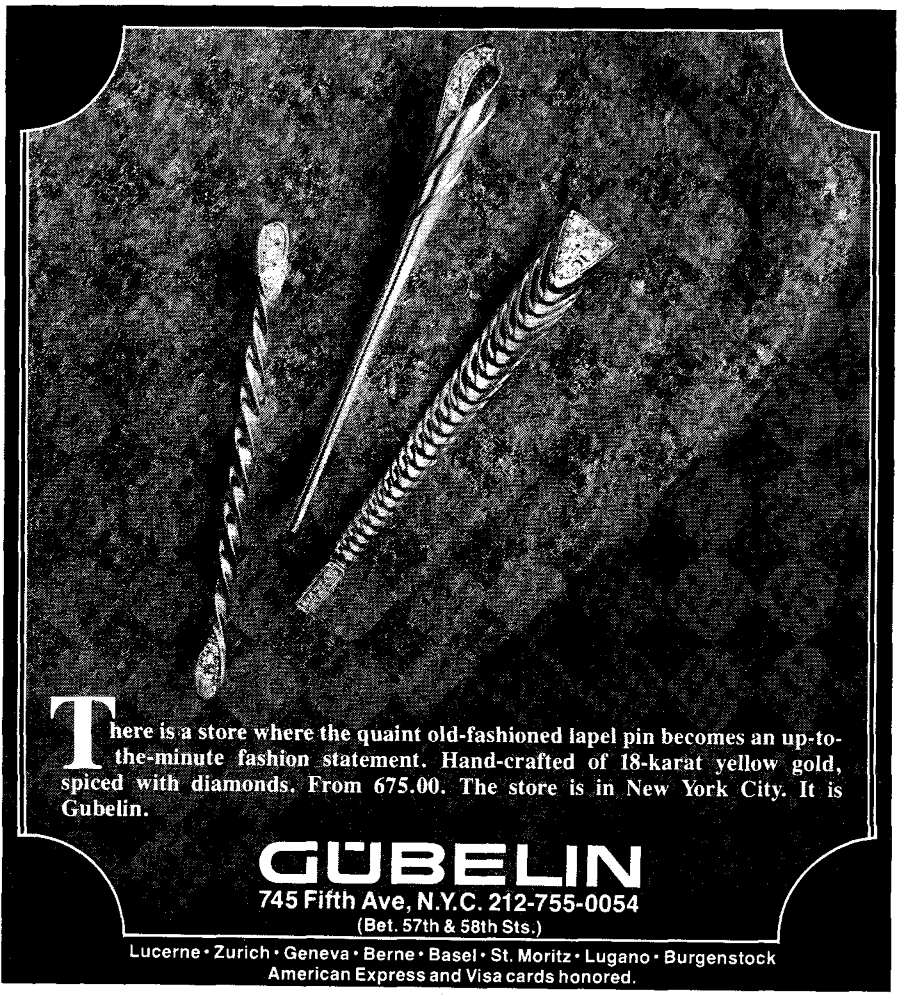

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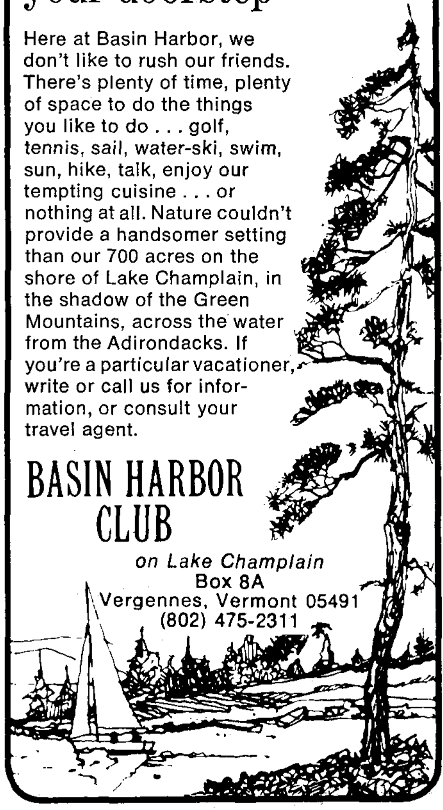

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and a half minutes a mile. I had noticed in the morning when he came past at the six-mile mark that his forward motion had an appearance of effortlessness. I sensed it again now. His footfall was light, almost airy, skimming the surface without a trace of deliberateness, to say nothing of slapping at the ground. His stride had a sweeping smoothness, with only the faintest hint that energy was being spent. No pulling forward was noticeable, but when I counted our strides I noticed that Rodgers needed only seven to my ten. His thighs seemed centrifugal, moving out from the center of the power in his hips. I had the feeling that Rodgers had perfected a style of frictionless motion, with none of the parts of his body working against each other. What rubbing of bones there was in the joints of the feet and legs was minimized by the absence of any thrusting effort. As he ran, he was sweeping forward rather than pushing forward. It was a way of guaranteeing that his body would be working as efficiently at twenty miles as at one mile. Any breakdown in performance would come from without—from the weather, from the hills, from the competition—and not from within. The most visible effort in Rodgers' motion was in the movement of his elbows and hands. His right arm loosely looped into his lower chest in flouncy rhythms, while his left swung, in soft pumps and pushes, in time with his gait. It was as though his arms had insisted on coming along for the ride and now, making the most of a fine opportunity, were having a lively time of it.

Rodgers is a conversational runner. He talks, listens, mulls a bit, and comes back with another thought. Like nearly all runners, he has his tales of past injuries and what he did to get over them.

I remarked that it seemed to be one of the unwritten rules of marathoning never to say that you felt good or that you were in fine shape for the next race.

"That's right," he said. "And I'm a chronic doubter. A lot of runners are that way. We like to be underdogs. We like to play down how fit we are. I think runners are searching, in a way, for perfection."

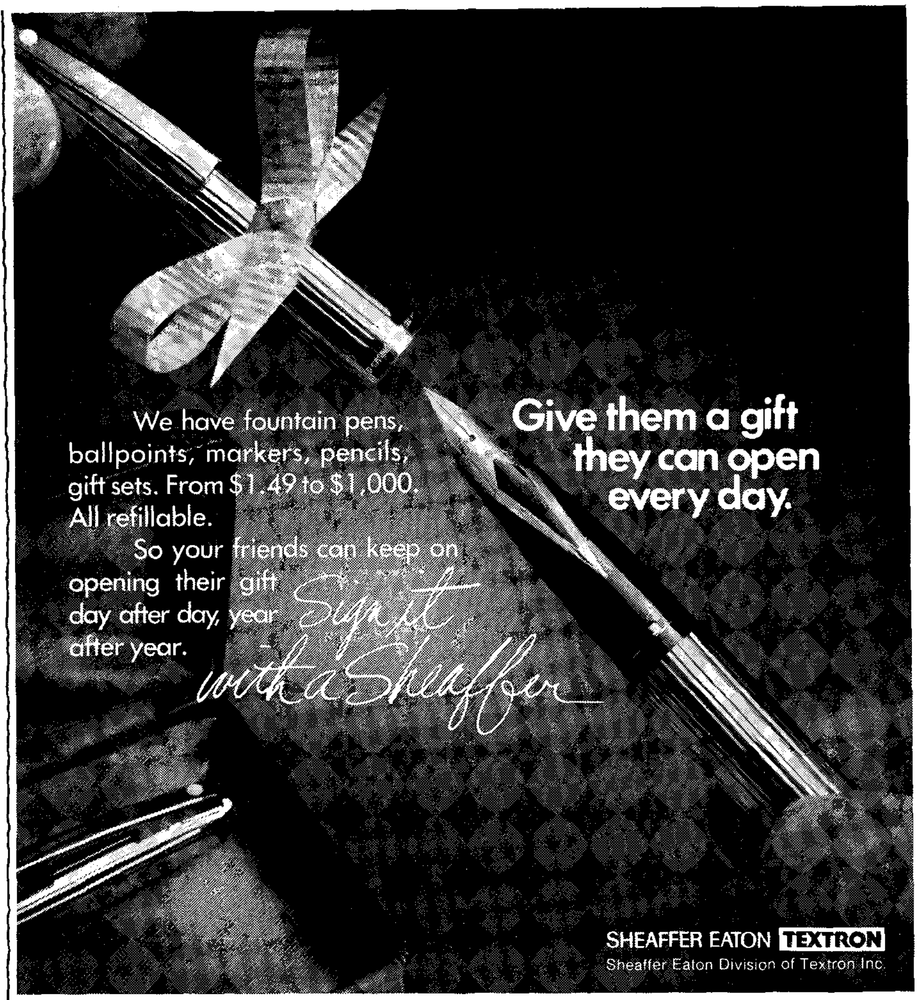
When I asked him about the coming marathon in Boston, he became the doubter he had just described. "I'm in slightly better shape than last year, but I'm still not quite ready. I'd like to have a month of cool weather on the track—then I might be in for a good marathon. If it should be a hot day, it would be a big gamble for me to run. I like the cool weather, but you never know what it's going to be in Boston. I'm hoping for a cool, chilly day. I know only one thing for certain this year: the pack will be enormous—bigger than ever."

I left Rodgers and his friend after three and a half miles. I felt an ache in my right knee, which may have been aggravated that morning in the Cherry Blossom. When Rodgers asked what might be an appealing course for the next few miles, I suggested that he and his friend head west toward the Potomac, go north by the Kennedy Center and into Rock Creek Park, and then circle back through Georgetown to get to the hotel. "Sounds fine," he said. Waving cheerfully, he took a slight hill that lay a hundred yards from the river, and was off.

RODGERS was right about the size of the field in Boston. When I arrived at midafternoon on Sunday, the day before the marathon, the town looked as though it had been taken over by runners. They aren't the nattiest of dressers. The marathoners milling around Copley Square wore rumpled shirts, old denims, and worn-out training shoes, which would be replaced the next day by the light and gaily colored jobs that the shoe companies are now marketing. A few—the more apprehensive, I'd say—were elsewhere; when I drove over the last ten miles of the racecourse, including the five-mile stretch of three hills called the Newton Hills, the last of which is Heartbreak Hill, many were loping along for final size-ups of the homestretch. Just before the top of Heartbreak, the Prudential Tower—or the Pru, as it is called—can be seen five miles in the distance. On race day, some of the runners are said to find it an inspiring sight, because the finish line is in front of the Pru and they now have a target to aim for. Other runners can't bear to look at it, because after twenty-one miles another five miles seems too much for the body, and a glance at the distance makes it seem like fifty miles. My companion on this brief tour was Dr. Denis Colombant, a plasma physicist, who is a neighbor of mine in Washington, and who ran in Boston last year (and, by his account, faded miserably at the end). Today, he had come out to check the terrain and try to devise a strategy that would prevent a repetition. His goal was to break three hours, and he thought that this year he wouldn't attack the hills with the same ferocity he had displayed last year but instead would ease up them slowly, and see if that didn't leave him a bit of juice for the final run.

When we got downtown to the Pru, its lobby, which is about the size of six tennis courts, was filled wall to wall with runners who had come to pick up their numbers and look around for friends from back home. As I moved through the throng, I realized that marathon running has blossomed from the highly select pastime of a few competitive oddballs of seemingly superhuman stamina into a mass movement of seriously trained amateurs who find the distance of twenty-six and two-tenths miles manageable, even though it is a test of the flesh and spirit which can't be found in any other sport. The official entry list at Boston this year totalled 4,784. Guesses about unofficial runners ranged from a thousand to thirty-five hundred. The Boston Athletic Association has now been staging its marathon for eighty-two years, during most of which the distance itself served as the natural deterrent against large-sized fields. The first Boston Marathon, in 1897, had fifteen starters. Two decades later, the number had increased to around a hundred. It climbed to the hundred-fifties during the thirties and forties, and from the fifties until the mid-nineteen-sixties was around two hundred. A deterrent since 1974 has been the requirement that an official entrant be able to present a qualification time in another Amateur Athletic Union-certified marathon in the previous year: three hours or less for men under forty, three and a half hours or less for women and older men. Instead of a roadblock that has kept the numbers down, however, the qualification standard has proved to be little more than a low hurdle over which thousands are leaping. Last year, 2,933 were entered—a figure previously undreamed of. Officials at this year's marathon grimaced when they were asked what they thought lay ahead in the next year or the next decade.

Boston, where the distance-running boom manifests itself in concentrated form, is the center of what is being called by some sportswriters "marathon madness" and by some of the veteran marathoners a healthy awakening to the delights of running. Whatever the movement is called, the figures are impressive. In the early nineteen-sixties, about a dozen marathons were run in the United States. In early March of this year, at least ten marathons were staged on one weekend alone—and that is counting only those east of the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Mississippi. They were in such tucked-away towns as Trexlertown, Pennsylvania; Delaware City, Delaware; Carmel, Indiana; and Monmouth, New Jersey. Last year, according to *Runner's World*, a monthly that began publication in California in the lonely days of 1966, some twenty-five thousand runners completed marathons. Almost two hundred marathons were run. This year, the number is expected to jump to two hundred and fifty, in which seventy-five thousand runners will go the full distance. Last September, approximately five thousand ran in the Mayor Daley Marathon, in Chicago. A month later, the 1977 New York City Marathon drew a similar number, of whom twenty-two hundred were first-timers. When the New York race began, in front of the tollbooths on the Staten Island side of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, a mere starting gun was not enough to catch the attention of the runners and send them off. A 75-mm. howitzer was what it took to do the job. I was among those who moved past the howitzer, but it wasn't until I had covered about seven miles that my muscles began sending signals that I was running at all. Up to then—and I think this was true for most of the others in the race—my emotions had been carrying me. The spectacular vista from the center of the carless bridge—Manhattan and the spread of the harbor on the left and the shipping lanes to the Atlantic on the right—was an overpowering distraction. This was not running but a magnificent form of sightseeing. It went on that way for much of the route, as we moved from neighborhood to neighborhood and saw New York less as a city than as a collection of villages with friendly people passing out oranges, water, and encouragement in large helpings. This produced good times, literally as well as figuratively. Seventeen finishers came in under two hours and twenty minutes—a world's record. Among the women, whose numbers had risen to two hundred and fifty from eighty-eight the year before, finishing times of less than three hours rose to eleven from two. In all, 3,701 people completed the course, with rearguard honors going to a thirty-six-year-old New Yorker with an artificial leg, whose time was six hours and forty-four minutes. The winner was Bill Rodgers, who, although he claimed to be "dead meat" for the last few miles, ran such a convincing race (two hours eleven minutes and twenty-eight seconds) that many watchers began to think he was about to dominate American long-distance running as no one had ever dominated it before.

Of all the veteran runners I have talked to about the unpredictable growth of marathon running, none have been more articulate in explaining it than Edward Ayres. He is the publisher and editor of the monthly *Running Times*, which he started in January, 1977, and which has earned a reputation among runners for its thoughtful prose. Ayres, who is thirty-six, and whose 1970 book "What's Good for GM" was an incisive examination of corporate ethics in the automobile industry, is an indefatigable runner. Since his high-school days, in Westfield, New Jersey, where he began cross-country running, he has logged sixty thousand miles running. Last fall, he gained national attention by winning the John F. Kennedy Memorial Fifty-Mile Hike-Run, over a course in central Maryland, much of which followed the Appalachian Trail to the Potomac and then along the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal Towpath. His time was six hours and four minutes, a near record. Ayres, who puts out his magazine in Woodbridge, Virginia, a small community twenty minutes south of Washington, wrote a memorable piece, "Looking Back on the Loneliness of the Long Distance Runner," which appeared in *Running Times* in February, 1977. It was both a personal account of his own passion for the sport and a look into the reasons for its new popularity. In his high school, he recalled, the athletic department had regarded cross-country runners with suspicion or contempt:

> It was almost as though we were slightly "pinko"—as though we were runners because we were incapable of participating in "team" sports and must therefore be incapable of loyalty or cooperation. So, in later years when friends made casual comments about me being a loner, it seemed almost as though they were expressing doubt about my basic worth.
>
> But now, things are different! Within the past couple of decades, the population of runners has exploded. The Road Runners Club of America has accelerated from zero to 80-plus regional organizations in 18 years; the world of group running has expanded from a "minor" sport for high school and college males to an increasingly popular pursuit which is now wide open to *everybody*, the value of aerobic exercise has suddenly been "discovered" by the medical establishment, and jogging has become an acceptable activity for middle-aged Americans who are determined to take active defenses against the looming threats of degenerative disease.
>
> What has happened, I think, is that running has found a place in the main-

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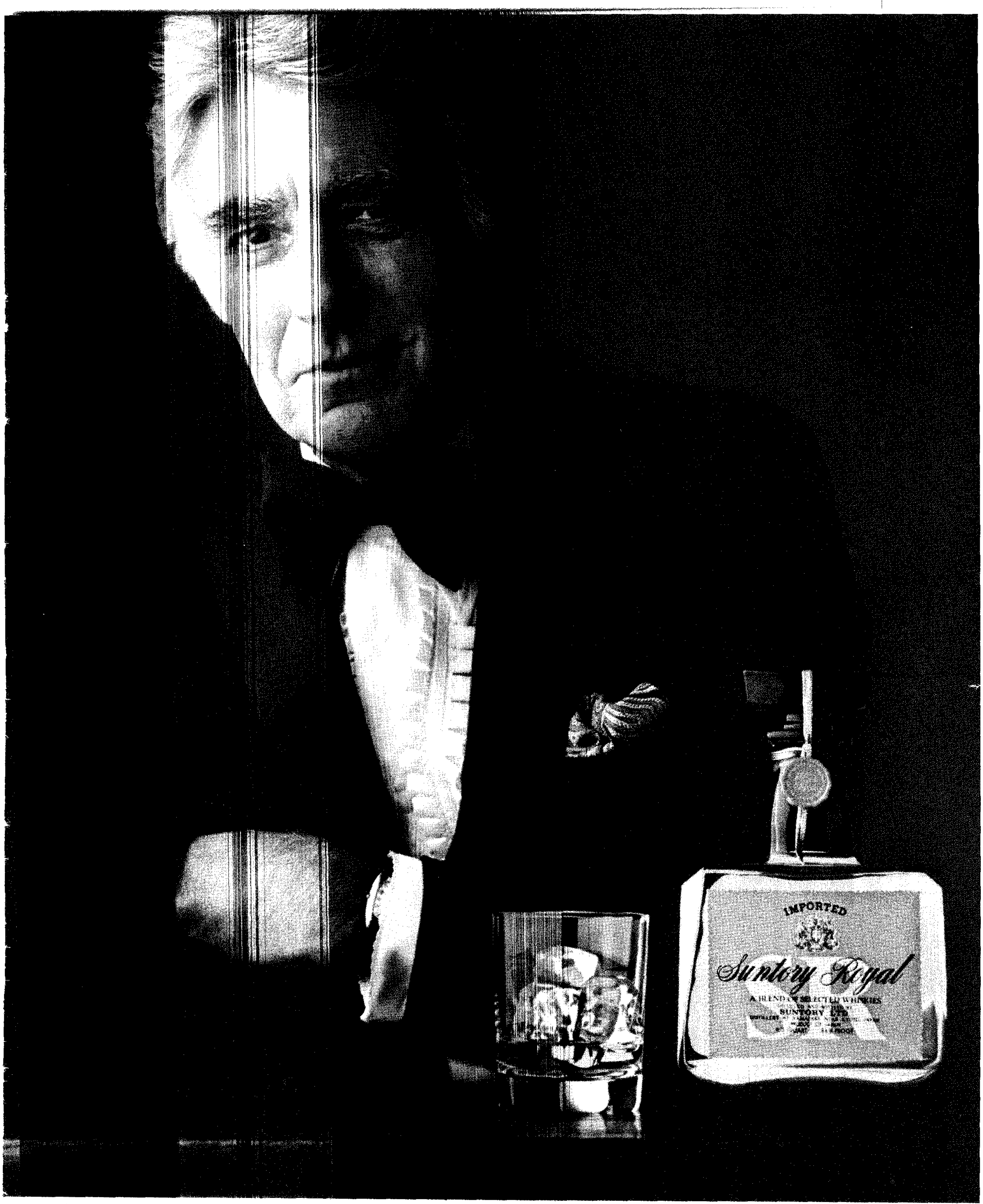
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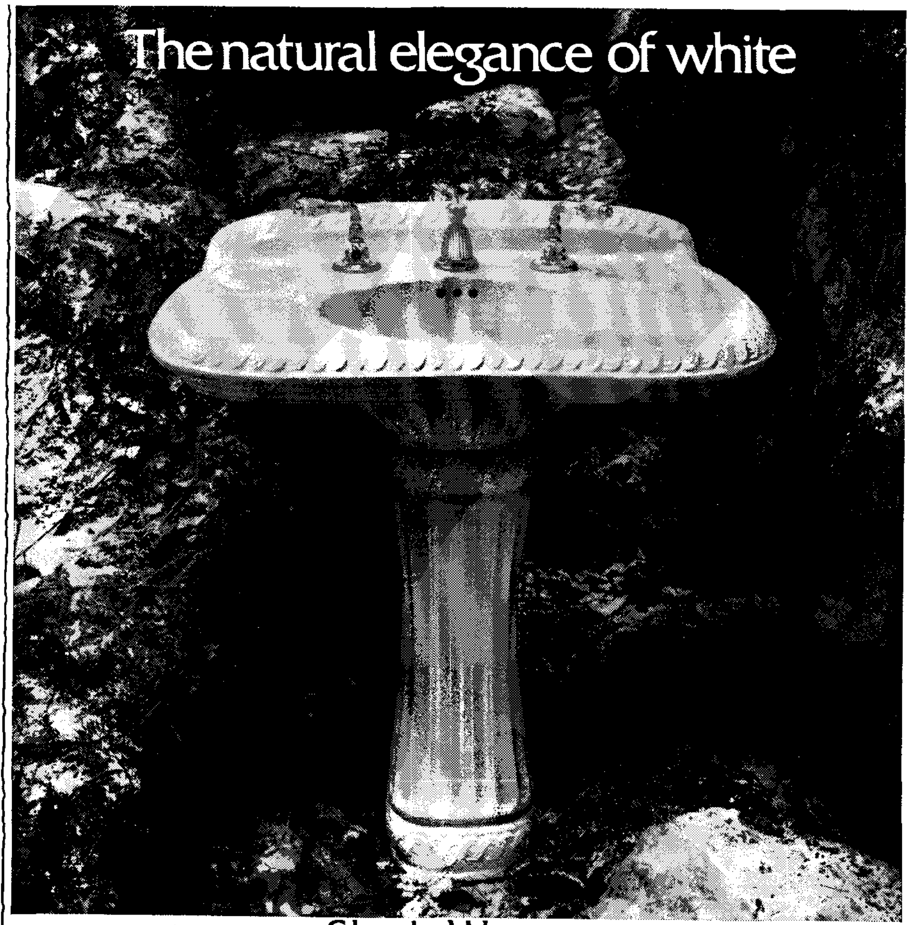
stream of American culture.... Americans seem less polarized now—less suspicious of those who are different. About ten years ago, at the time when road running was really beginning to take hold, the phrase "doing your own thing" became current (as it could not have in the 1950s); and if the phrase is no longer current it is partly because it is no longer needed....

In retrospect, I think the myth of the runner as a "loner" may have grown out of a confusion between *loneliness* and *independence*. A runner is a highly independent person in the sense that he always carries his own weight—and must therefore bear full responsibility for the quality of his performance. A football player, by contrast, is more likely to find himself in a hierarchical structure (dominated by an authoritarian coach) in which some members play heroic roles by carrying *more* than their own weight of responsibility—while others are more passive participants whose fortunes depend largely on the initiatives and strengths of others....

I did not run alone because I was a "loner" but because in those days there was nobody else in my neighborhood who wanted to run. Now there are hordes. The companionship of group running has become a great pleasure; but whether I am doing it by myself or with others, I'm always glad to have the feeling of independence that running gives me. True, if my legs fail me during a group run, there's no way anyone else can help me—and that can make the last half hour of a twenty-miler very lonely indeed. But I also know that I live in a world where the temptation to avoid responsibility for one's own performance can be a deadly social danger.

THE morning of the Boston Marathon brought the cool, chilly weather that Rodgers had hoped for. A thermometer on a porch in Hopkinton, the village where the race begins, registered forty-six degrees. In the gym of the Hopkinton Junior-Senior High School, which was as crammed as the Pru lobby had been the day before, though now the runners were daubing final smears of Vaseline or liniment on their bodies, I could find no one who didn't see Rodgers as the favorite. "This is Bill's weather," said a young Minnesotan wearing a shirt that bore the message "CALL MY PSYCHIATRIST." "It's under fifty degrees, and the sky is sunless. He couldn't have ordered a better day. I don't see how he can lose." Others said that Rodgers had a chest cold, that he was fatigued from his overload of racing in the past twelve months, and that he was nervous about some unknown coming in from nowhere to beat him, yet everybody was convinced he was the world's top marathoner, and that he would win easily, because this was his weather.

This forecast proved to be both right



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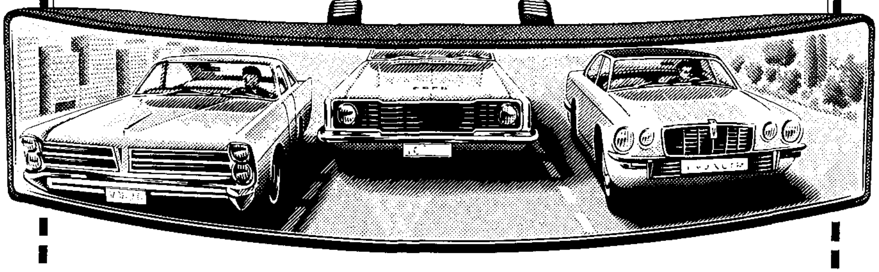

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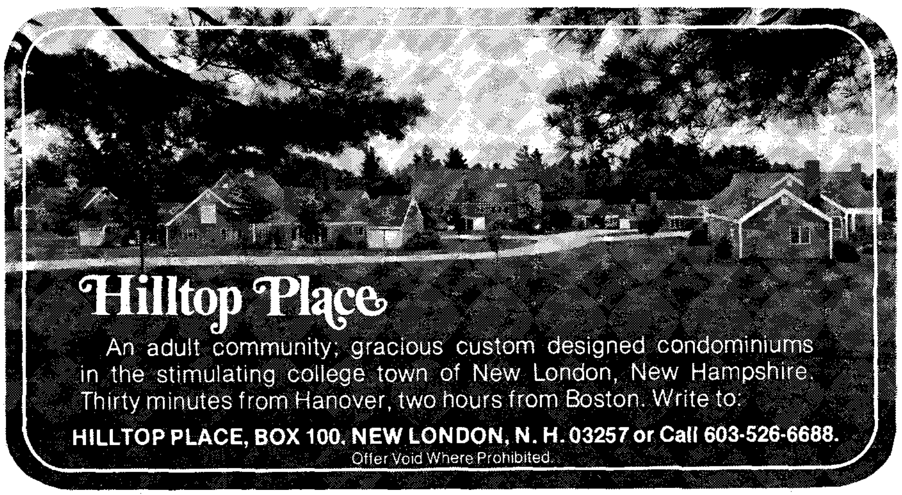

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and wrong. Rodgers won but not easily. In the final four hundred yards, when he turned onto Hereford Street and started up the slight incline that leads past the Tennis & Racquet Club into Ring Road in front of the Pru, he glanced back to see Jeff Wells, a second-year student at Dallas Theological Seminary, bolting toward him. Wells, in the spree of a last-mile kick, had come from seventh place—nineteen seconds and about a hundred yards behind Rodgers—at the halfway mark in Wellesley to within shouting distance of the leader. On the downslope to the finish line, both runners poured it on, in what was the tightest finish in the eighty-two years of the Boston Marathon: Rodgers over Wells by two seconds. Rodgers didn't know it then, but his time for the second half of the marathon was the fastest ever recorded by a winner at Boston: one hour four minutes and thirty-nine seconds. However, it was not the fastest second half ever recorded. The onrushing Wells set that mark: one hour four minutes and twenty-two seconds. Just three seconds less and he would have nipped Rodgers. The challenge by Wells was astounding in still another way: Rodgers took the hills, including Heartbreak, in twenty minutes and forty-five seconds, which was twenty-one seconds swifter than the record, set in 1965 by Morio Shigematsu, of Japan. And still another record was broken: the first six finishers came home in less than two hours and twelve minutes—something that had never happened before at Boston, or anywhere else.

I learned of Rodgers' victory as I was coming into the Newton Hills. Spectators, often six, seven, and eight deep on both sides (they were part of a gathering estimated to be in excess of a million people along the whole route), crowded in so close to us that we could catch reports of the race over their radios. Rodgers' victory gave those with extra breath something to talk about, but I had a sense that his victory bolstered nearly everyone, talker or not. I knew that I was having a better-than-average day. At eighteen miles, if I kept my pace, I would come in under three-thirty, which I had not been able to do in my two most recent marathons before Boston, and which I had done only twice ever. In this part of the herd, where the middle-aged runners seemed to be congregating, the news from the radio that the front of the pack was now crossing the line became a psychological boost, convincing us that it would soon be our turn to reach the Pru if we could just hang on. Going up

Heartbreak, I asked a runner on my left—he looked to be fifty-two or so and not to be having much trouble—if he thought we would make it under three-thirty. He said yes, and went on to offer his theory of running and weather. Every degree warmer meant another minute slower, he said. In 1976, his time was four hours and twenty minutes; that day the temperature was a hundred degrees—fifty-four degrees hotter than today (indeed, Marathon day in 1976 was the hottest in sixty-seven years)—and the time was about fifty minutes more than his estimated time of three-thirty today. Last year, he went on, it was seventy-seven degrees and he finished in three-fifty-seven. I will have to remember this mathematics for future years, but, as for 1978, I couldn't have had a finer first Boston Marathon: three hours and twenty-eight minutes, plus some steam left for a crowd-inspired "go, go, go" spurt just before the Pru.

In all, no sharper or more impressive marathon has ever been run, not even in the Olympics. This Boston produced thirty-two under-two-twenty runs, with twenty-nine women breaking three hours. Among the over-forty contingent, Fritz Mueller, a forty-one-year-old phenomenon, finished at two-twenty-forty-seven, setting a new American record (for his age group) by six minutes and thirty-eight seconds. It was no fluke. On May 14th, Mueller, running in a downpour, won the Yonkers Marathon, the nation's second-oldest marathon, a course considerably rougher than Boston. My Washington neighbor Denis Colombant conquered Heartbreak to finish well under three hours and establish what runners call a P.R.—personal record—for Boston. The sole group to pull in with a slow time, it seems, was the press. Its bus performed ably for twenty-two miles, rolling alongside the front-runners to give the sportswriters a portable press box to catch the footwork. But then, when the vehicle could no longer navigate through the sea of people, it fell off the pace. The drama between Rodgers and Wells was missed. The boys on the bus seemed whimsically resigned to their coming home in a blaze of ignominy. One of them was quoted in the Los Angeles *Times* as saying, "Oh, well. We didn't really miss anything. All they do at the finish line is stop running."

ON Tuesday afternoon, I stopped in to see Rodgers at the Running Center he operates, on Cleveland Cir-

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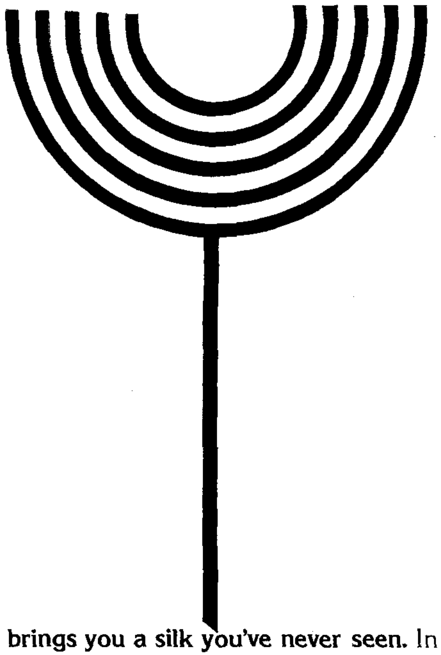

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cle. A walk-down shop at 372-A Chestnut Hill Avenue, it is on the route of the Marathon. Charlie Rodgers, Bill's older brother, is the store manager, while Ellen Rodgers, Bill's wife, handles special projects. Other runners on the payroll fit customers for shoes and shirts and offer free advice concerning the nature of marathons, Boston politics, and any other mysteries on visitors' minds. When Rodgers came in, at two o'clock, Amby Burfoot, who had done a two-thirty the day before, placing a hundred-and-sixty-first, was waiting. The pair had a running date. "It's just going to be a hobble," Rodgers said to me, faking a limp. "I'm definitely feeling it from yesterday." He laughed, and took a seat. After remarking that his victory would be good for the store—he waved his right hand toward six customers lined up before his brother—he said, "Yesterday was very, very hard." He talked about the pain and confusion at the end. "With a mile to go, I asked the cop escorting us on his motorcycle how far ahead I was, and at first he told me I had a minute's lead. A little later, with a half mile left, he said, 'Someone's moving up on you really fast.' I thought he was telling me that to make me run faster and go for the course record. I was kind of mad at him, and was going to say to him, 'You shouldn't do this to a runner. Don't try to push him at the end like this.' I was just trying to hold together. I was trying to estimate how much farther it was to the finish. I was looking to where the crowds would bend, indicating the turn at Hereford Street. It looked much farther than I had remembered. I honestly didn't know if I could win this time. In my mind I was seeing images of waking up tomorrow morning after finishing in second place, by eight seconds or five seconds."

Even after twenty-four hours, Rodgers said, the toughness of the finish astonished him. "I thought everyone was buried in the dust. As far as I could see behind me, nobody was in sight. I was making a big, wide break. But then I found that Jeff Wells was pouring it on that whole time."

Rodgers now saw Burfoot across the room and called, "Shall we go out for a few, Amby?" Burfoot nodded. Rodgers excused himself to go into a back room and change into running clothes. "This won't be a real run," he told me. "It'll be just shuffling along. But I have to do it. I don't like to miss a day. No matter what."

—COLMAN MCCARTHY

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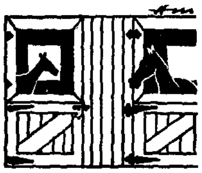
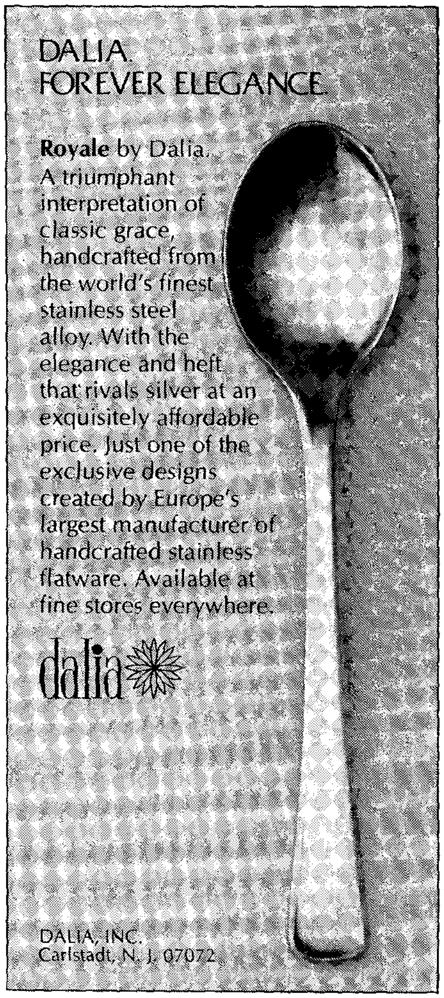


AFTER clearing the decks of such midweek events as a frog hop to decide which Maryland rana should go to the world frog-jumping championship in Calaveras County over the weekend, Pimlico settled down last Saturday to a day of ninety-degree temperature for the hundred-and-third running of the Preakness Stakes and the continuing rivalry of Louis Wolfson's Affirmed and Calumet Farm's Alydar. A record crowd of more than eighty thousand was on hand. After as dramatic a struggle through the stretch as has been seen in many a day, Affirmed, ridden by Cauthen, beat Alydar, ridden by Velasquez, by a neck. Seven and a half lengths behind them, Hickory Tree Stable's Believe It was third. Affirmed ran the mile and three-sixteenths in 1:54⅗—the second fastest time ever for the Preakness. The three colts finished in the same order as in the Kentucky Derby a fortnight earlier, and nobody remembers anything like that happening in races of such importance—though no doubt some wiseacre will prove me wrong. In fact, I had the feeling that I was looking at a rerun of the Derby. Affirmed was away well, but Cauthen let him settle into his stride and didn't make a move on him, allowing him to pass the early pacemaker but holding him well within himself until about a quarter of a mile from home. I thought he breezed along in front easily. He made his move as he did in the Derby, when Alydar came up in the stretch, and the two runners hooked up hammer and tongs to the wire. Alydar got away well and had clear sailing; it was easy to follow him, wearing the devil's-red-and-blue silks of Calumet in the small field. He made a good try, and it was touch and go to the winning post. Affirmed has been the top-money-winning three-year-old all along; his share of the Preakness purse was $136,200, bringing his earnings to $1,023,227. Nice going for Laz Barrera, who trains him for Harbor View Farm.

As soon as the results were official, a painter began changing the colors on the little jockey on the weathervane in the infield from Seattle Slew's yellow and black to the flamingo and black of Harbor View Farm—which reminded



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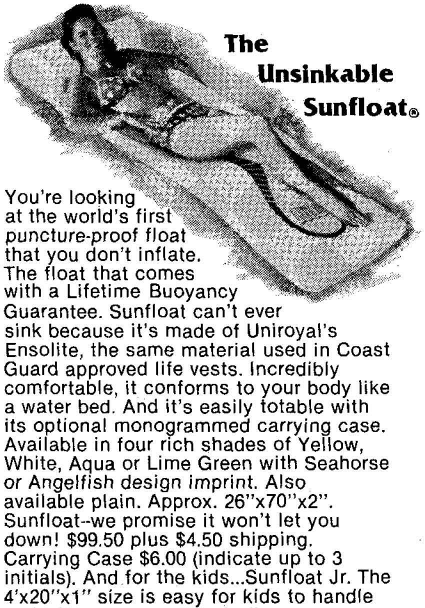

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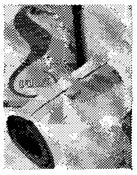

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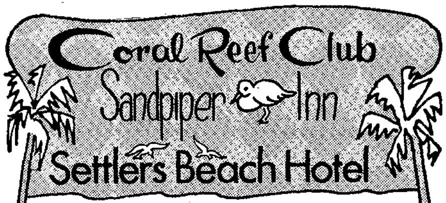

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horseplayers that for the first time in the history of racing in this country there is a chance of Triple Crowns' being won back to back, in successive years, when Affirmed makes his bid at Belmont Park on June 10th. No one would have thought that possible during the quarter of a century that separated Citation's year of glory from Secretariat's.

Before the race, Cauthen said of his attitude toward racing, "I try not to get too emotional." It was as if Garbo had said she tried not to hog the headlines. Afterward, however, he was smiling a lot. "It's starting to build up into a real nice story," he conceded. Incidentally, this was a sort of maiden Preakness for jockeys; none of Saturday's riders had won Pimlico's classic as they went to the post, though Velasquez was making his fourth attempt.

As you may have noticed, the race was, so to speak, bracketed by Barreras—Laz's horse was first home, and his son Albert's Track Reward, twenty-eight lengths away, was last. Asked before the race how he felt about competing against his father for the first time, Albert had said resignedly, "No matter where you go, he's there."

On the eve of the Preakness, Caesar's Wish led all the way to win the $84,800 Black-Eyed Susan Stakes, for three-year-old fillies, from Jevalin, with Miss Baja third.

IT was a good week for Karen Taylor. It began the Sunday before last, when Seattle Slew made his successful comeback at Aqueduct. Then, last Saturday, a crowd of 23,632 saw Mrs. Taylor's Big John Taylor, carrying 112 pounds, sprint right out in front and never look back in the seven furlongs of the $55,000 Roseben Handicap. Silver Series, under top weight of 124 pounds, was a length and a half behind, and Quiet Little Table, who had got boxed in pretty badly, couldn't make up the ground and came in third. Big John Taylor's time, over a fast track, was 1:21 3/5.

Speaking of Slew, he has a chance to do what no horse before him has been able to pull off: win the Triple Crown of handicap races—the Metropolitan, the Suburban, and the Brooklyn—the year after winning the Triple Crown for three-year-olds. Good luck to him!

—AUDAX MINOR

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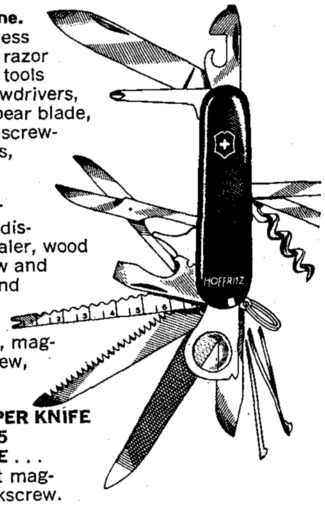

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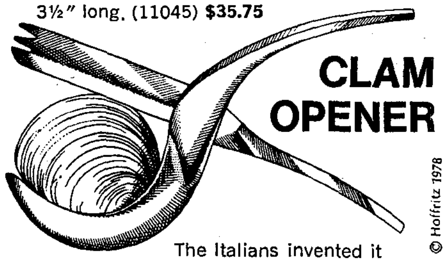

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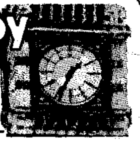

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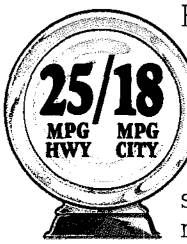

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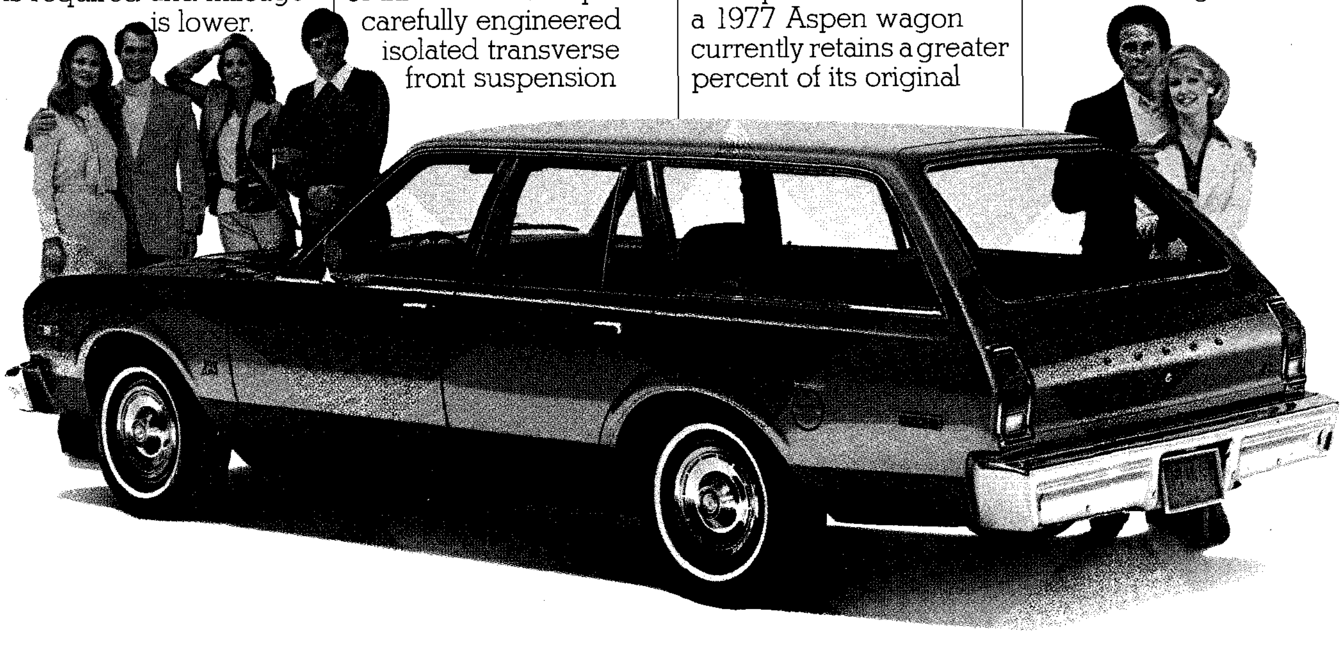

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Notes on Guesses at the Actual

Gossip-Column Obituaries of the Living

WHEN the celebrated actual is long past, it is taken unconsciously for granted that the result in pop movies and best-selling books is likely to be absurd. For instance, the Pope stamping and saying to the painter splayed across the Sistine Chapel ceiling, "Michelangelo, will you *ever* be finished?" But when the people represented are still alive—or still very much alive in older people's memory—it is an outrage for a filmmaker to guess at what went on in their often painfully prominent lives. It is not merely an immediate outrage to those concerned; it is an outrage to us, to suppose that we are bound up in the commercial interests of the money men who make such films. (Not money women, yet, since there aren't many, and anyway women tend to convert fact into a more truthful sort of fiction: to draw less on literal-minded and often inaccurate press records and library archives, and more on their own thick and swift invention.) These dollar-minded and wealth-dazzled men are the sort of people who might think to titillate us and make money out of us by handing out a fictionalized pulp piece about, say, the Duke of Windsor with a hysterical fiancée on his shoulder saying the hell with England and his brother's stammer and unwillingness to be king. If this wouldn't be cruelty of speculation, I don't know what would be, save the film immediately under notice here: J. Lee Thompson's "The Greek Tycoon," which represents the worst of fiction posturing as fact.

For the Defense

LET us give the filmmakers the benefit of the doubt. Let us suppose that it is as inconceivable as it should be that someone would muck around with national events that stand at the heart of the land.

From the Sensibility of the Insulated

SO. Imagine someone insulated from events since November 22, 1963, watching "The Greek Tycoon." Jacqueline Bisset, as the wife of a rising senator named James Cassidy (James Franciscus), wears dark glasses and likes shopping. She meets an older man, played by Anthony Quinn, who has a yacht of immense beauty and a taste for expensively dressed women. His name is Theo Tomasis. The Jacqueline Bisset character's nickname is Lizzie. Theo, too, wears dark glasses, which look like unlit headlamps about to run down the poor on the road. He has a thousand acquaintances, a son (Edward Albert) eager for an oil tanker, which he seems to want to play with in the bath, and an immediate circle of friends which makes you feel that any intimate gathering would be of a hundred and one of his closest servants. Lizzie is happy at a party on the yacht, which is called La Belle Simone, but the senator wants his wife back: "The National Committee's made a decision." It means being President. A solemn moment. Mrs. Cassidy has a baby who dies at birth. After a while, she decides that she wants to go on holiday in—not "on;" nobody is "on" the Ritz—La Belle Simone. She hasn't had a holiday since the baby. Her husband says, "For God's sake, you are the wife of the President of the United States." She says, "For God's sake, James, I know who I am. I need a change." President Cassidy is assassinated while walking on a beach with his wife. Even the insulated viewer knows that this is not the assassination of President Lincoln in a theatre, because she didn't say "Abe," she said "James."

No

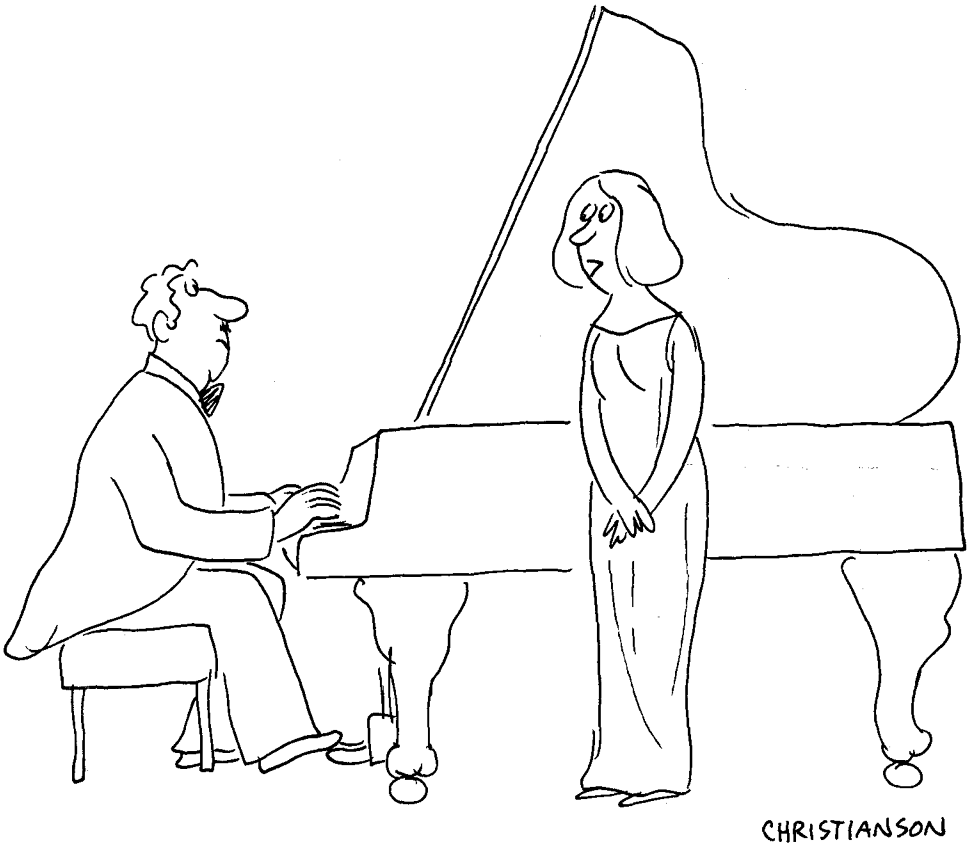
IS there any man or woman alive to take this picture as being about anybody but President and Mrs. Kennedy and Aristotle Onassis? There is a new phrase for disingenuousness, and it is "The Greek Tycoon."

Disasters Fabricated, Disasters Real

ROTTEN movies about danger to public figures—to de Gaulle in "The Day of the Jackal," to the Queen of England in "Hennessy"—depend on our knowing that nothing happened. The determined wretchedness of "The Greek Tycoon," its frivolity, its cruelty rest on our knowing that a great deal happened.

The Stranglehold of Thin Inventors on Dense Actuality

THE script has a vulgarity hard to summon up. It deals in suffering, with a brutishness made all too visible by its using the silly phrase "the anguish behind the veil." But we are not in the coils of something written by Ayn Rand, or of some soap opera; we are in the midst of an accommodation to reality. Who in the world has the right to guess that the thinly dis-



"No matter what happens to me, just keep playing."

guised Mrs. Kennedy Onassis would *have said something so spoiled and in*adequate as "I want to change my life. I want to be free to come and go"?

THE DWINDLING OF POOREST HEARSAY

NOWADAYS, fiction relayed from fact is often merely a matter of negligent writing relayed from gossip-column clippings, done by people with a sense of values gone haywire.

THE CAT BURGLARY OF GOSSIP

PURLOINING is the very breath of pop fiction like this. In "The Greek Tycoon," the reputation of Robert Kennedy is purloined, the reputation of his widow, Ethel Kennedy, is purloined, the reputation of a firebrand Maria Callas is purloined. Because such pieces of aesthetic thievery deal in melodrama, they rob themselves of drama. No one in this film has any character. Everyone's temperament is an effort of plunder, for puny gains.

THE FALLACY OF IMMEDIACY

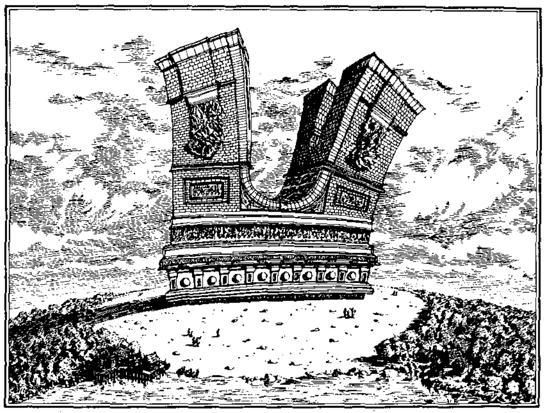
SHAKESPEARE wrote about no monarch closer to his contemporary Elizabeth than Henry VIII was, and he wrote nearly always about centuries long before that. This was certainly not out of fear of a frown from the Crown; it was because any artist knows that the truth of someone's actions and utterances can best be reproduced from a distance, uncluttered by the facsimile neighborliness of the immediate and journalistic. There is more truth about royalty and fatherhood in a line of "King Lear" than there is in a thousand gossip columns about the Earl of Snowdon.

THE GRANNY KNOT OF FICTIONAL NAMES

WOULDN'T it be more straightforward—if the film could be defended as serious—and help to salvage the sort of suave lie-telling that often passes for reportage, at least to use real names? As Brecht did with "The Life of Galileo"? As Shelley did with "The Cenci"? As Rolf Hochhuth did with his play about the bombing of Dresden, "Soldiers"?

GENIUS COMES IN TATTERED GARB

THERE is a sort of slithery idea of breeding which snakes its way into films of this sort of fictionalized fact. The character meant to be immediately recognizable as Maria Callas is played not by a beauty of dramatic genius but by a frazzled-looking virago



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—EDWARD KOREN

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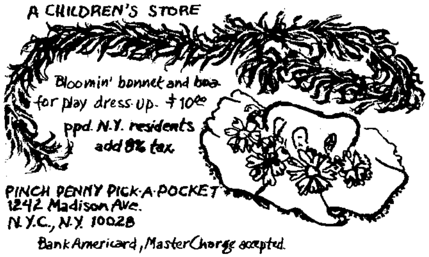

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EMILY POST

MRS. CASSIDY has no children apart from her stillborn baby, so she is leaving nobody behind when she goes on the yacht—apart from her President husband, who is to be presumed busy in the White House.

MORE EMILY POST

THE appalling world event of the President's assassination is dealt with domestically, almost pastorally, quite without a blow to the soul of the world, while he and his wife are walking on the beach at supposed Hyannis Port in romantic circumstances. Hyannis Port was probably less expensive to reconstruct than a motorcade at Dallas, and more intimate, more filmic, less disturbing. The scene might have come out of a Lelouch film.

HISTORY AS SUCH MOVIES SEE IT

WHO was more important in history, Mr. Onassis or the Kennedys? Even if Theo Tomasis is invited to accept some prince-of-industry prize, in a hilarious equivalent of the Nobel Prize as this film sees things? If the cans of the movie were to be dug up from among the remnants of radiation-killed fish in a hundred years, there would be no question in anyone's mind about the priorities. The sense of values is there in the title. "The Greek Tycoon": it seems that the story of America in Our Times is about a stupendously rich Greek who owned islands, an airline, tankers, a yacht as beautiful as Jacqueline Bisset, and a guest list that comically thinks to represent the genuinely aristocratic when the producers seem instead to have bought the account lists of Henri Bendel's and Fortnum & Mason. But this is not the way we remember things. Our memories, and the pains of patient historians and investigative reporters, are worth a great deal. We don't welcome something that amounts to a Louella Parsons paragraph about a marriage in which an exceptionally rich man writes out a contract for his young wife to spend ten nights a month with him for a whacking great sum. The times so poorly chronicled, with so many gossip reporters' mistakes and cheap guesses, belonged properly not to any "Greek tycoon" but to the Kennedys. It is quite an insult to the world public to suppose that we are more interested in a tycoon than in the record and in the sufferings of a forthright political family.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

• •

HIDING

Quite arbitrarily I have chosen a window:
gorse, a burnt ridge, three power lines
cutting across panes, a farmhouse.
Beyond the dust this side, and the rain
that, great flimsy bellies of cobweb.

A child's voice blurs at the other end
of the house, interrupted by the click
of beetles in the beams and the scent of broom
in brass pitchers. Hams hang aging,
which is to say, going slowly rotten.

A child's voice, closer, asks where I am.
I am not here. I am in hiding,
as on the first night, years ago,
before she was born, slipping out
into fields to watch fireflies like
sulphurous planets pulse over the barely
broken land, under a sky full of stars,
imitating them. And thinking: there are
other fields and houses beyond this,
in hiding. And beyond that, still more;
otherwise great gaps would open in the sky.
Beyond that, however, they are not
hiding. They are not unknown.
But they are not known.

—BRIAN SWANN

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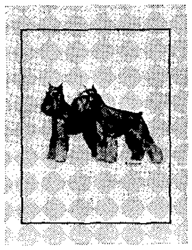

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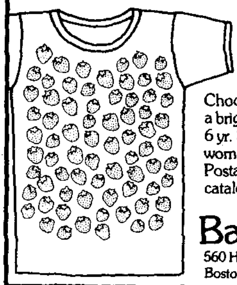

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BOOKS

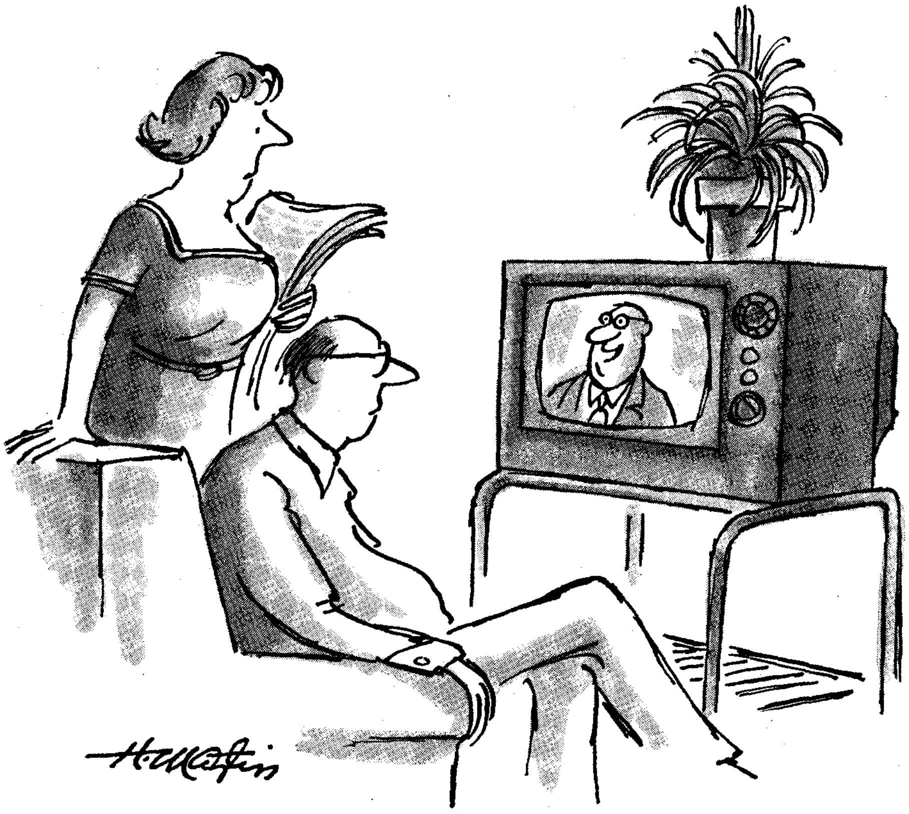
Immortal Diamond

WITH admirable insistence, the Ecco Press has just reissued, under the heading Neglected Books of the Twentieth Century, "The Diary of 'Helena Morley,'" edited and translated by Elizabeth Bishop ($4.95). The book previously appeared in 1957, and I hope that this time round it will put its neglect behind it, for I cannot think of a journal that approaches it in its exuberant appetite for daily existence. It is a diary that was kept by a young girl in the town of Diamantina, in Brazil, between 1893 and 1895—from her twelfth to her fifteenth year—and that, even at such a remove of time, goes on happening in its own enclosed and detailed present.

We are lucky to have Helena Morley's diary at all, since it was a spontaneous creation, never intended to see the light as a historical document, or even as a book. In her preface to the modest, privately printed first edition, published in Rio de Janeiro in 1942, the author, who was then in her sixties, explained its coming into being:

> When I was a child my father encouraged me to form the habit of writing down everything that happened to me. Almost every day at school the Portuguese teacher expected us to write a composition, which could be a description, a letter, or an account of what we had been doing. I found it was easiest to write about myself and my very numerous family. These compositions, filling many notebooks and loose sheets, were hidden away for years and years and forgotten. Finally I began to go over them and arrange them for my own family, chiefly for my granddaughters. It was their idea, to which I consented, to make a book that might show the girls of today the differences between present-day life and the simple existence we led at that time.

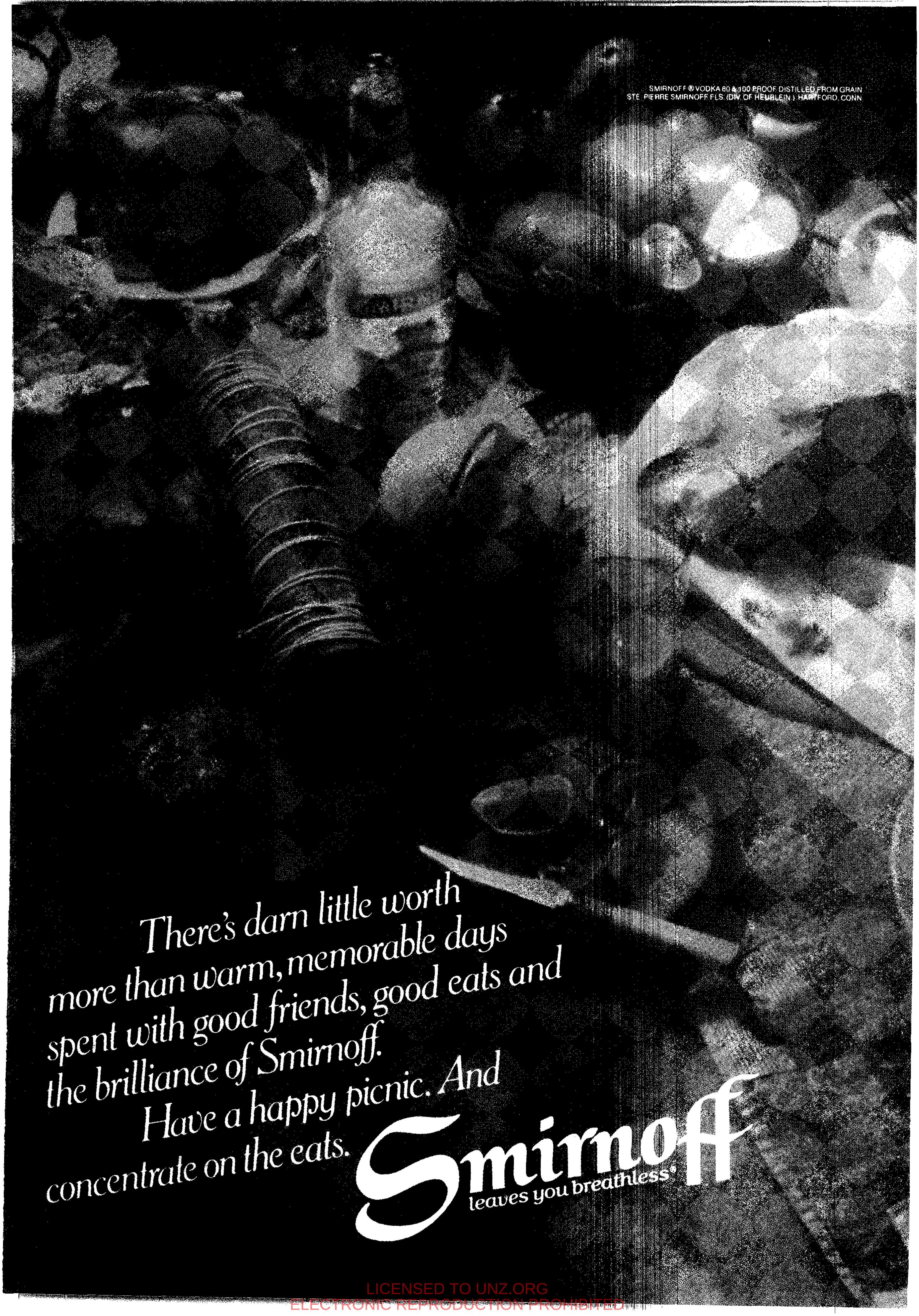
The book's reputation spread in Brazil by what John Osborne has called "the blessed alchemy of word of mouth," and it was reprinted several times by demand, receiving the enthusiastic blessing of Georges Bernanos, then an exile in Brazil, and attracting a cult of evangelistic readers. It has, of course, the advantage of all journals, that of growing more interesting with time; but "The Diary of 'Helena Morley' " (the pseudonym comes from the English side of her family, her grandfather having been an English doctor to mining communities who remained in Brazil for his health) has a quality far beyond the documentary, rich in domestic detail though it is. It happens to contain, in the darting, delighted pace of its writing, both a loving eye for human quirks and an enviable equilibrium between self and place.



"Good evening. Today, three baffling mysteries were cleared up. One: where Ed Jackson, of 231 Bayview, gets his wild clothes. Two: what Ernestine Landrum, of 43 Elm Street, did with her brown-and-blue pocketbook. Three: how Jim Selby, of 181 Parkside, gets his homework done with the television blaring away."

What we, as readers of English, have to be grateful for is Elizabeth Bishop's devotion, as editor and as translator. In a long introduction to her 1957 translation, she described how when she first lived in Brazil her friends pressed the book on her, and how her increasing delight in it became a decision to translate it. But she did so much more than render the book into English. Discovering that Helena Morley was living in Rio, she arranged to meet her, and gives a rather eerie account of those meetings, for the exuberant schoolgirl was then a matron of seventy-six, something like the revered grandmother of the diary. It is an odd experience for any translator to meet the author he is translating, across languages; but this was stranger still, for Elizabeth Bishop was meeting the girl author of the diary across time as well. Miss Bishop undertook, in addition, a journey to Diamantina, one of the highest towns in Brazil, and reports on the appearance of the place with the double vision of Helena's written perspective and her own, identifying familiar buildings and generally laying the text against reality. Out of the conversations she had about Diamantina's past with people there, some of whom had figured in the diary in younger versions, she fills in for us the raw elements of Helena's Diamantina—practical notes on food and prices, and conditions of work in the diamond mines, where Helena's wise father scratched for an up-and-down living. Such a journey to the physical reality behind the text can only sharpen a translation, and make it more than a matter of an equivalence in language. So Miss Bishop's introduction creates a separately fascinating setting for the text; and when in this reissue of the book she adds a short foreword noting the death of the author we have an odd sense of frames within frames, of looking down a well at the bottom of which gleams the diary itself.

In translation, Helena becomes neither English nor American but remains her quick-witted Brazilian self, so well has Elizabeth Bishop caught her tone, the chirping of adolescent curiosity, the breathless switches of attention, the flit



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from one emotion to another. It might be assumed that any bright child, given the encouragement that Helena had to keep a journal, could produce a readable account of three years anywhere. Here I am inclined to agree with Georges Bernanos when, in a letter written to the author in 1945, he refers to her diary as "one of those books, so rare in any literature, that owe nothing to either experience or talent, but everything to *ingenium*, to genius—for we should not be afraid of that much misused word—to genius drawn from its very source, to the genius of adolescence." There is nothing in the least secretive or confessional about "The Diary of 'Helena Morley.' " The writing of it appears for her a natural act, an overflowing of her energetic attention. She enjoys her journal as she enjoys her many chores; it pleases her beloved father and amuses her family, and it serves her as an agreeable alternative to imposed homework. Daily happenings, the members of her many-layered family, local characters, her own moods and occasional idiocies she externalizes with an easy frankness, and she has a sharp ear for the adult conversations she is always eavesdropping on, and for family stories, which she heard, after all, over and over again. Her family is the center of her known world, the reality she embraces, and her occasional speculative musings always take flight from some domestic incident, as when, faced with the family ironing, she sighs for simpler days:

> I began to iron a dress with ruffles and I got to thinking that so much work was ridiculous, that we should just wear baize skirts the way they used to in the old days.
>
> So I spent the afternoon without doing anything. Because I'm never too lazy to write, I'm going to write down here a story of the old days, for the future, as papa says. Who knows if in the future there won't be many more inventions than there are today? José Rabelo spends his time weighing vultures on the scales, in order to invent a flying-machine. Wouldn't that be wonderful! Sometimes I feel envious when I see the vultures soaring up so high. How would it be if I could turn into a vulture? It would be awfully funny. But it would be better to discover something so that people wouldn't die. However, until we can fly, as José says we're going to be able to, it would be better to go back to the old days and wear baize or cotton skirts! What a good idea!
>
> Grandma talks about the life she led in Lomba and I get so envious of her! If they wanted to write they caught a goose, pulled out a wing-feather, and made a point at the end.

In 1893, when Helena began her diary, it was not yet five years since Dom Pedro the Second had abolished slavery in Brazil, and hardly three since the proclamation of the Brazilian Republic. Yet Helena's Diamantina is so much an outpost, so work-committed and so self-dependent, that the outside world scarcely intrudes at all, except as occasional visitors or elections, each of which is prized by Helena as a diversion, for it is diversions she longs for and lives by, whether they be birthdays, holy days, sickness, or even death:

> In Diamantina a long sickness is more like a *festa* than anything else. We, that is all the cousins, like to make sick-calls as much as making novenas. Seu Vieira's sickness has been a great distraction. One of my friends has already got engaged making sick-calls there. He's been sick for a month now, but dying for only a week.

Her sense of her own self, her difference, she touches on only in passing, like a hummingbird:

> I'm almost fourteen years old and already I think more than all the rest of the family. I think I began to draw conclusions from the age of ten years, or less. And I swear I never saw anybody from mama's family think about things. They hear something and believe it; and that's that for the rest of their lives.
>
> They're all happy like that!

We are used to perceptive re-creations of adolescence in fiction; but, as Elizabeth Bishop underlines in her introduction, the things in Helena Morley's diary *did* happen, and that makes for a difference in our attention. We measure fictional re-creations against the real, after all, and Helena's written high spirits give us one such authentic measure. She does not stop often to think about the act of writing, for to her it is as natural a chore as washing the clothes in the river or guddling for diamonds. But when she does she makes mock of writers' blocks, and, indeed, of writing as a self-conscious act:

> I was sitting, pen in hand, trying to think of something to write, because nothing's happened for days. It's rained all week; today's the first fine day. I went to the window to see if by looking at the sky and the stars something would come to me. Nothing. A funeral went by, coming up from Rio Grande. I thought: Will that give me a subject? No, because I don't know who it is.
>
> I turned around, thinking I'd just copy the exercise from *Ornaments of Memory*, and tell the teacher tomorrow that I hadn't had time for the composition. When I turned around I saw mama, very annoyed with my brothers, who were sound asleep, struggling to get them on their feet while the corpse went by. I went through the same thing when

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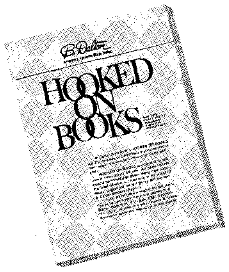

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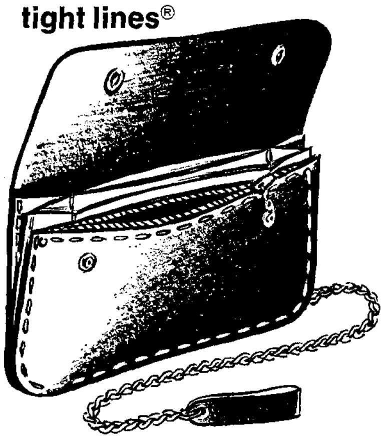

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I was little. I was pleased, because I'd found a subject.

And she remarks, rather indulgently, of her beloved grandmother:

> She's very intelligent, but she never learned to read and write well and so she still thinks it's something almost supernatural to write things down with a pen. The funny thing is that she isn't impressed when I tell her things. It's because she thinks writing is so much more difficult.

It is a lucky book.

—ALASTAIR REID

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

LA BELLE EDMÉE, by Suzanne Prou, translated from the French by Adrienne Foulke (Harper & Row; $8.95). The story of Edmée—from the nineteen-thirties to the nineteen-sixties—is told by her only childhood girlfriend, who visits her in her declining years in the French town where they grew up together and finds her as surprisingly seductive as she was when a child. Determined to defy and outrage her overprotective parents, Edmée becomes a notorious siren during the German Occupation, sporting high leather boots, spouting right-wing rhetoric, and sleeping around with young Nazis and Fascists. (Later, she goes in for mauve gowns, lots of jewelry, and men with money.) She is driven out of France at the end of the war with her head shaved, goes to South America, gets married, and returns home with a mixed-up young son (as we are told on a single page). As Edmée grows old—widowed, divorced, and poor—and therefore less strange and powerful, her political notoriety degenerates into social scandal, but she seems unconscious of the decline of her status, possessions, and looks. Suzanne Prou's depictions of private and public life in France are sensuous and sharp—appropriate for this shrewd portrait of fanaticism and the growth of evil.

TWO TALES BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË: "THE SECRET" AND "LILY HART," transcribed and edited by William Holtz (Missouri; $28). Two excerpts from the immense Angrian chronicles—the childhood fantasy created, written, and illustrated by Charlotte and her brother, Branwell—which have only recently come to light, as the editor tells us in his brief explanation of the posthumous vicissitudes of the Brontë juvenilia. "The Se-

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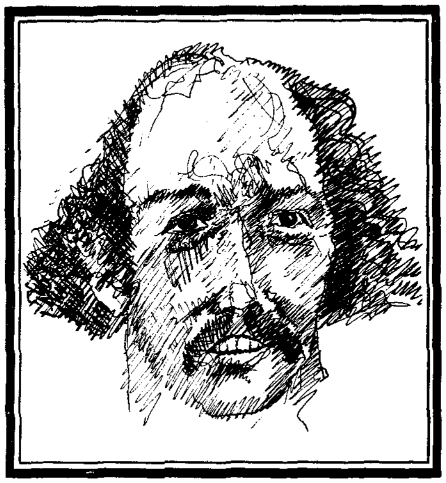
cret" and "Lily Hart" are published in an elaborate format, accompanied by reproductions of the microscopic originals, and Professor Holtz describes the myopic hunt that his task of transcription entailed—the young Brontës' precocity did not extend to punctuation, capitalization, and spelling. And then he warns us against expecting too much. Nonsense! These tales are not yet "Jane Eyre," but they are infinitely better reading—more entertaining and more suspenseful, with a livelier vocabulary and a greater sense of personality—than the majority of today's gothic novels. Charlotte's narrative pace and linguistic gift harrow her heroines and bring them ultimate happiness in enchanting style.

GENERAL

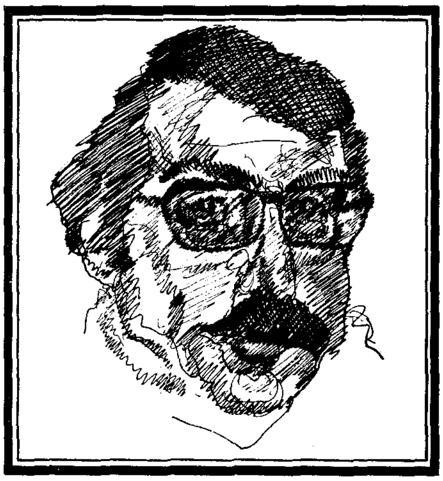
THE MASKS OF MACBETH, by Marvin Rosenberg (California; $27.50). The author, a professor of drama at Berkeley, begins at the beginning and goes right through the play, scene by scene, telling us how "Macbeth" has been performed in the past and in the present on practically every continent. Not only actors but audiences have insisted on *their* "Macbeth": in Garrick's time, spectators demanded that the play be about a good man who was putty in the hands of a wicked woman, and down to the middle of the nineteenth century audiences required comic witches. It is astounding to discover how many concepts there have been, and still are. Lady Macbeth has been a termagant, a siren, an innocent, a gun moll; directors have seen the play as a row among barbarians, as Freudian patricide, as a Scottish Hitler story. Though the author has opinions, he is not waywardly opinionated; as a rule, he does not enjoy oversimplified "Macbeths," and he is right in stressing that Shakespeare has created complicated personalities, and that the play loses when they are narrowed.

THE TWILIGHT LORDS: AN IRISH CHRONICLE, by Richard Berleth (Knopf; $12.95). This fascinating narrative of the Anglo-Irish struggles in the reign of Elizabeth I was written, its author tells us, to show the dark side of Renaissance England. Heaven knows when the English and the Irish first began misunderstanding one another; Mr. Berleth's account begins at the moment when this long-standing quarrel acquired the added viciousness of a re-

PORTRAITS OF THE ARTISTS



Daniel Peters is a graduate of both Yale and the anti-war movement. Now, the two influences join to produce *Border Crossings* — "the first novel to tell with authenticity the story of how a new consciousness was born among American youth in the late sixties. A brave, funny, and moving account of the moral and spiritual growth of a very realistic young man who must choose not to participate in the Vietnam War."
— CHARLES REICH, author of *The Greening of America*



With the publication of *Montgomery Street,* the public is at last discovering what the critics already know: that Mark Dintenfass is one of the brightest talents of today. *The New York Times* hails "an individual voice, a quirky vision and a vitality of language which is more than matched by Dintenfass's intelligence. Perhaps it is this last gift which is most impressive. Ideas flash from his prose, yet never blind one to character or action." *Library Journal* joins in the applause by saying, "Dintenfass aims high in *Montgomery Street,* probing the relationship between life and art (and between literature and film), and he pulls it off brilliantly."

Stephen Dixon has traveled all over America, working at everything from bartending to reporting. But his heart—and his paranoia—still belong to New York. Paranoia is alive and well and living in *Too Late,* his hilarious novel of the urban nightmare and a young man who must do battle with life as it tries to mug him into submission. Everybody in New York has lived it, some have even laughed at it, but nobody has described it better (or funnier) than Stephen Dixon, a "modern-day comic Kafka."
—*Publishers Weekly*

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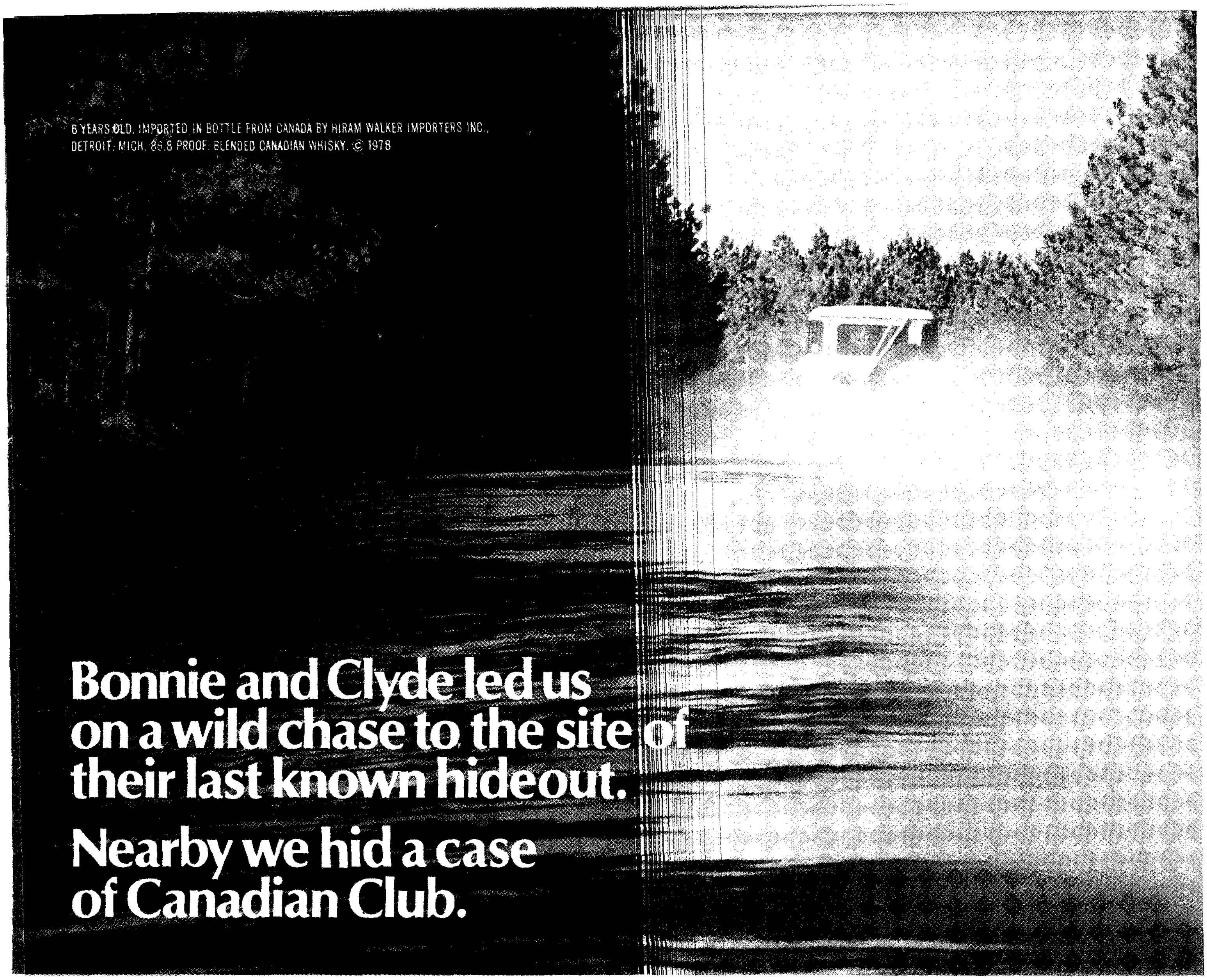
ligious war. Europe's paramount Catholic power, Spain, invariably gave the rebels enough support to feed Protestant paranoia but never enough to guarantee the Irish a victory, which—and here the author cites the demands of the rebel Earl of Tyrone in 1596—would probably have meant home rule, not independence. Essex, of course, fell because he did not destroy Tyrone, and many another famous Elizabethan—Raleigh, Spenser—plays a part in this tale, not always with credit.

ONE HALF OF ROBERTSON DAVIES, by Robertson Davies (Viking; $12.95). A fine bag of (mostly) lectures, which starts off jocosely and finishes profoundly. The Canadian novelist and playwright seems to be a natural entertainer; his language has an antic twist, so that none of his speeches preach, even when he examines such serious matters as evil in literature. His explications of Canadianness—recollections of growing up in Canada, discussions of what Canadians are like, and how he feels about his nationality—are telling and touching.

NOTE: "Hello, Darkness," a collection of poems by L. E. Sissman, many of which originally appeared in *The New Yorker*, has been published by Atlantic-Little, Brown ($9.95).

HOBART G. WEEKES

HOBEY WEEKES, who died last week at the age of seventy-seven, was one of the girders on which *The New Yorker* was built, and one that helped hold the magazine in place for fifty years. As an editor, a grammarian, and an arbiter of house style, he gave it coherence, structure, and uniformity—a wholeness it very much needed. In the magazine's early years, because he was able to see each issue as an entity rather than as a disparate collection of articles, stories, and drawings by a contentious and wildly independent assortment of contributors, he helped establish a character—a recognizable singularity—for the magazine. He was exactly right for the job, yet when he arrived on the scene in 1928 he must have seemed exactly wrong. In those days, the progression Hill School-Princeton-Oxford led to Wall Street and J. P. Morgan, not to West Forty-fifth Street and Harold Ross. Here he was, however, and here he stayed. His presence was simply the first of many contradictions that Weekes put before the world. His upbringing, for instance, should have made him brother to Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, but in politics he was an incandescent liberal. By reason of imperfect eyesight, he could have been excused from the draft in the Second World War, but he volunteered for the Army Air Forces, and served with distinction in India and Burma. In appearance, he resembled a rubicund Anglican bishop, but in his day he was a notable merrymaker. Seeing him at his ease with Wolcott Gibbs and St. Clair McKelway and Russell Maloney and other coltish companions late in the night after the magazine was put to press, one would never have suspected the rigor of his mind or the relentlessness of his pursuit of precision, accuracy, and stylistic grace in the English language, at least as it appeared in these pages. (Janet Flanner, short of heat and food in battered Paris right after the war, was reassured to learn that Weekes, at least, had come through the war unimpaired when she got her copy of a memorandum addressed to all *New Yorker* correspondents in the field: "In future, contrary to Webster's, 'brick kiln' will be printed as two words, not one.") Seeing him in one of his many clubs—the Coffee House, the Century, and the University among them—one would never have suspected that he was equally at home playing the match game at Bleeck's or arguing with Emil the Waiter at Costello's. Weekes liked to think of himself as unsentimental and aloof, and as one of the last defenders of propriety in manners and dress. In the second of these notions he was not deluded: his manners were so good they were unnoticeable, and his dress code was unbending—he would never appear on the street without a hat, for instance. But in the first of these notions he was as wrong as he could be: he was in truth a wonderful pushover. He was always giving presents; only Tiffany can tell how many silver cereal bowls and silver loop-spoons found their way from him to new parents on the staff. Falling under his somewhat austere official gaze, the apprehensive young reporter would soon learn that Weekes was actually the kindest, warmest-hearted, most helpful colleague in the world. He had, in fact, a talent for friends, and those of us who could count ourselves among that number will long remember him for it.



6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1978

Bonnie and Clyde led us on a wild chase to the site of their last known hideout.

Nearby we hid a case of Canadian Club.

It had been 44 years since Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow sped through this northern Louisiana wilderness on their last run from the law. Tracking their legend even now is a wild and wooly chase over lonesome red clay roads which run deep in tangled pine forests.

We met folks who'd seen them.
Finally our search led to where an old squatter's cabin had once stood. Bonnie and Clyde were known to have holed up here in their last days, and local folks told us they'd seen the two lurking hereabout back in '34. So having found the long-lost hideout, we trekked into the brush and buried a case of Canadian Club.

Bonnie and Clyde.

Start at "the end of the trail."
To find that C.C., start your trail exactly where Bonnie and Clyde's ended. Find the road they took to their fateful rendezvous with the law – and head in the opposite direction, all the way to the next parish. Go past the "three R's" place, and where David's lad abides, turn onto a red dirt road. At the black gold storage place, head north.

Look for a warning.
Two hard left turns and a short drive will bring you to an old sawmill. Continue till you are warned about digging and stop (if you're warned more than once, you've gone too far). On your right is an overgrown trail. Follow it to two former money-makers. From one of them, take a bearing of 160 degrees, and take a pace for each of the 120 years people have been enjoying Canadian Club. Now take 44 more in any direction but the one you've come from to where three stumps form a triangle.

We hope you brought ice and glasses, for within that triangle, just one foot down, lie 12 bottles of the world's finest tasting whisky. But if the rigors of the hunt seem too great, you can find the same great taste at your favorite tavern or package store by simply saying, "C.C., please."

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